

10 SMASH FEATURES

SEPT. 3 - 10c

DAREDEVIL

"The Greatest Name in Comics"

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BIRO -

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



DAREDEVIL

The Greatest Name in Comics

PRESENTS

1. DAREDEVIL

ADVENTURE!

Pages 1-13

Shows his deadly brawling into the strange "Claw of The Hypnotic Butler" and rescue from certain death a bewitching beauty. A spine-chilling mystery crammed with suspense.

2. NIGHTRO

Pages 14-18

Shows the awesome dangers of the dark. Found death without star or trace he plunged to the center of a fiendish insurance racket. The amazing story of "The Suicide Circle." One of the most hair-raising stories ever printed in a comic magazine.

3. TEEN

Pages 19-23

A famous member of all time ranks his ugly hand and casts a shadow of dark tragedy over the life of Harold Young. Read how he turns his ill luck into a brawling against world crime and economic.

4. LAW

WAR!

Pages 24-30

World's worst villain hatches a new diabolical scheme and brings into action the greatest battle of all time. Cunning, strategy, breath-taking excitement and sudden death. Don't miss this.

5. SPY

Pages 31-37

World's most dashing undercover agent, operating with cold-blooded secret society sets the enemy's communication plan to prevent a deadly invasion. A war story that will hold you enthralled.

6. PATRIOT

PATRIOTIC!

Pages 38-43

America's modern Jane of Ace needs all her wit and courage to stamp out a flu epidemic. As she fights the deadly disease she explodes a vast sabotage plot. becomes the heroine of the city.

FICTION!

7. I SAW THE CLAW BATTLE DAREDEVIL

Pages 44-48

An astounding story by one who saw and lived to tell of The Claw's destructive attack on New York City. A story well worth reading.

8. REAL AMERICAN No. 1

INDIANS!

Pages 48-53

The tragic Indian again rides the night to save his ruined people. The crooked biker on the reservation get a stiff lesson from the champion of justice for an oppressed people.

9. WHIRLWIND

SPORTS!

Pages 54-60

If you want real two-fisted action bring into this tale the fight of the century between Whirlwind and "Gungan the Goliath" master of the north. As Whirlwind blows his way to the top of the fight game he meets the hottest of big time fight promoters. Why?

10. DASH DILLON

Pages 61-64

Life at Hail University gets mighty exciting. Bucketers wanted out on the Hail football game. Dash Dillon reverses a run which runs the gangsters out of town.

SEE INSIDE BIG \$100.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

No other magazine has all these features. DAREDEVIL gives you high adventure, breath-taking thrills, hair-raising exploits found in no other magazine.

EDITORS

Charles Bird

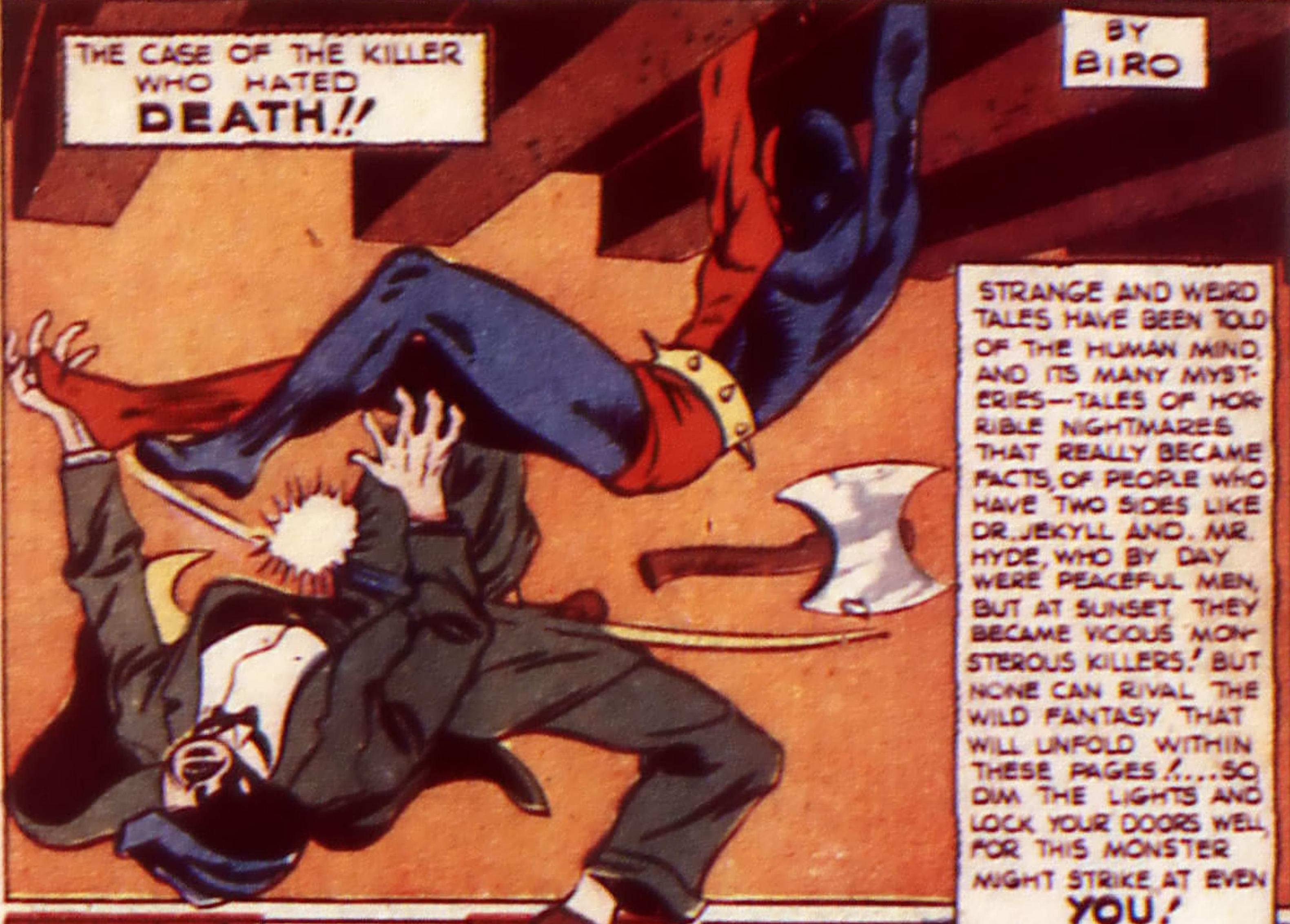
Bob Wood

DAREDEVIL

The Greatest Name in Comics

THE CASE OF THE KILLER
WHO HATED
DEATH!!

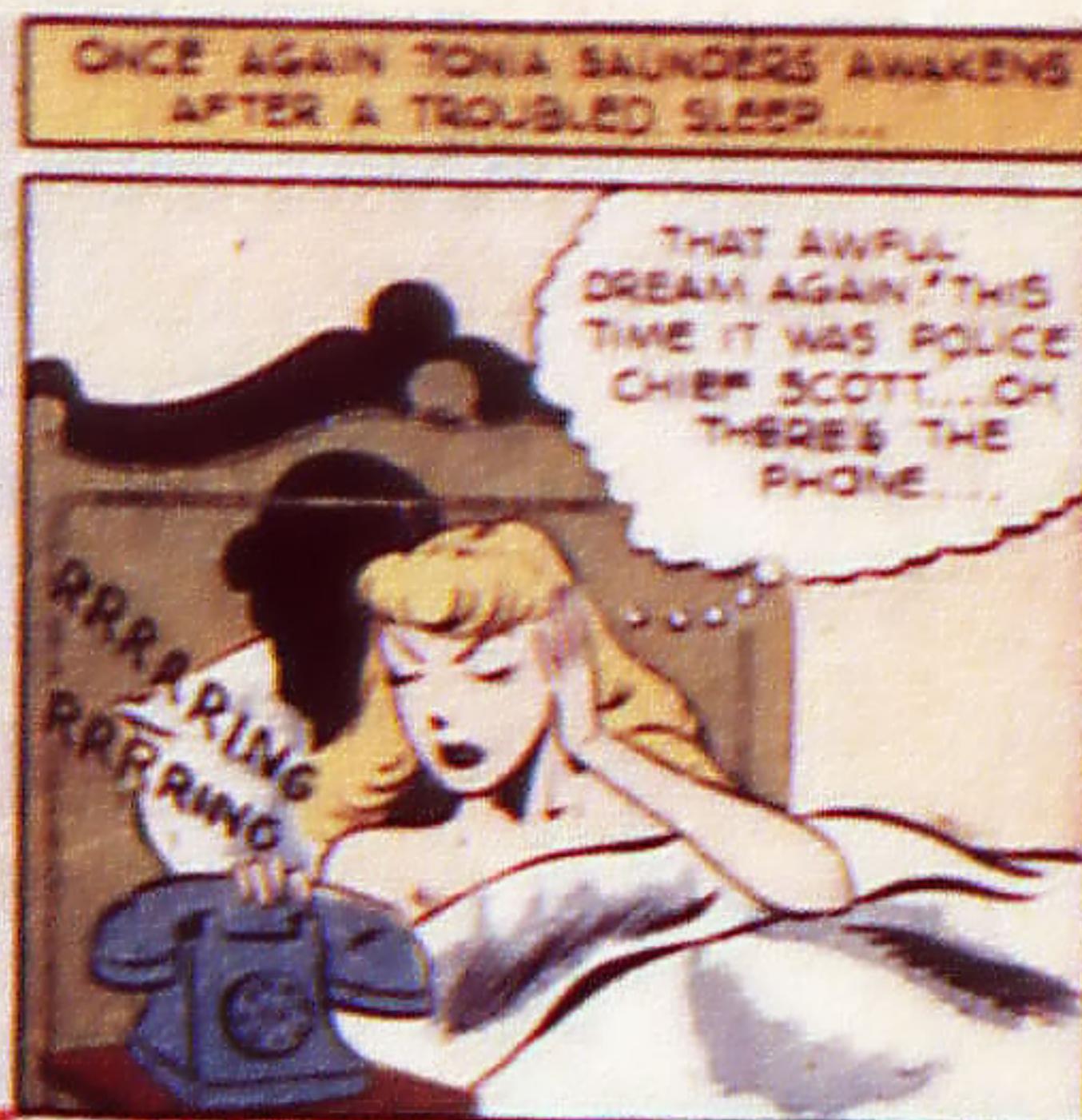
BY
BIRO



STRANGE AND WEIRD TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF THE HUMAN MIND, AND ITS MANY MYSTERIES—TALES OF HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES THAT REALLY BECAME FACTS, OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE TWO SIDES LIKE DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, WHO BY DAY WERE PEACEFUL MEN, BUT AT SUNSET, THEY BECAME VICIOUS MONSTEROUS KILLERS! BUT NONE CAN RIVAL THE WILD FANTASY THAT WILL UNFOLD WITHIN THESE PAGES!... SO DIM THE LIGHTS AND LOCK YOUR DOORS WELL, FOR THIS MONSTER MIGHT STRIKE AT EVEN YOU!









THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING IS TO ESTABLISH THE CAUSE OF DEATH ONLY! SO CONFINE YOUR ANSWERS ONLY TO THE QUESTIONS AND FACTS! NOW PROCEED!



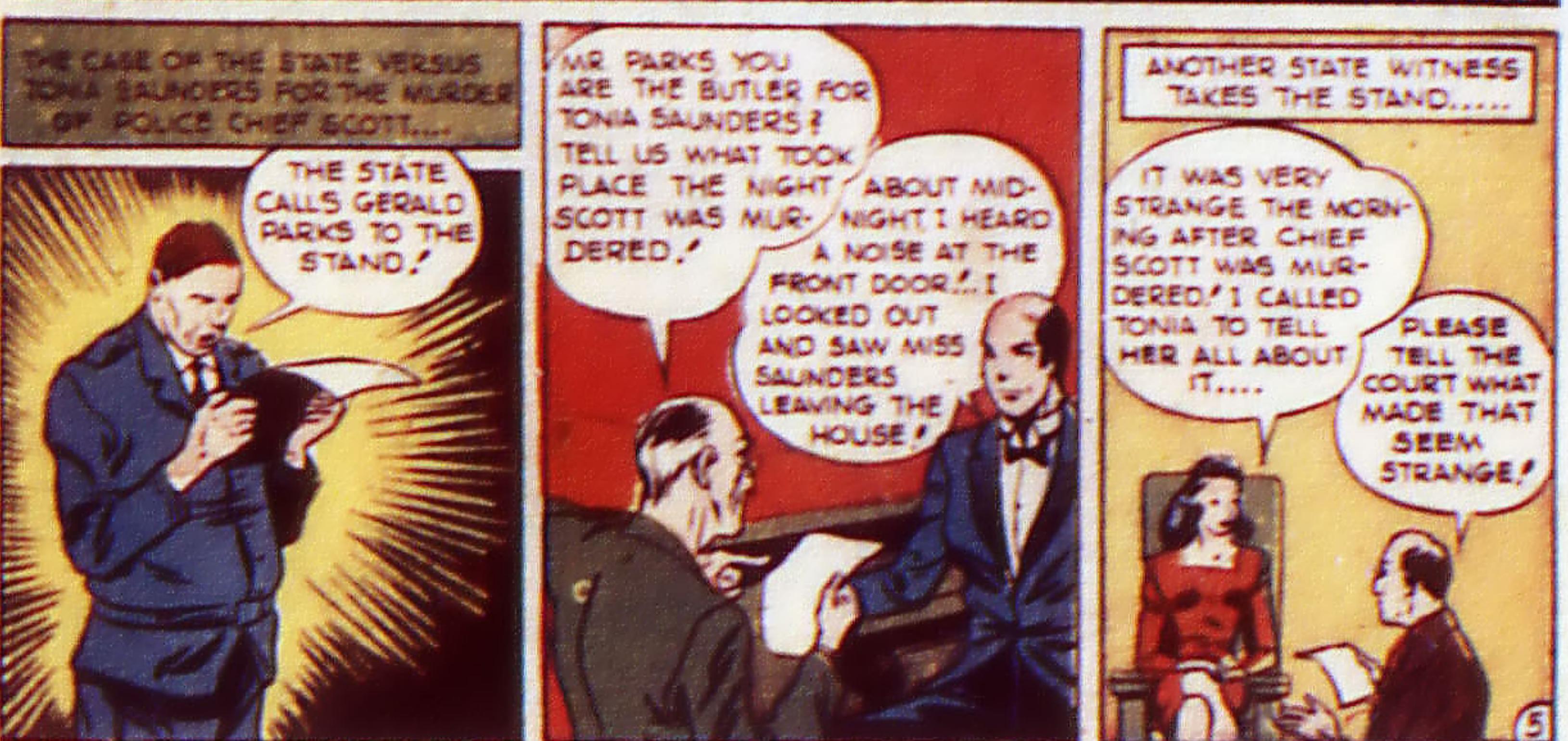
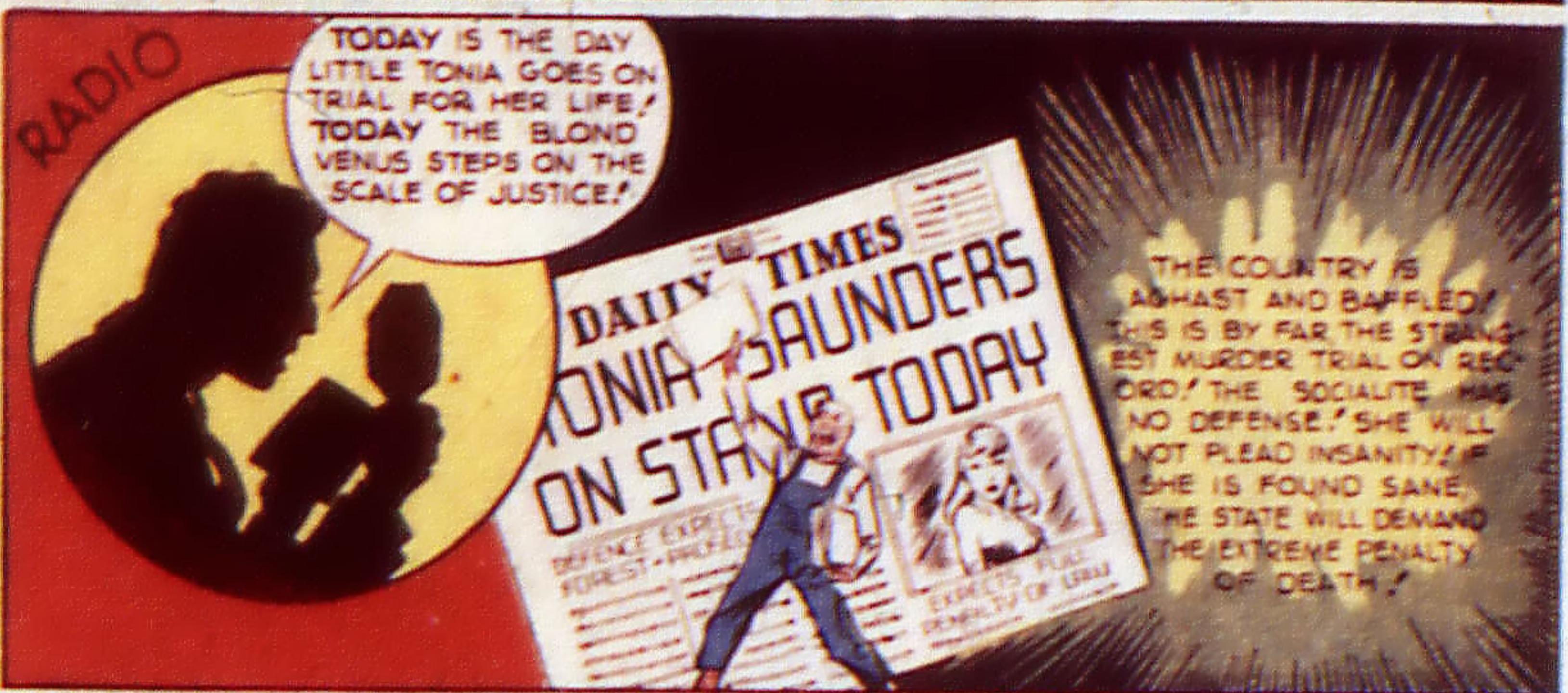
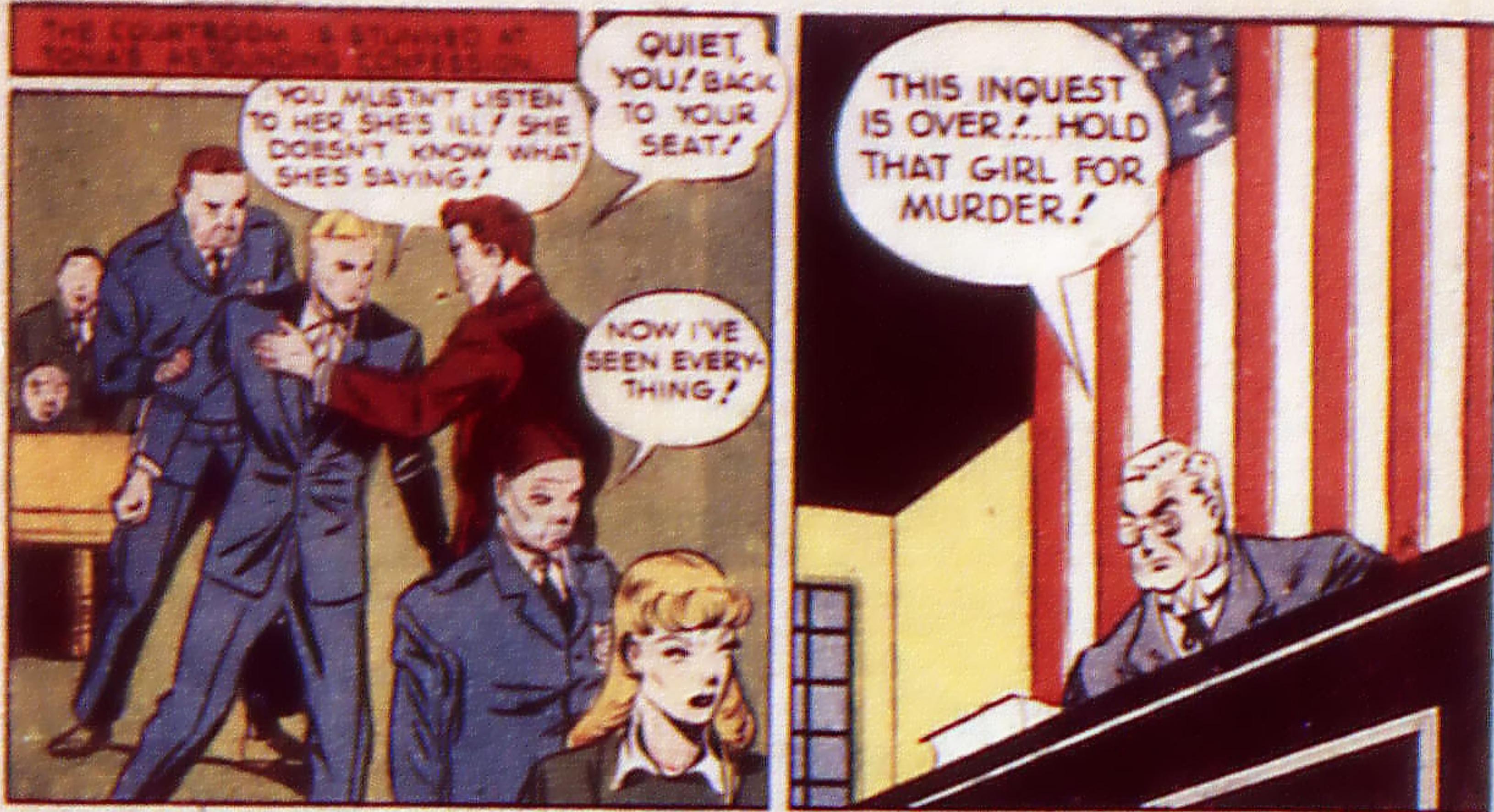
OH YEAH, SURE! SOME DAME CALLED ABOUT MIDNIGHT SAYING SHE'D BE COMIN' OVER! THE CHIEF LET HER IN BUT I GOT A SQUINT OF 'ER!

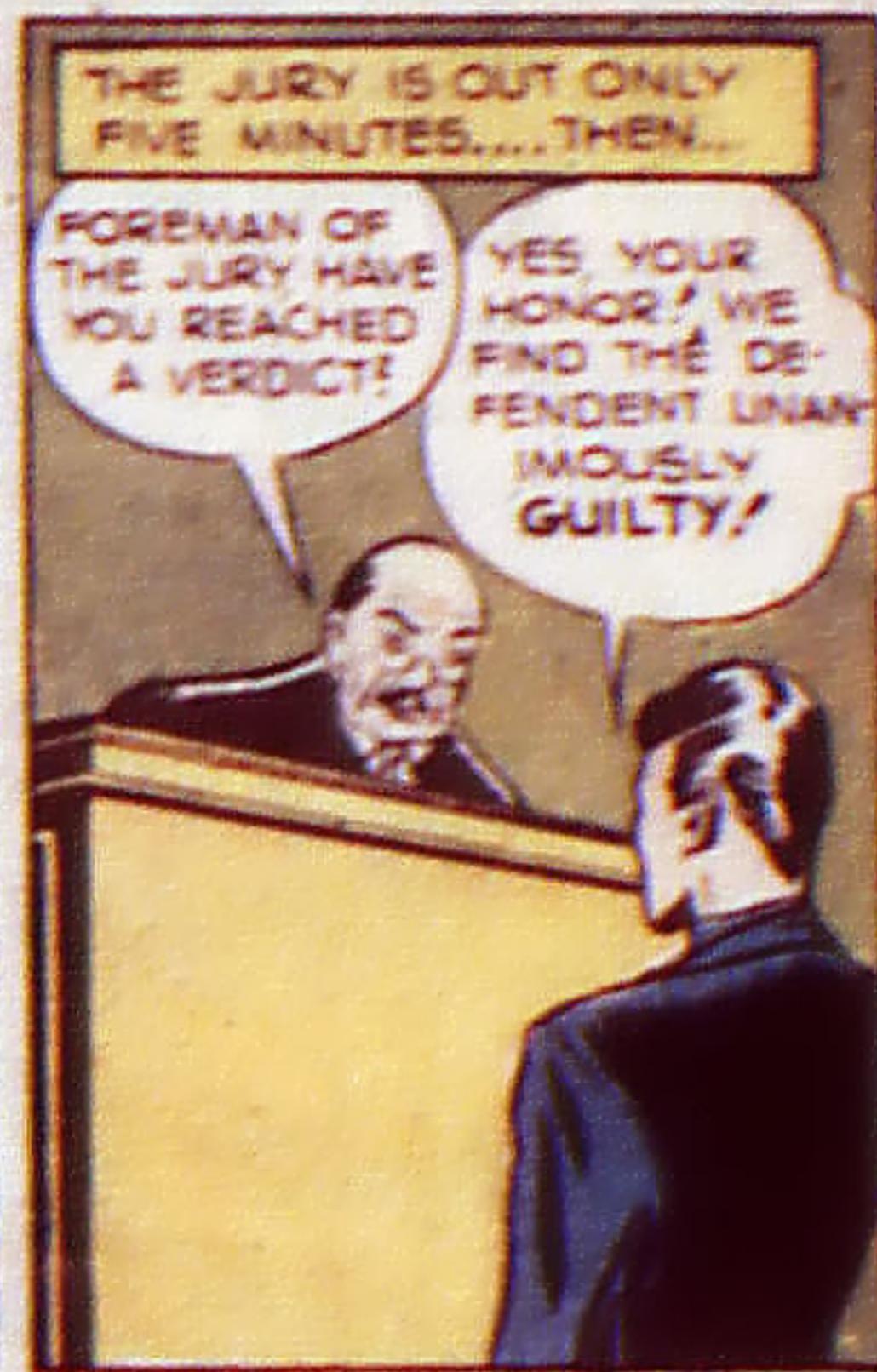
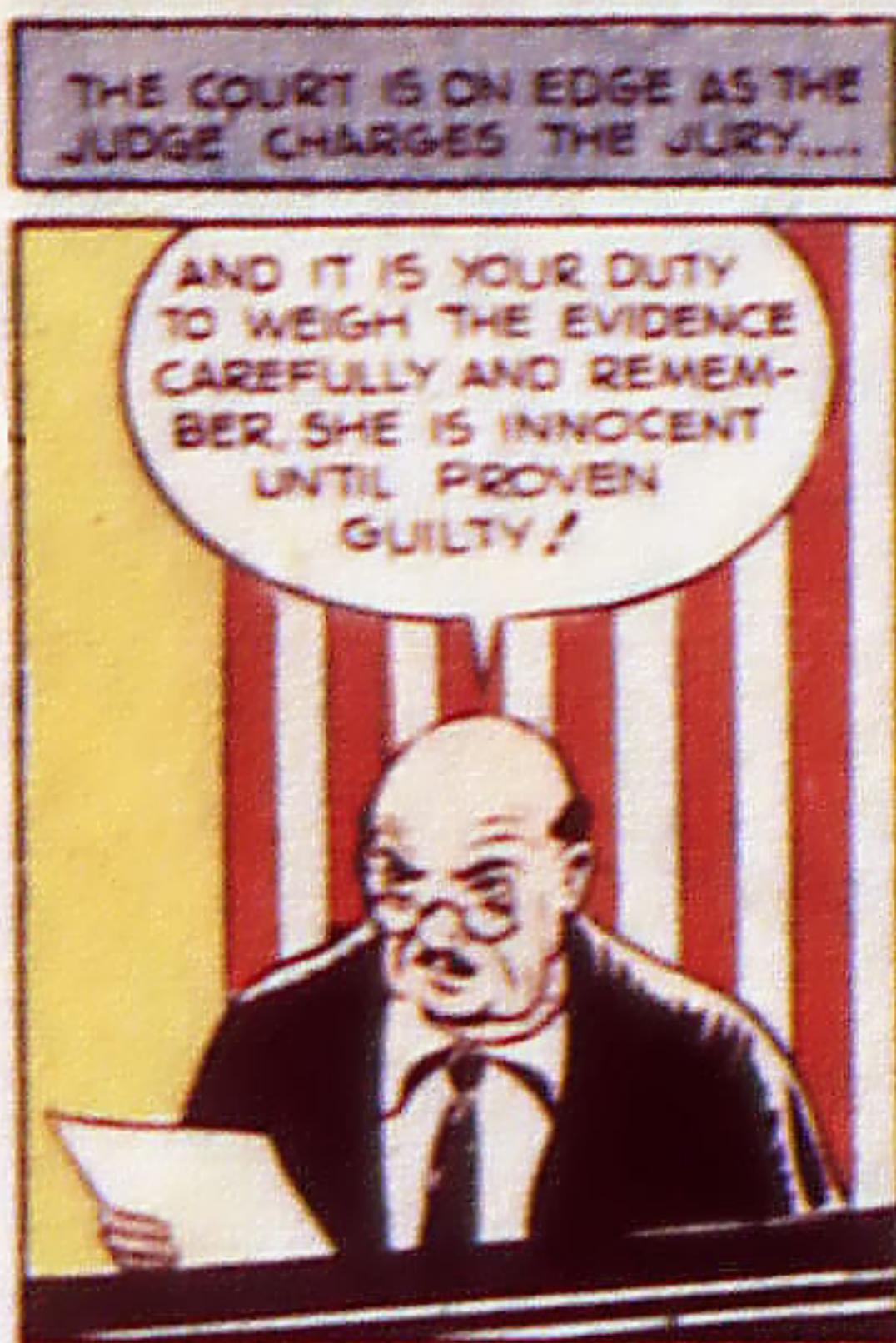
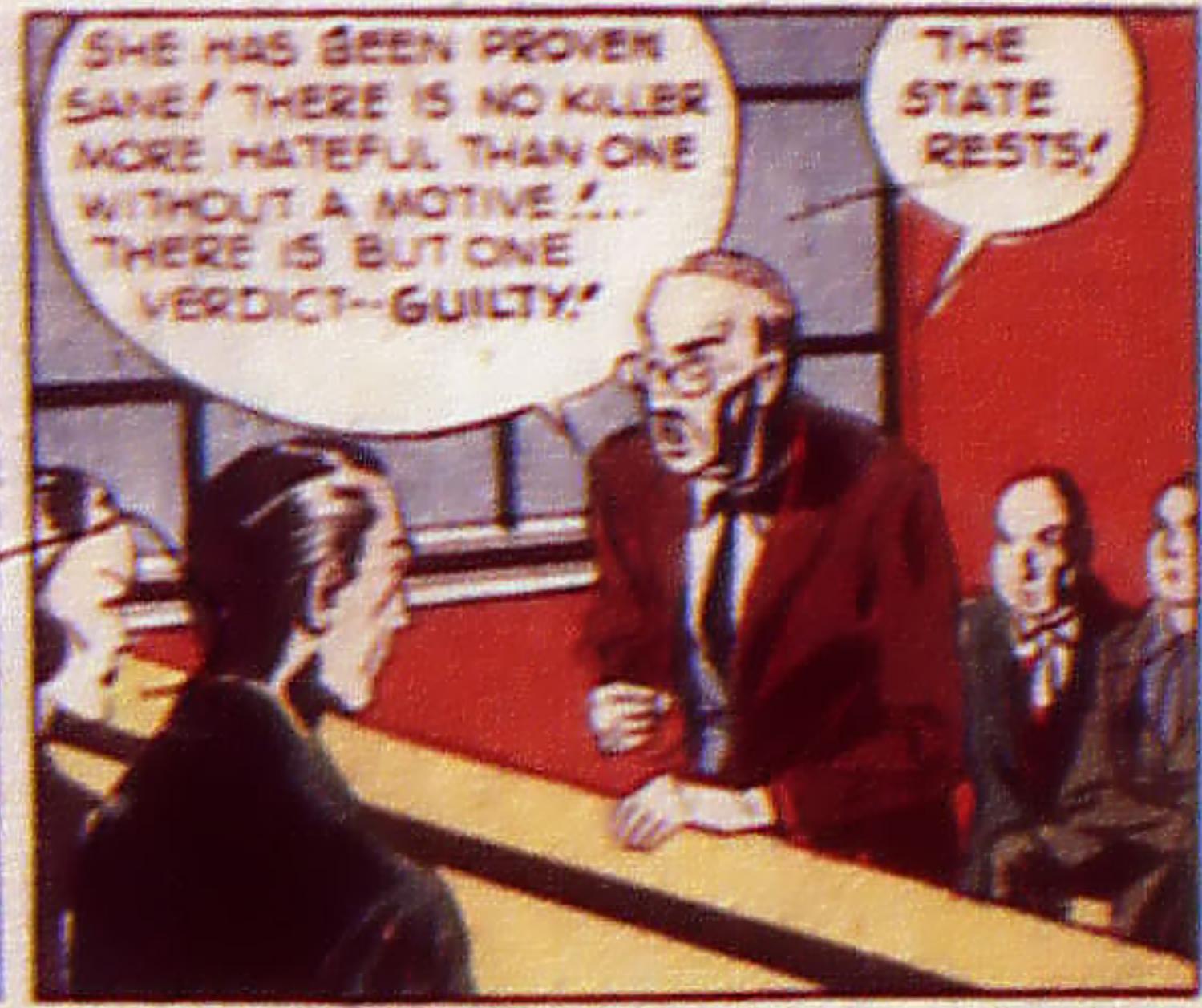


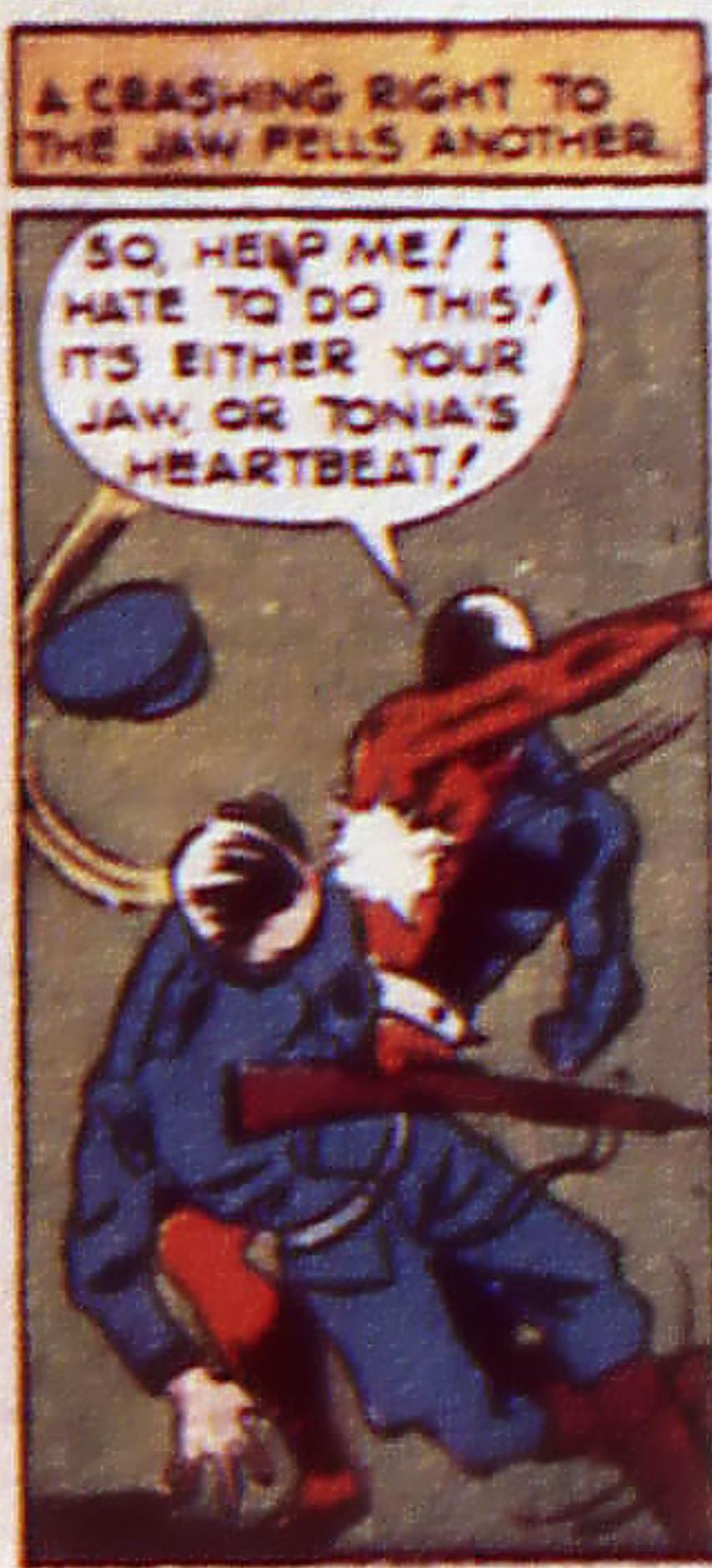
OH YEAH, SURE! SHE WAS BLOND AND PRETTY... I'D SAY SHE LOOKED LIKE...

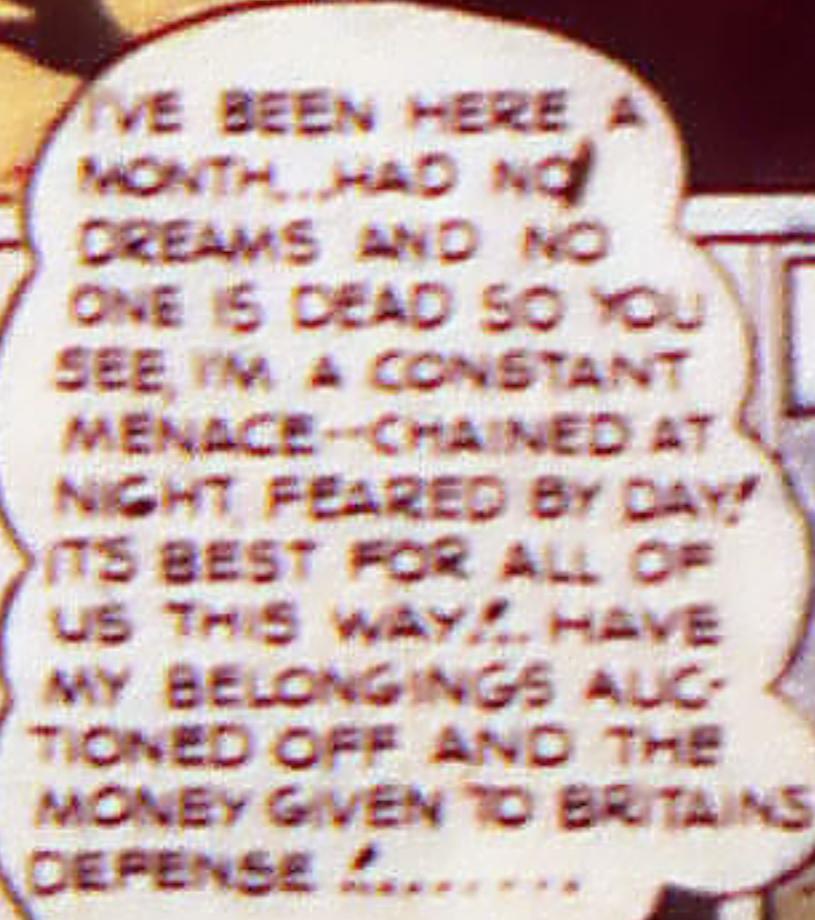


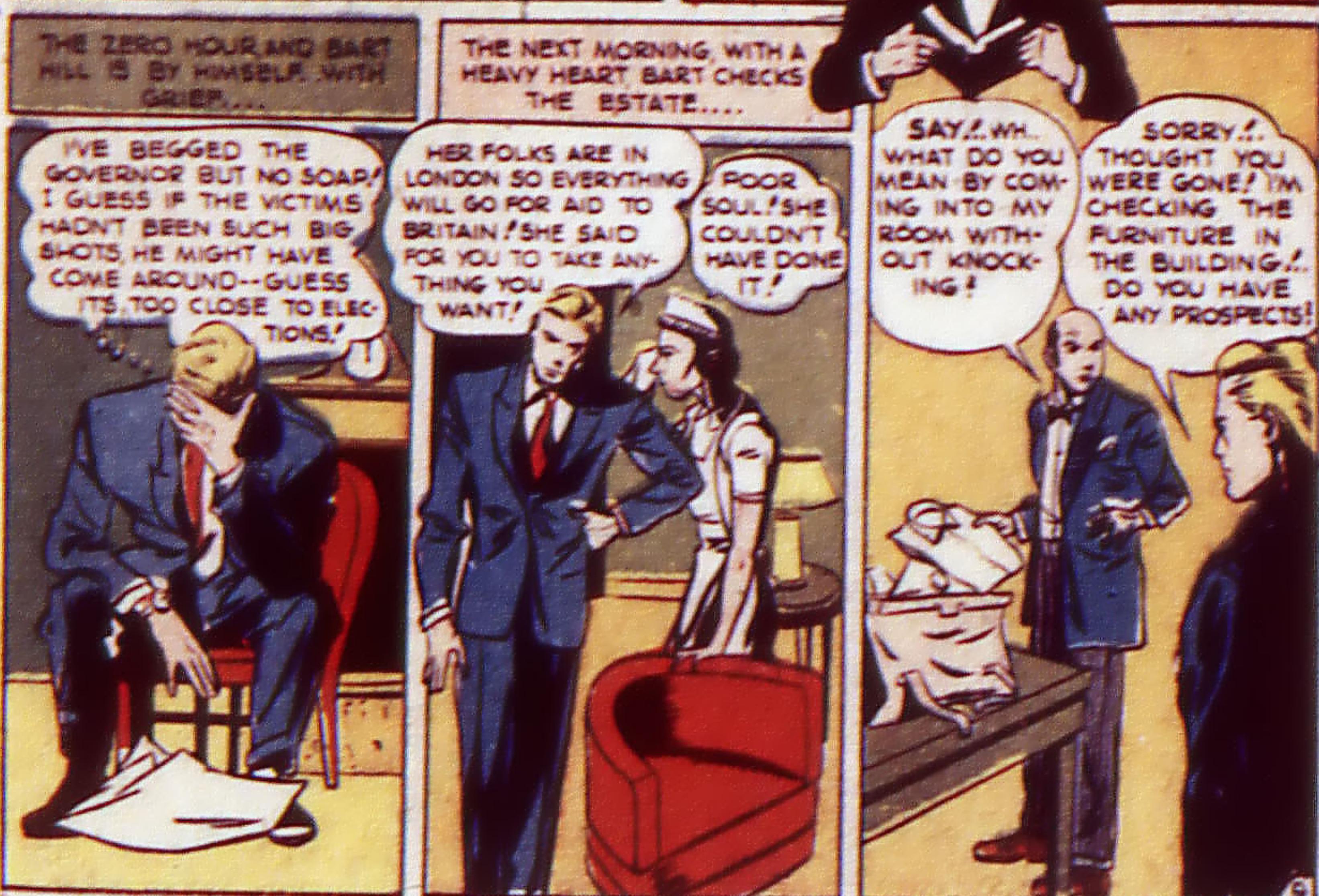
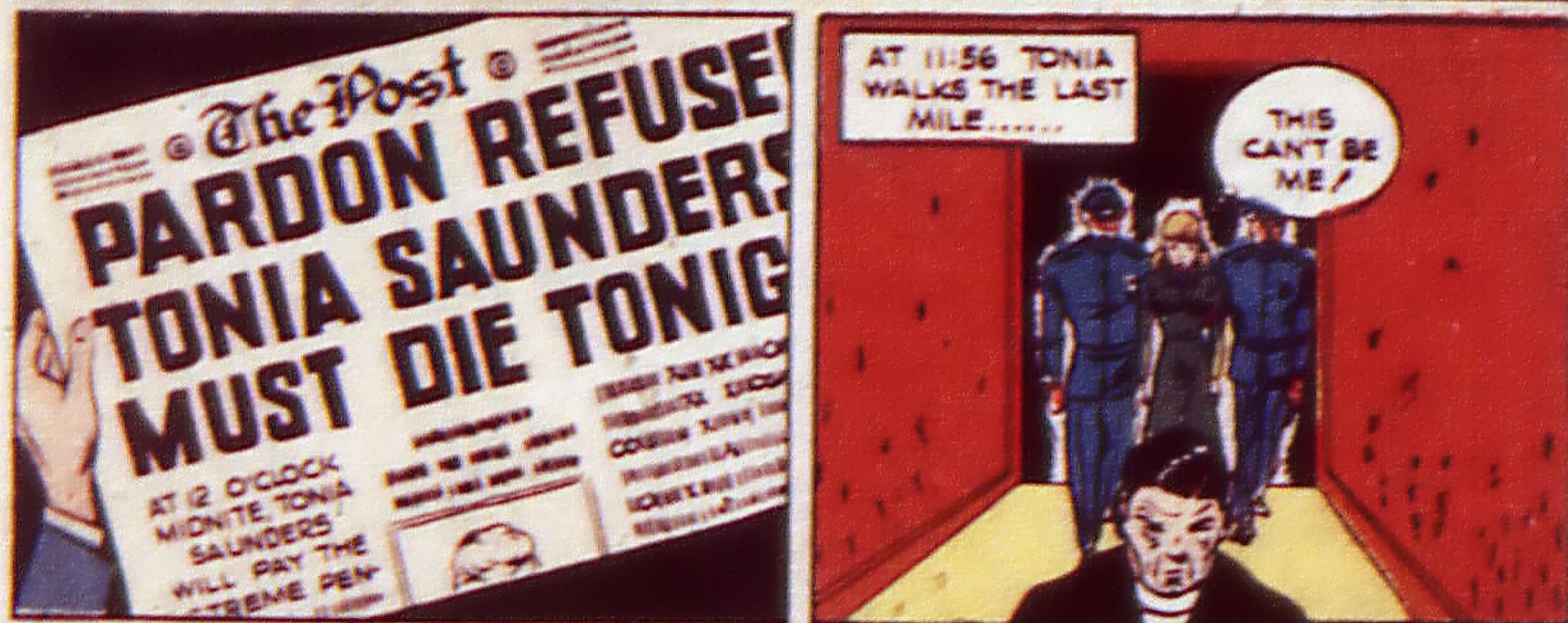
TONIA, DON'T!

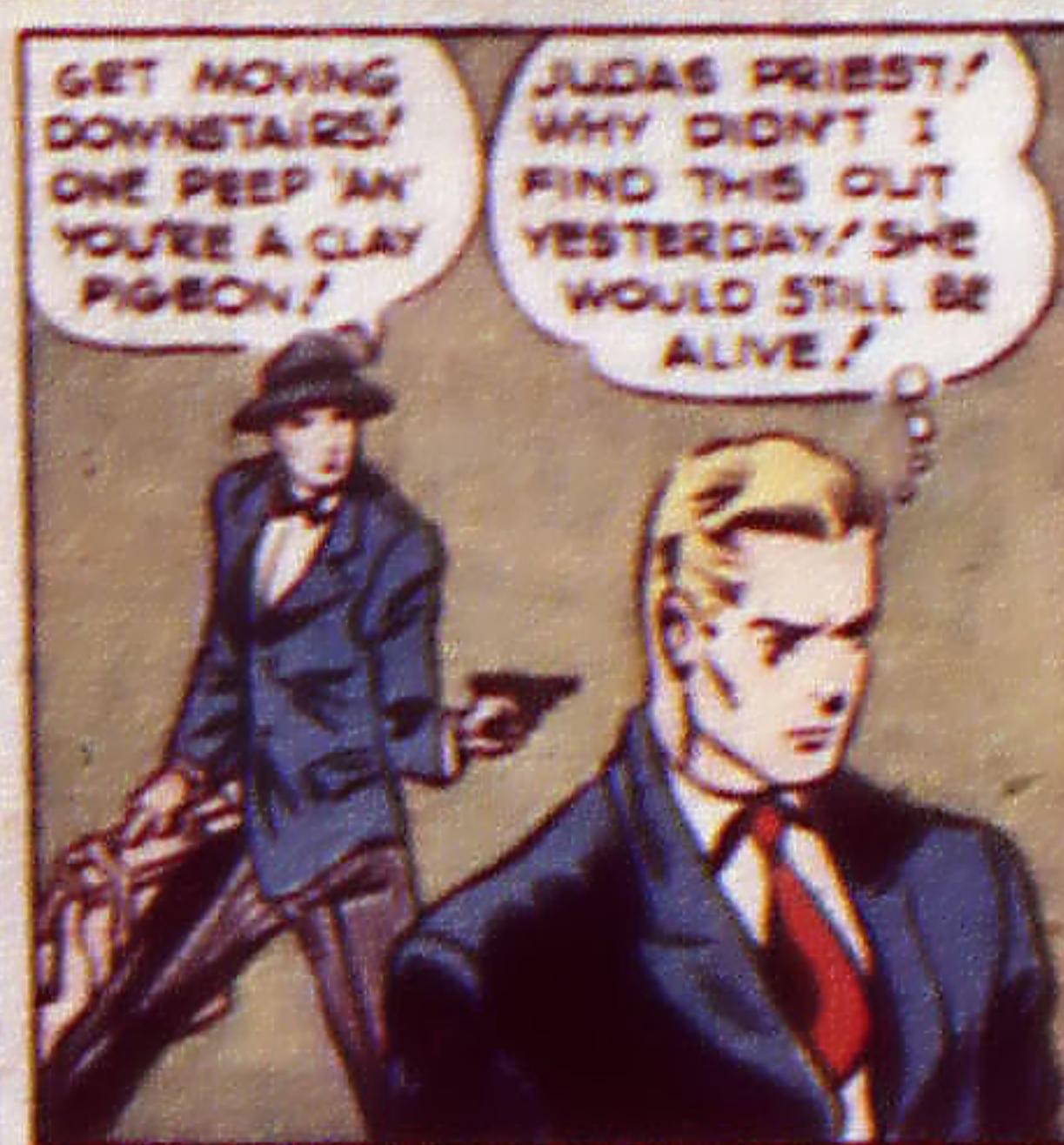


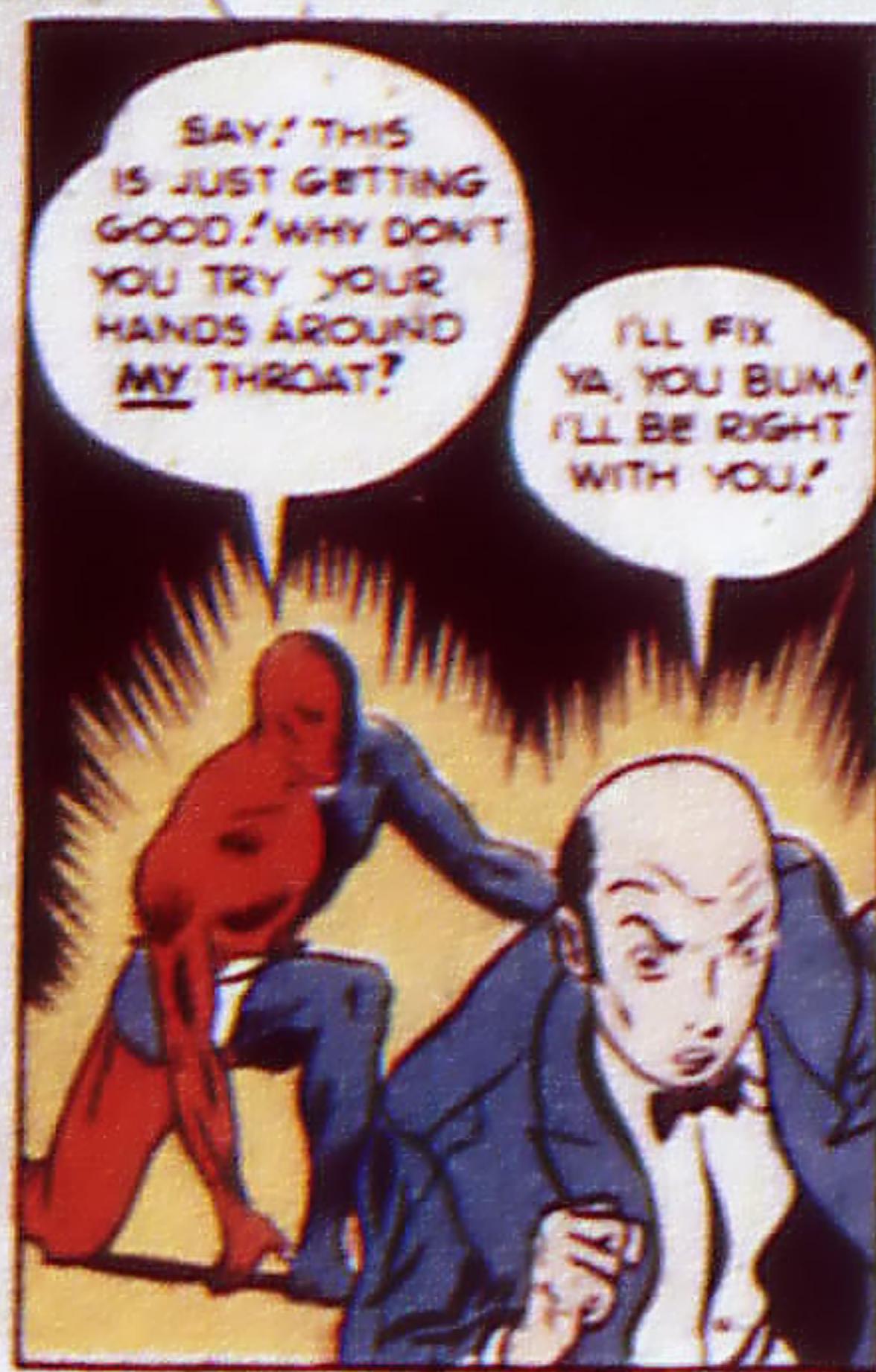
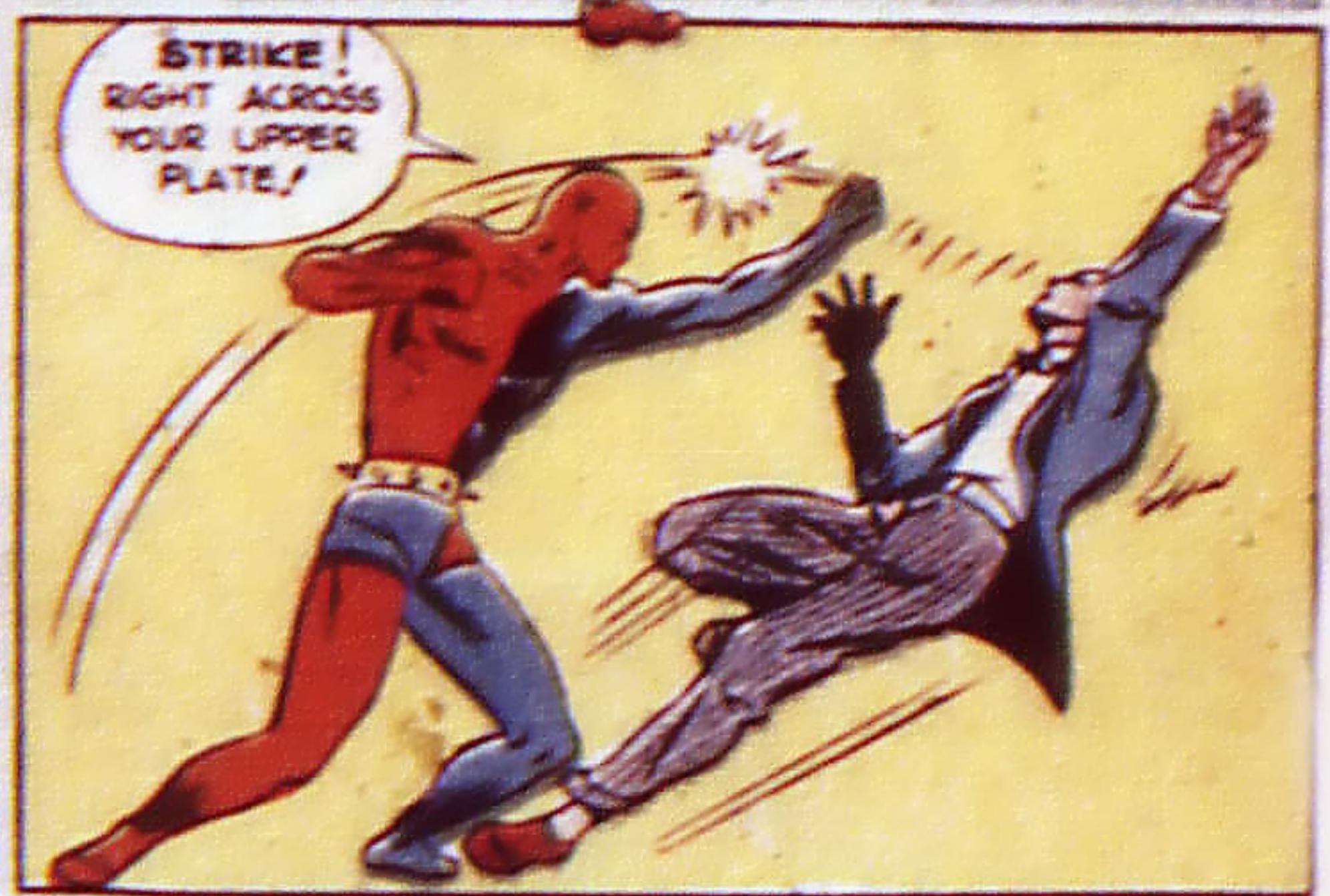


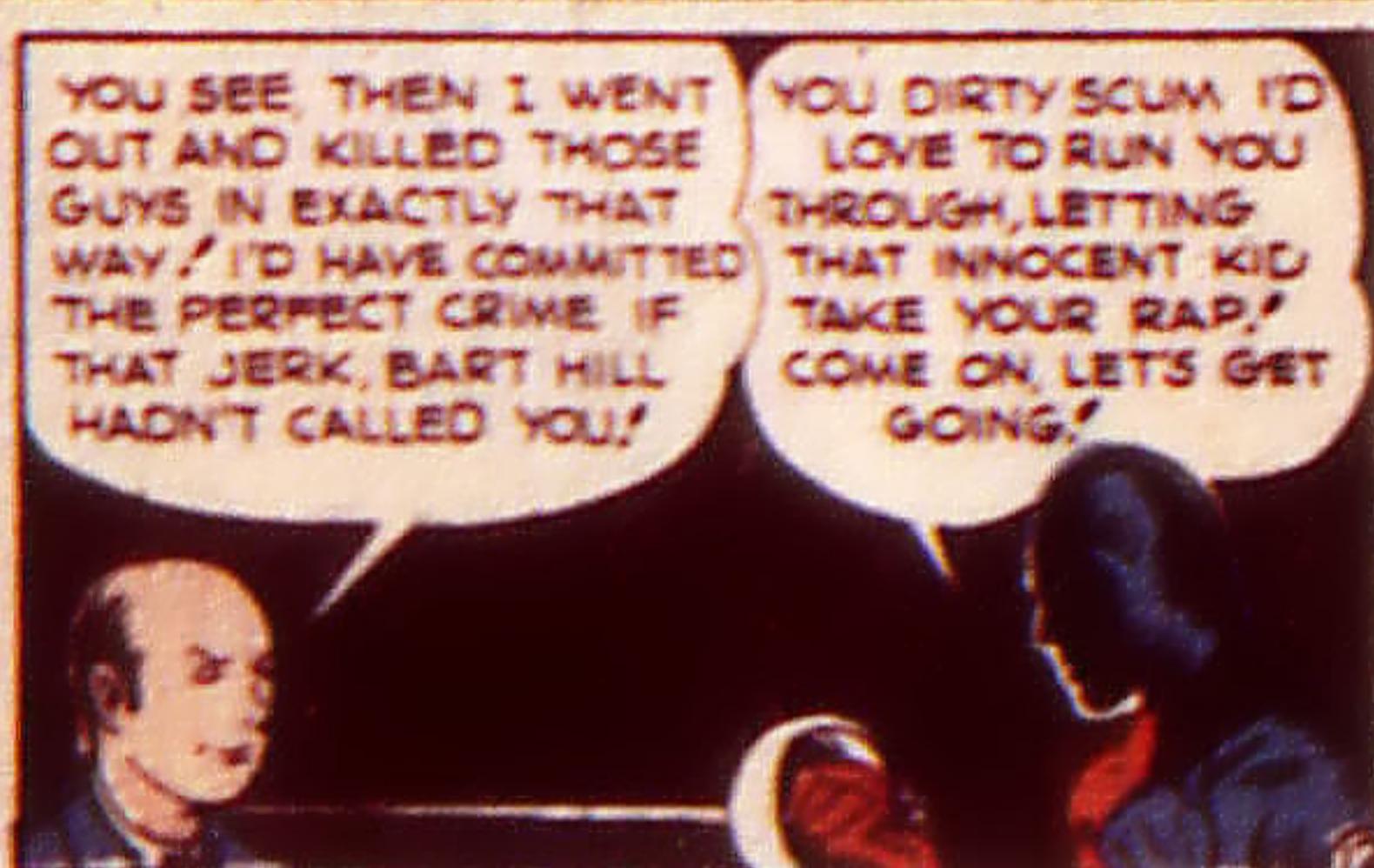
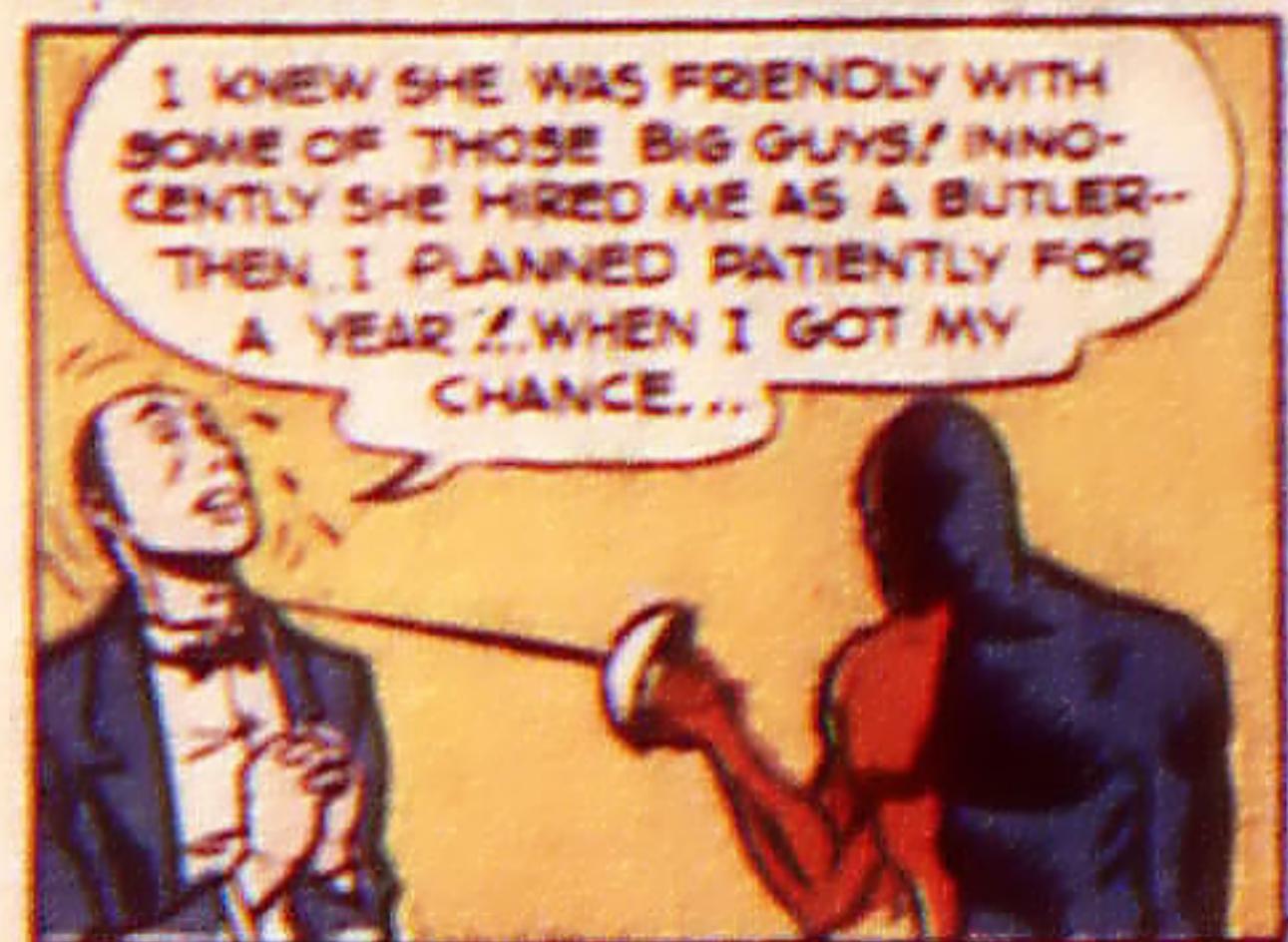
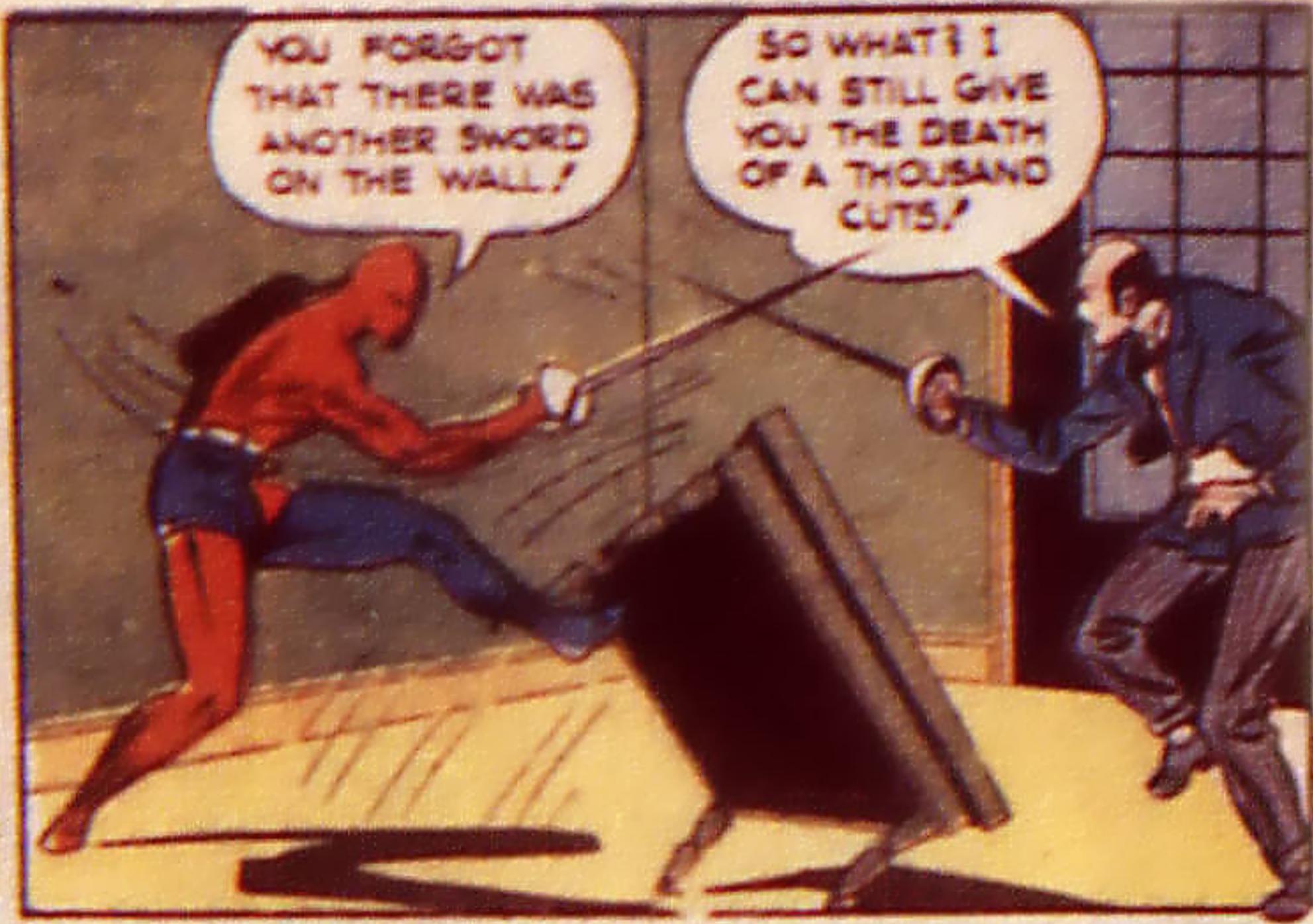


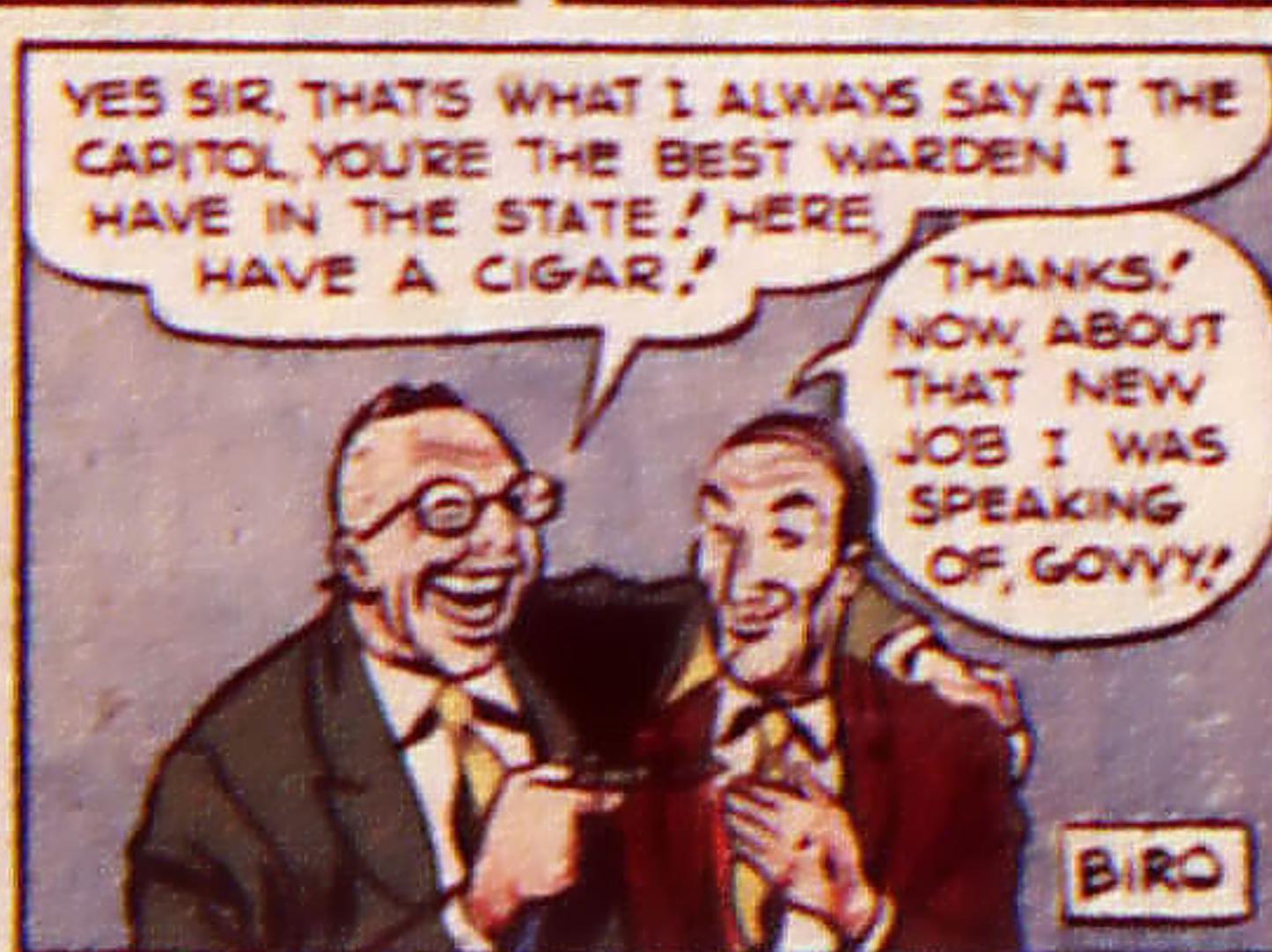
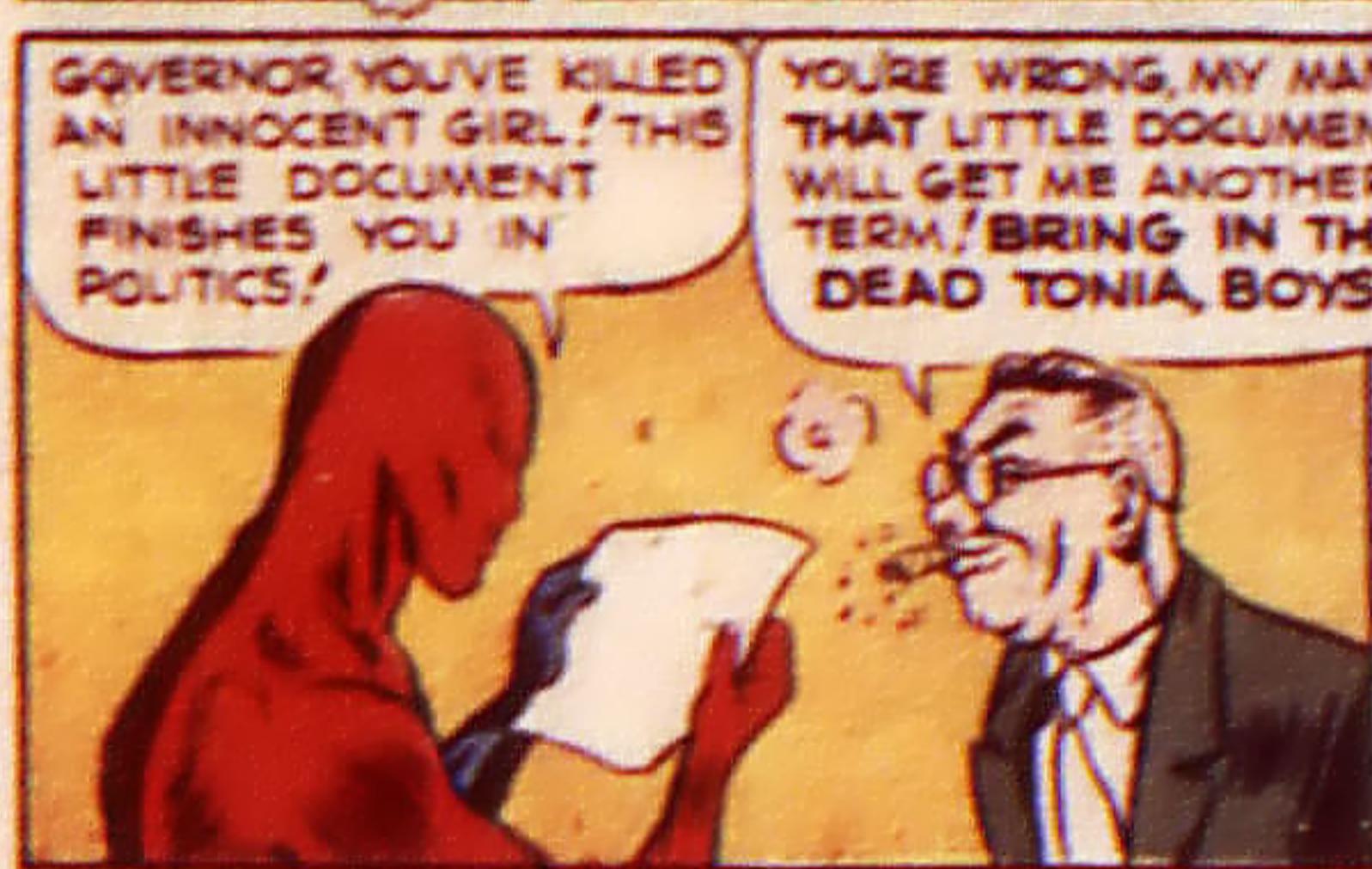
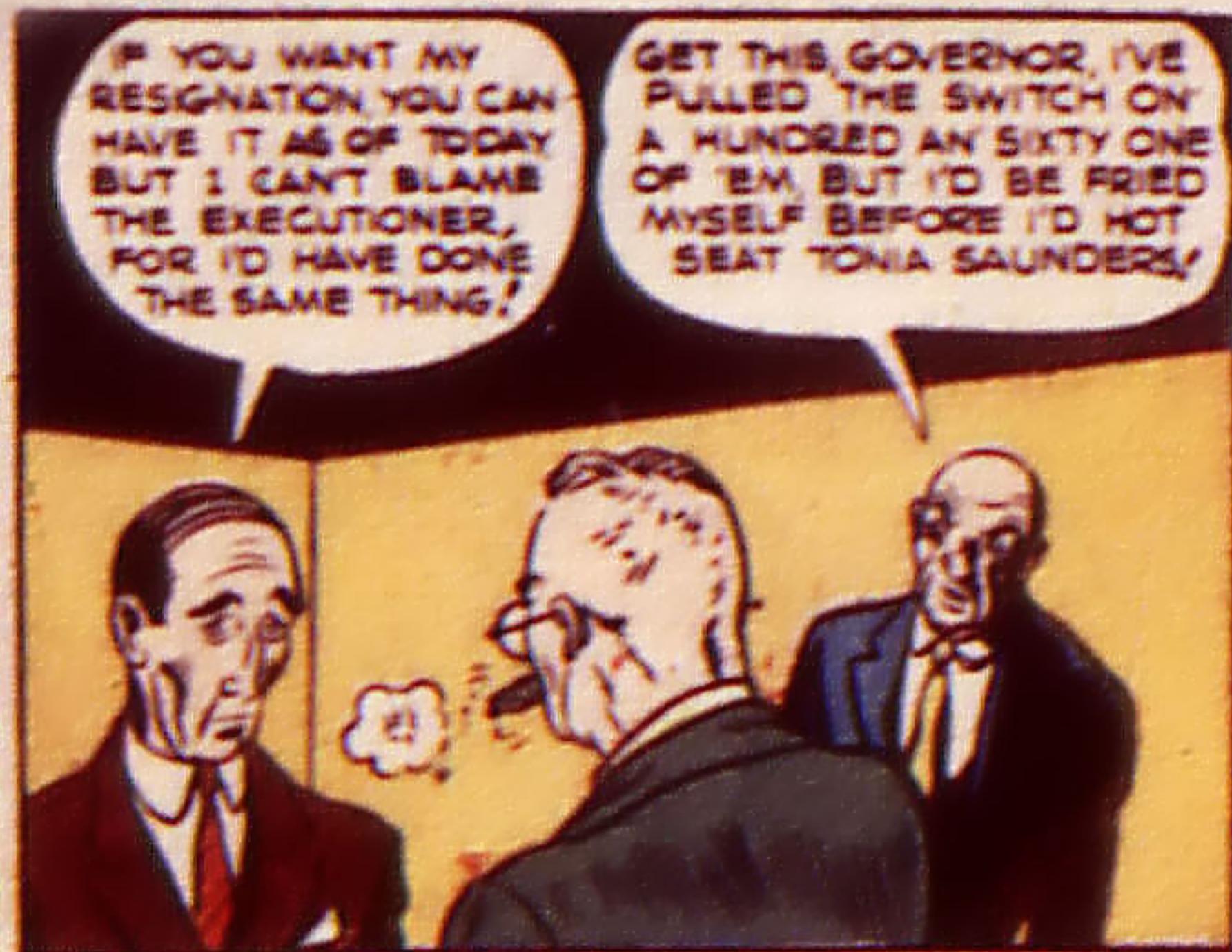












NIHILERO

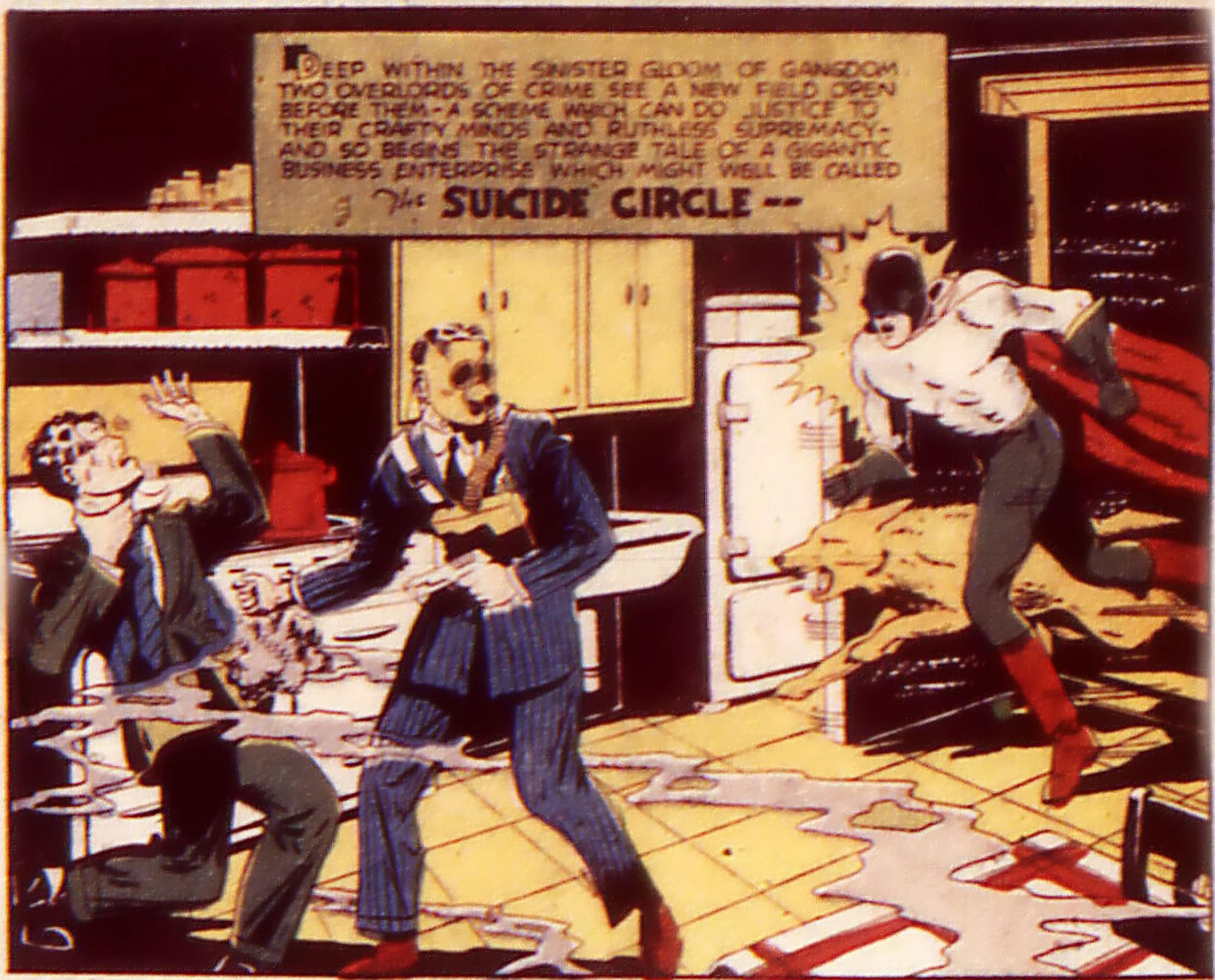
The Streamlined Robinhood -

BY
RICO



DEEP WITHIN THE SINISTER GLOOM OF GANGDOM TWO OVERLORDS OF CRIME SEE A NEW FIELD OPEN BEFORE THEM - A SCHEME WHICH CAN DO JUSTICE TO THEIR CRAFTY MINDS AND RUTHLESS SUPREMACY - AND SO BEGINS THE STRANGE TALE OF A GIANTIC BUSINESS ENTERPRISE WHICH MIGHT WELL BE CALLED

The SUICIDE CIRCLE --



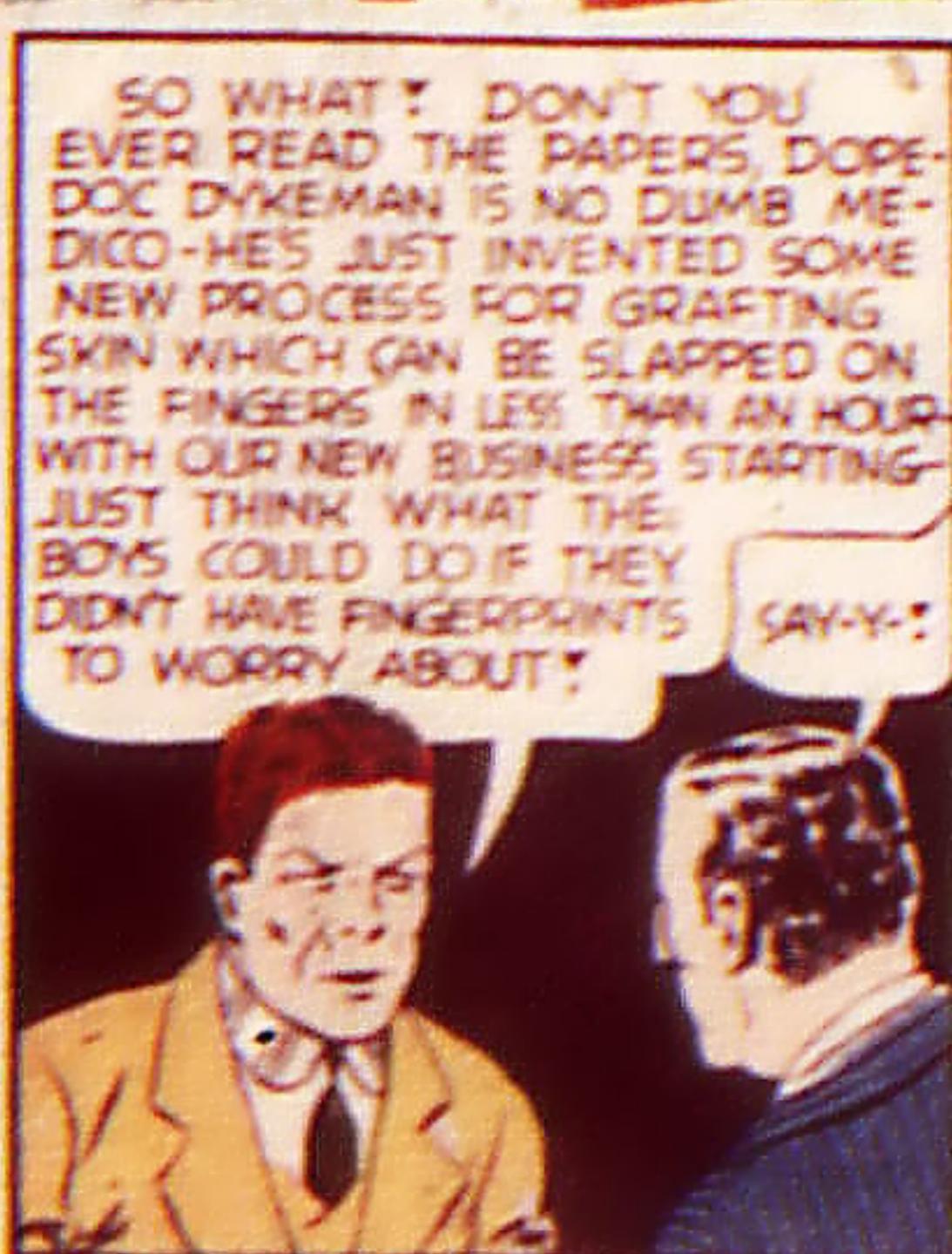
IN THEIR DOWN TOWN OFFICE, CHRISTY SILVERA AND PETE POULOS, TWO OF THE CITY'S CLEVEREST, SLICKEST AND MOST UNSCRUPULOUS RACKET MEN, TALK -

IT'S A NATURAL I TELL YOU - LOOK AT THE HAND? NOT A RIDGE ON IT: I COULDN'T LEAVE A FINGERPRINT IN CEMENT!

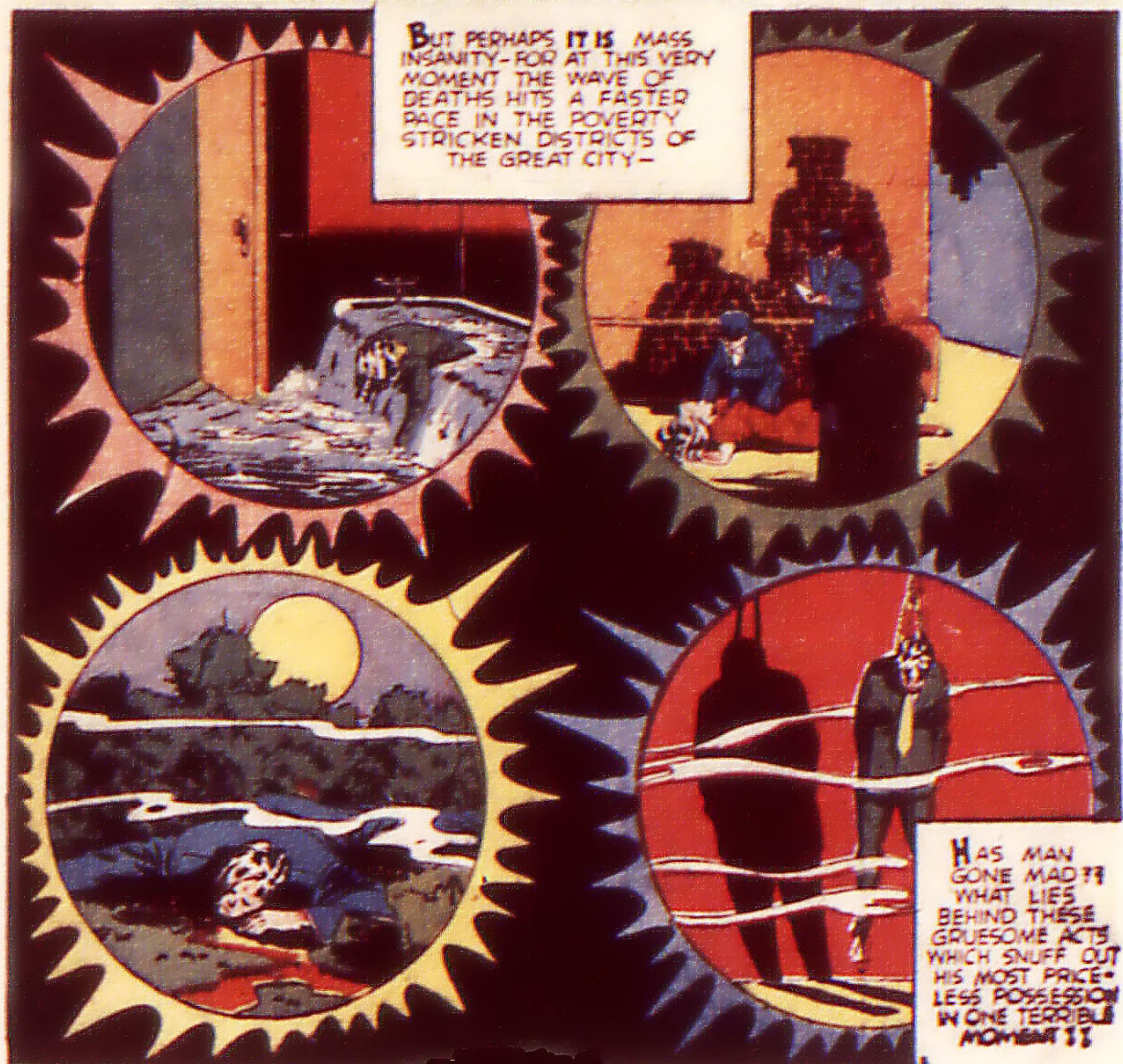
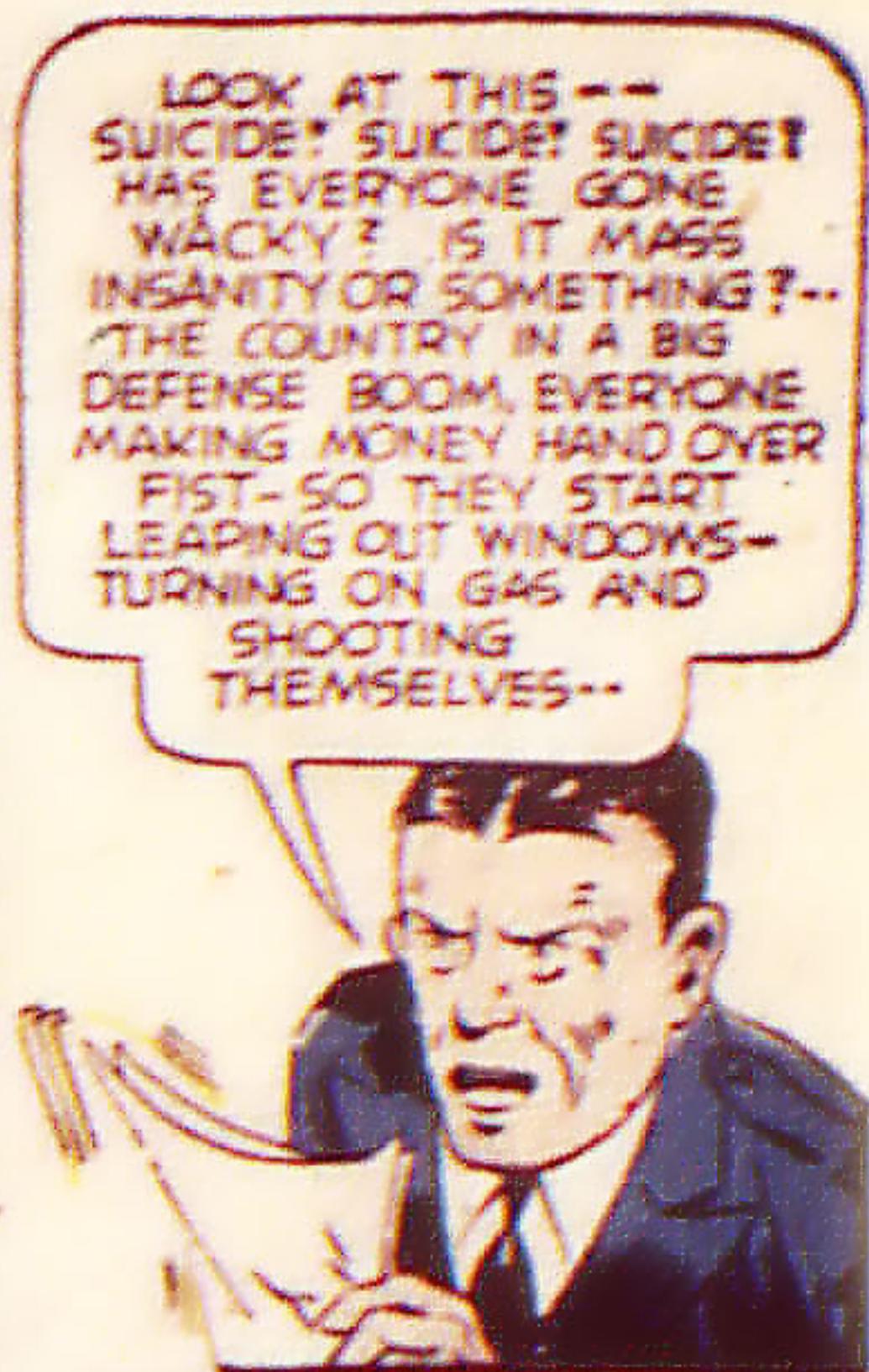
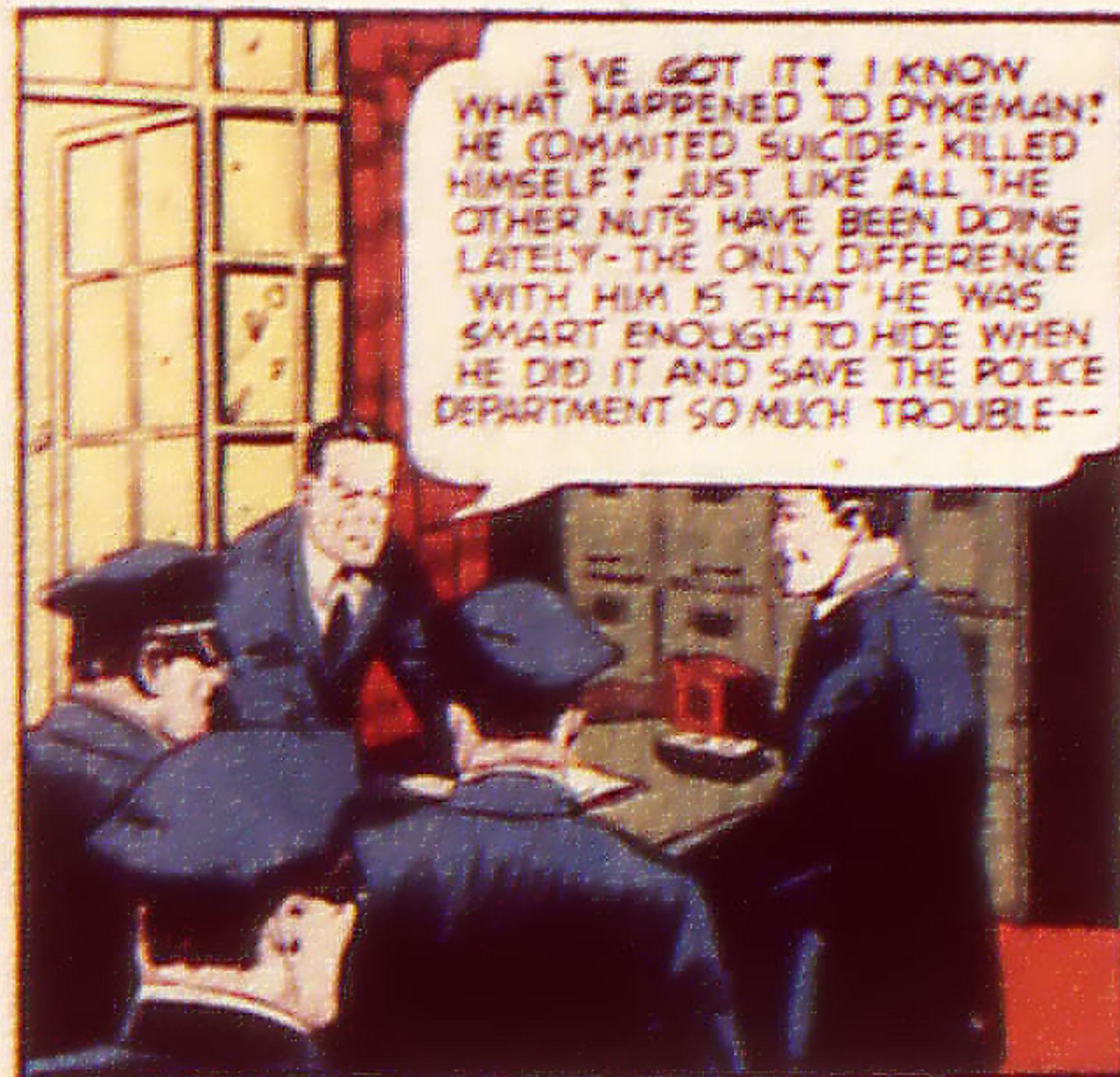
ALRIGHT! SO YOU BURN YOUR HAND - SO THE DOC GRAFTS SOME SKIN ON IT - SO YA HAVEN'T A FINGER-PRINT - SO WHAT?

SO WHAT? DON'T YOU EVER READ THE PAPERS, DOPE - DOC DYKEMAN IS NO DUMB MEDICO - HE'S JUST INVENTED SOME NEW PROCESS FOR GRAFTING SKIN WHICH CAN BE SLAPPED ON THE FINGERS IN LESS THAN AN HOUR - WITH OUR NEW BUSINESS STARTING JUST THINK WHAT THE BOYS COULD DO IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE FINGERPRINTS SAY-Y- TO WORRY ABOUT?

AND SO AN IDEA IS BORN - AND FROM THAT IDEA SPRINGS A PROCESSION OF TRAGEDY WHICH OPENS ITS BLAZING BEGINNING THE VERY NEXT DAY -



A
WEEK--
TWO
WEEKS
PASS--
STILL NO
WORD FROM
DR DYKEMAN
THEN
SUDDENLY
AUTHORITIES
FIND
THEMSELVES
FACING A
NEW AND
DANGEROUS
SITUATION--



MEANWHILE, NIGHTRO LISTENS TO THE STARTLING REPORTS AT HIS HOME. HE'S MUCH SANEER IN DARKNESS. FOR AMERICA AS IT MAY SOUND WITHOUT HIS SPECIAL GLASSES, NIGHTRO CAN SEE ONLY IN THE NIGHT.

THE POLICE ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN THE SUDDEN WAVE OF SUICIDES WHICH HAVE BEEN OCCURRING FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS.

Z HMM-PECCULAR- THIS RUN OF AMERICAN HARI-KARI - AND THEY ALL SEEM TO CENTER AROUND THE TENEMENT DISTRICTS - THE PEOPLE THERE ARE THE LEAST LIKELY TO COMMIT SUICIDE. I THINK THIS SITUATION NEEDS LOOKING INTO!

WITH EYES PIERCING THE DARKNESS, NIGHTRO TUNES IN HIS SPECIAL SHORT WAVE POLICE RADIO.

-- CALLING CAR 25 -- GO TO 429 STREET -- INVESTIGATE ANOTHER DEATH THERE --

THAT'S HITTING IT. COME ON, LET'S GO BLACKIE! IT'S ONLY FIVE BLOCKS AWAY!

THERE HASN'T BEEN A SUICIDE FOR EIGHT HOURS. IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR ANOTHER ONE IF ---



THROUGH A SECRET EXIT IN HIS APARTMENT, THE BEСПECTACLED NEMESIS OF CRIME LEAVES WITH HIS SEEING EYE DOG TO MATCH WITS AGAINST THIS STRANGE WAVE OF SELF-DESTRUCTION.



WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THE POLICE THERE!

AND MINUTES LATER, RUSH UP THE STAIRS AT 429 STREET --



LOTS OF LIGHTS ON THE THIRD FLOOR MUST BE UP THERE!



W-WHAT D-DO YOU WANT?

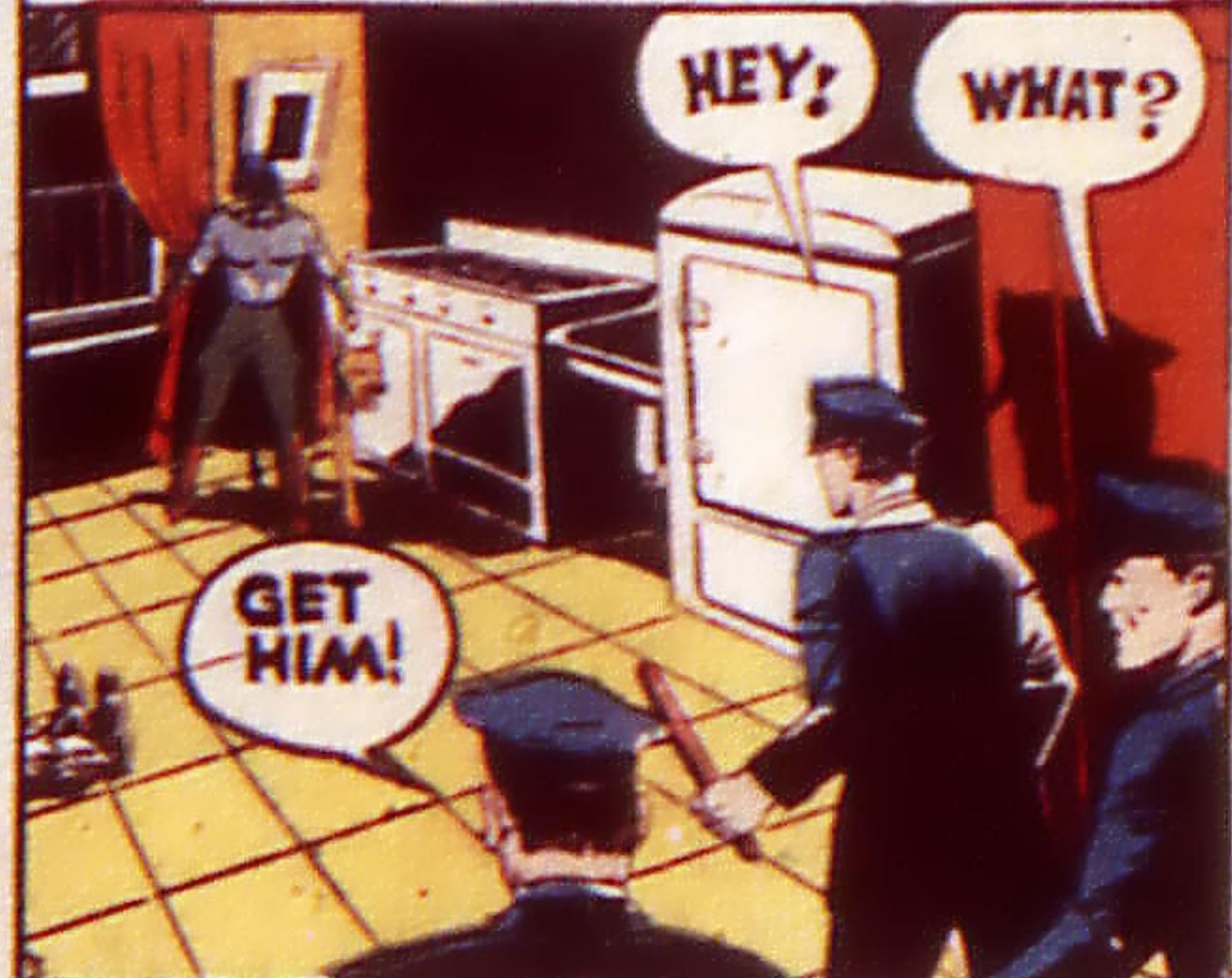
UGH! GAS!

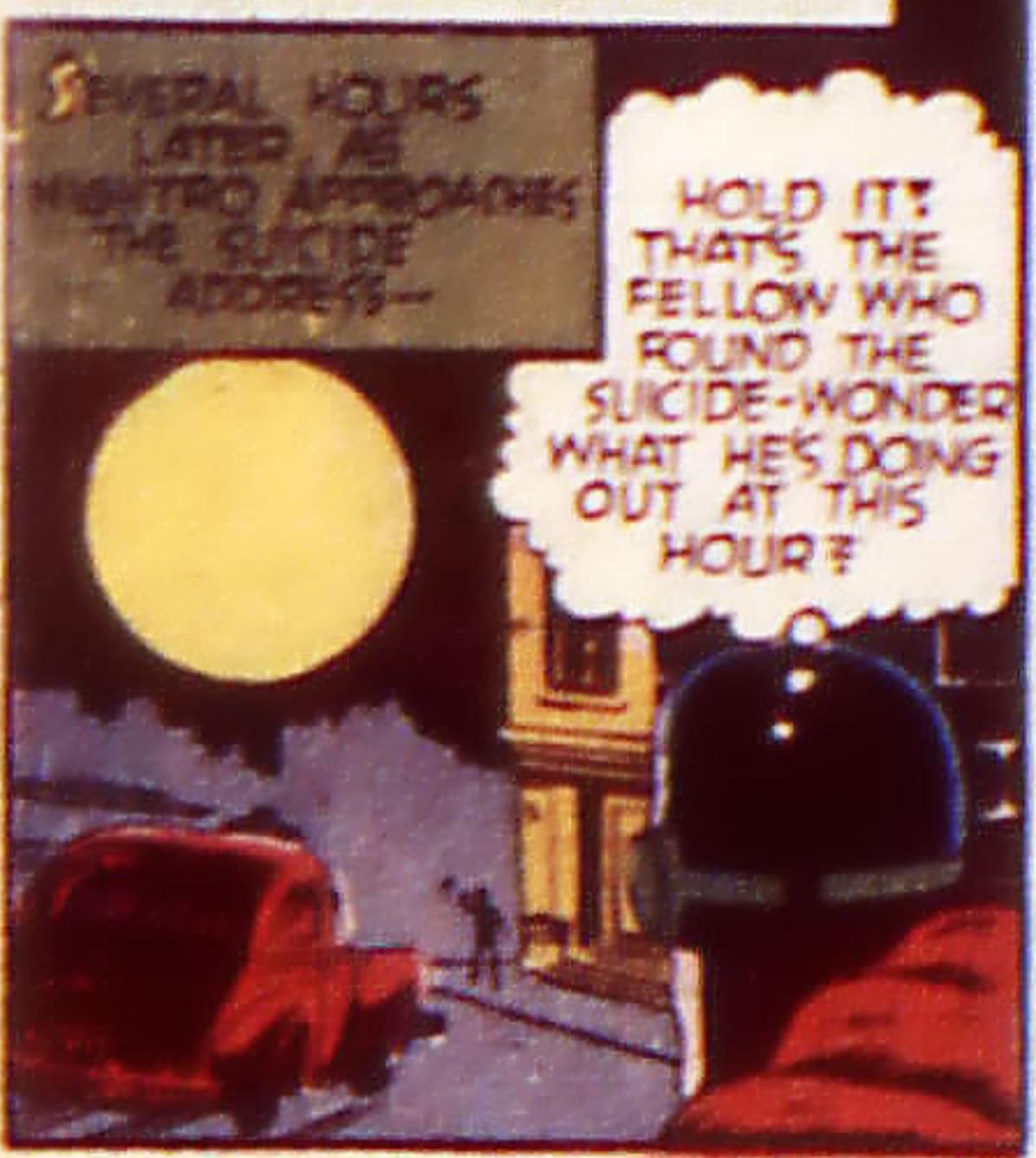
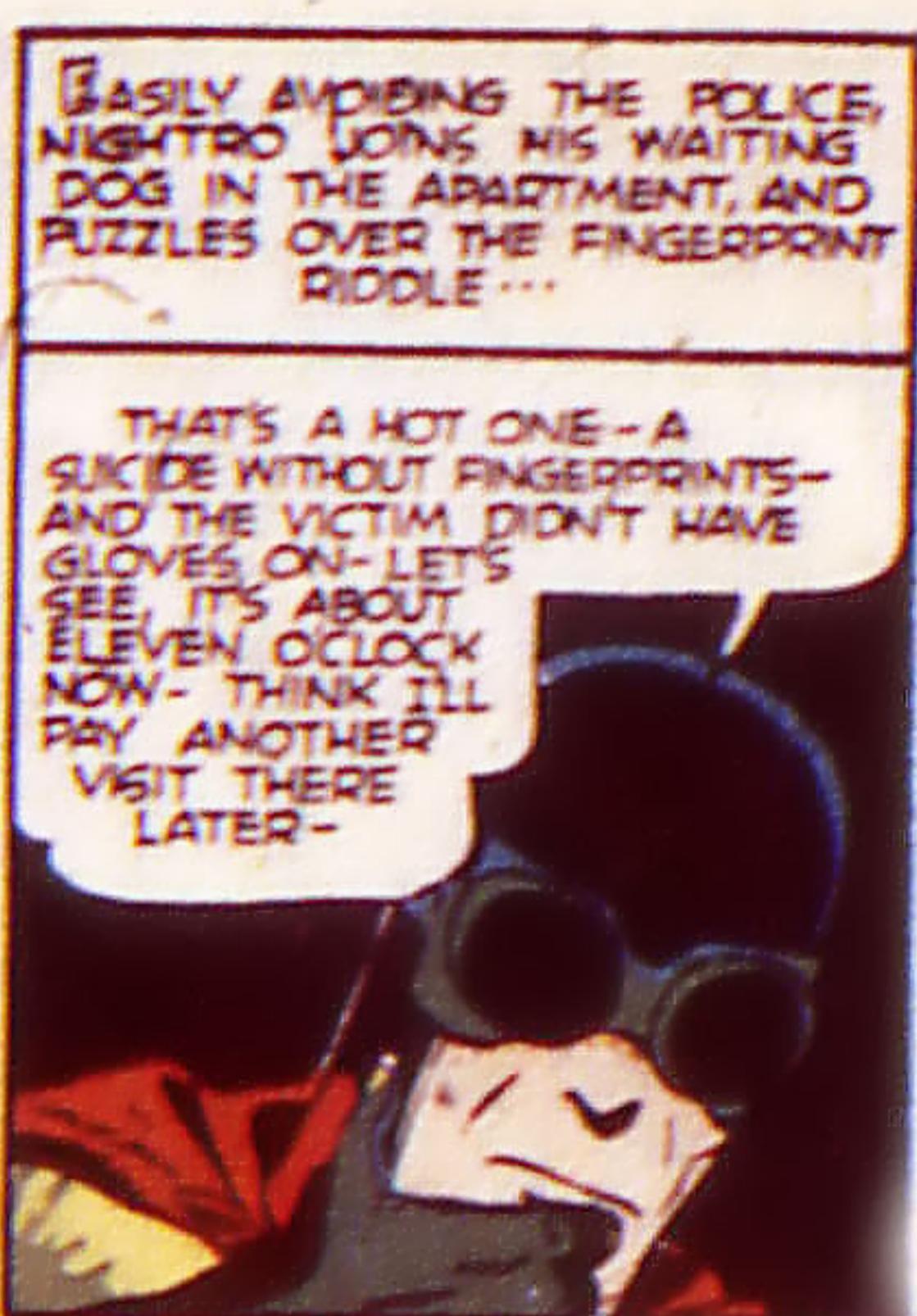
SORRY TO INTRUDE, FOLKS - BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THESE SUICIDES AND I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS - PERHAPS A FEW FINGERPRINTS WILL HELP ME!

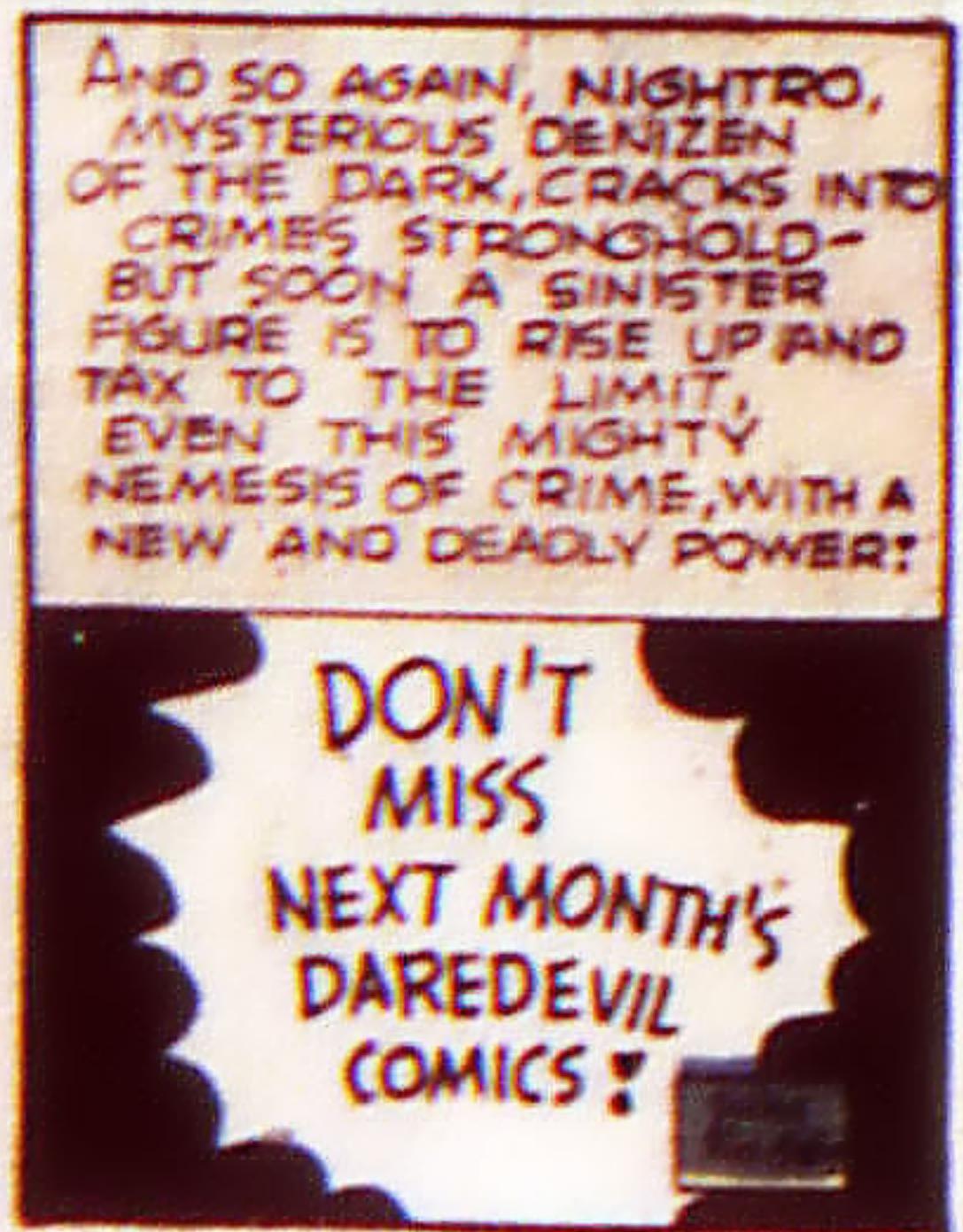
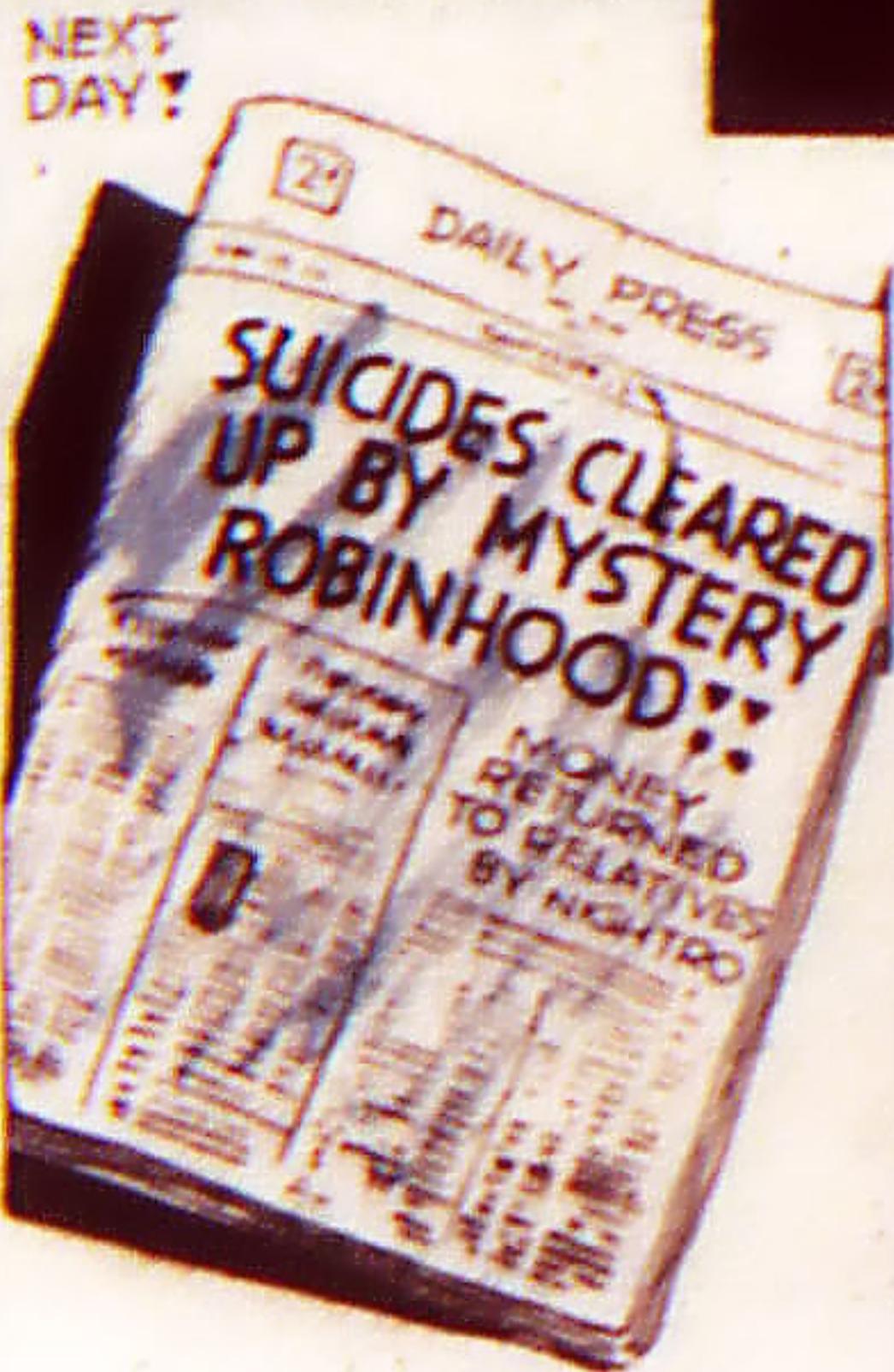
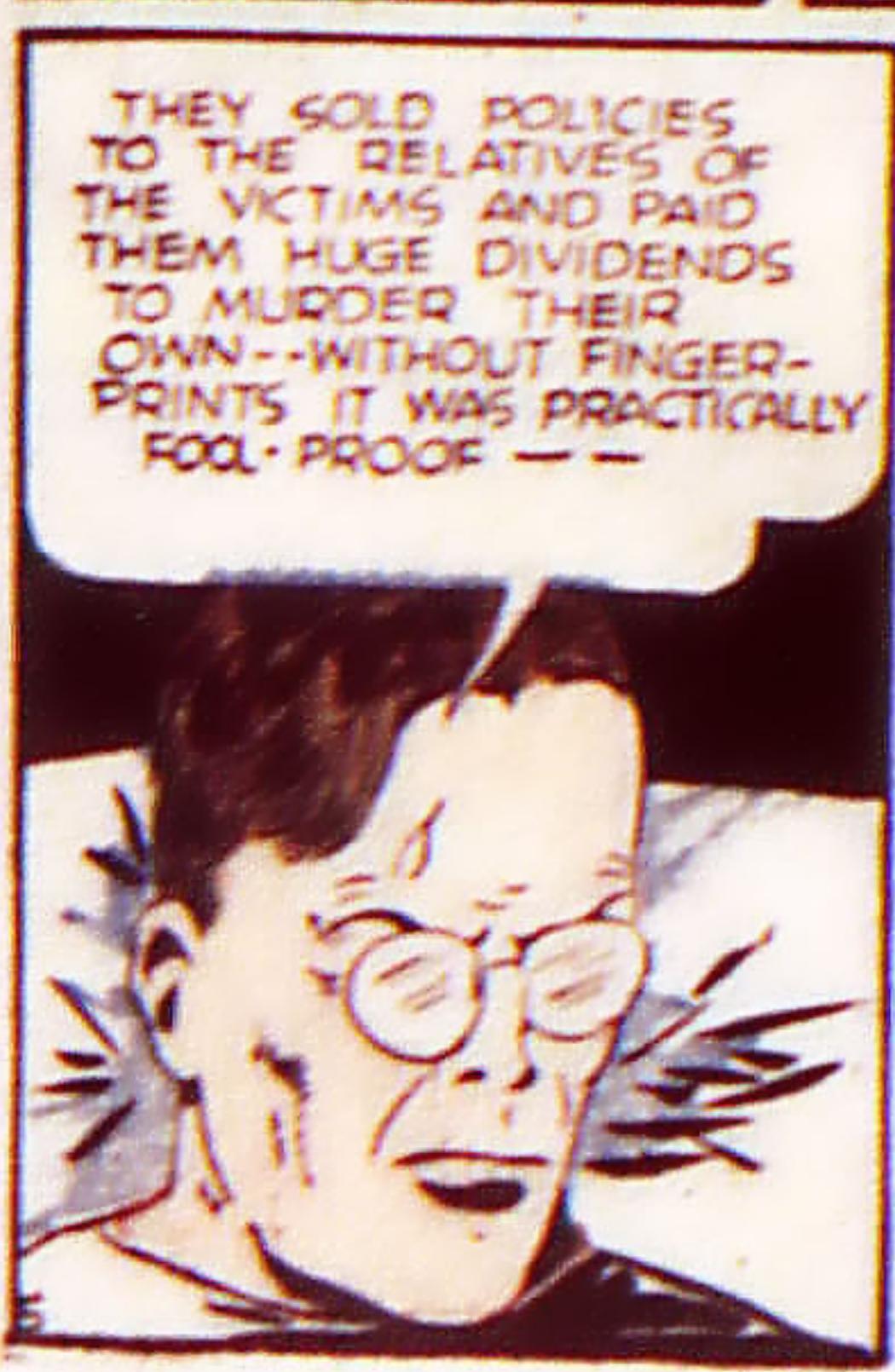
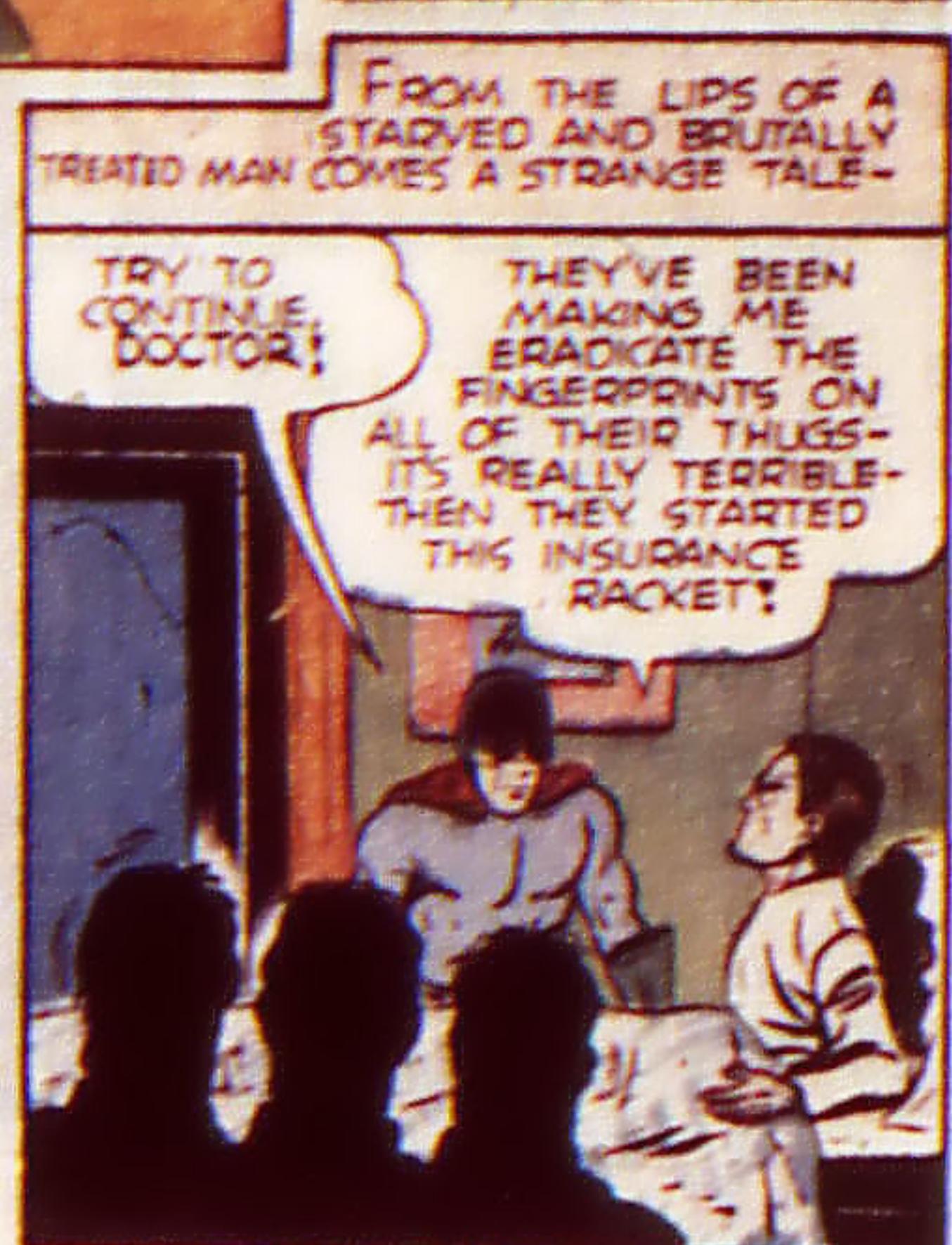
WHAT ?? THERE'S NO POINTS ON THESE JETS ??



BUT AT THIS MOMENT, THE FORCES OF THE LAW BURST INTO THE APARTMENT WITH CUSTOMERLY ABRUPTNESS --







FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE SUPERSTITIOUS, THE EDITORS ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION IN THE READING OF THIS MATERIAL...FOR WHO CAN SAY WHAT TRUTH MAY LIE BEHIND THE FEAR THAT HAS FOLLOWED THIS NUMERAL DOWN THROUGH THE AGES...

"13" THE NEWMISES NUMBER OF ALL TIME REARS ITS UGLY HEAD AND CASTS A SHADOW OF TRAGEDY OVER THE LIFE OF HAROLD HIGGINS--BUT FROM THIS EVIL DIDGET AN IDEA IS BORN, AND FROM THAT IDEA SPRINGS A STARTLING FIGURE, WHO IS SOON TO TURN THIS NUMBER OF ILL OMEN INTO A BOOMERANG AND CRUCIFY THE CROSS-ROADS OF CRIME WITH A CAMPAIGN OF JUSTICE, WHICH BRINGS TO ALL THE UNDERWORLD, THE FEAR OF "13"

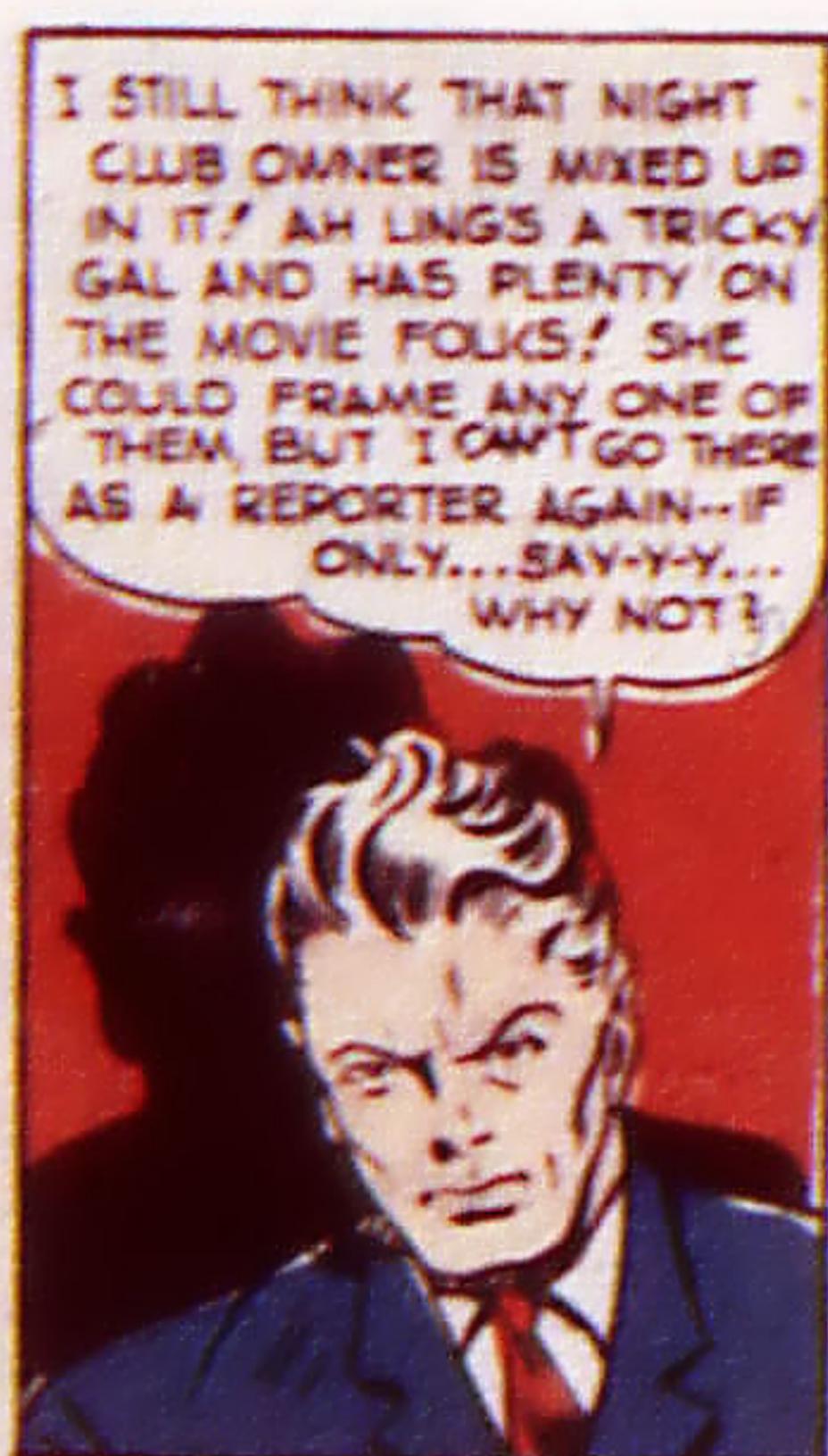
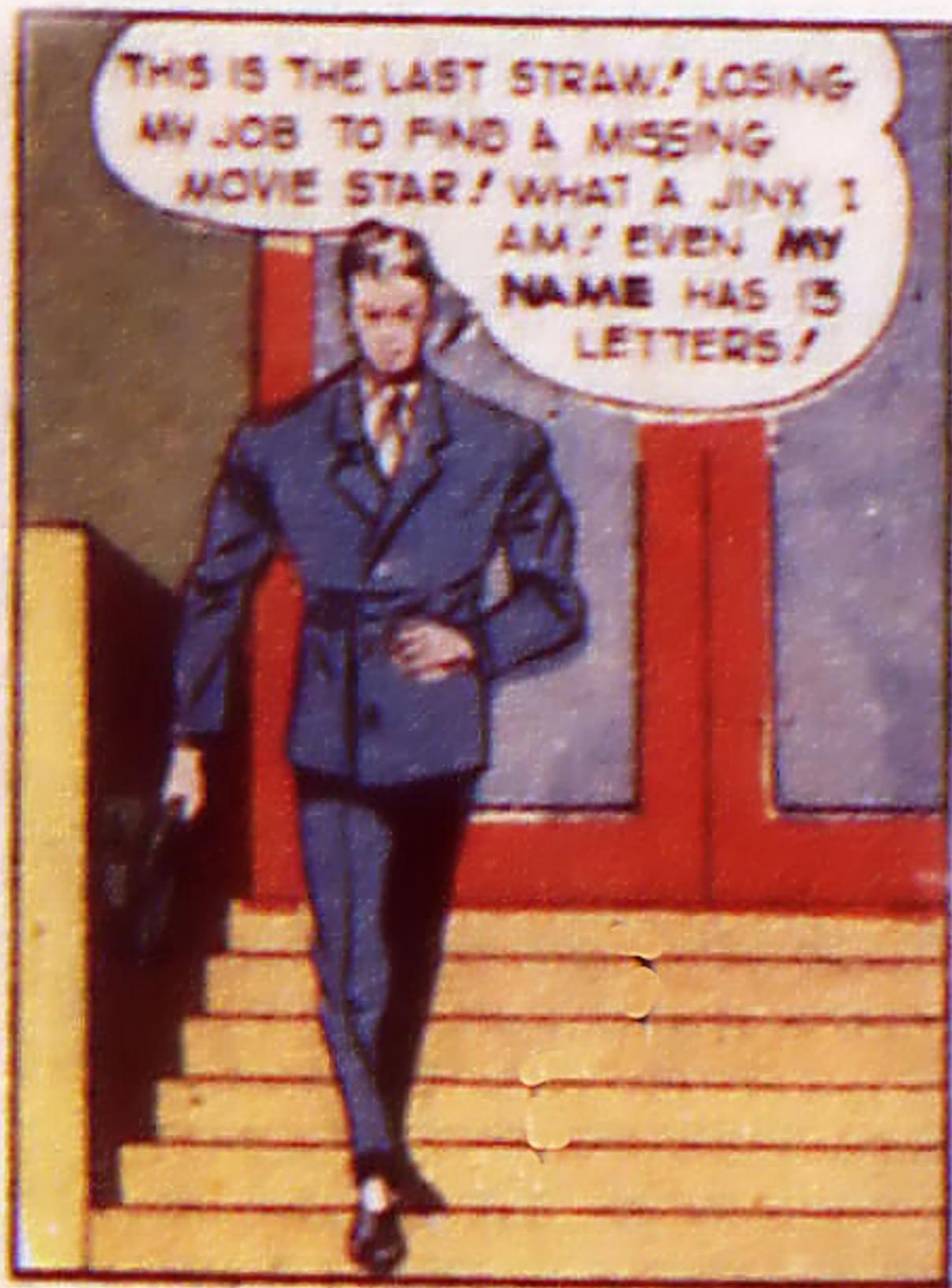
BERNIE KLEIN
DICK WOOD

IN THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD, A CINEMA STAR DISAPPEARS--AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE HERALD, MANAGING EDITOR, CLYDE ROUSSOS, FIRES AN EMPLOYEE.....

SO WHAT--IF
LARRY MILLER IS
LOST! I TOLD YOU
AH LING HAD NOTH-
ING TO DO WITH
IT! YOU'RE FIRED!







AND A MOMENT LATER EMERGES AS THE DREADED SYMBOL OF BAD LUCK--13!

IT'S TIME I STARTED DISHING OUT BAD FORTUNE -- AND THOSE SLY FOUR FLUSHING VERMIN ARE A GOOD DUET TO START WITH!



MEANWHILE IN THE CELLAR OF AH LING'S HOME.

IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE MILLER! A PALTRY TEN THOUSAND WILL SAVE YOU DISGRACE--AND

YOUR LIFE!
YOU'RE FILTHY WITH MONEY!

SUDDENLY FROM THE SHADOW OF THE DARKENED STAIRCASE A TALL FIGURE STALKS INTO THE CHAMBER--

13

OKAY KEEP YOUR GOLD ROMEO! I'LL GIVE YOU A REAL PICTURE SEQUENCE TO PLAY! GET THE WHIP, FONG!

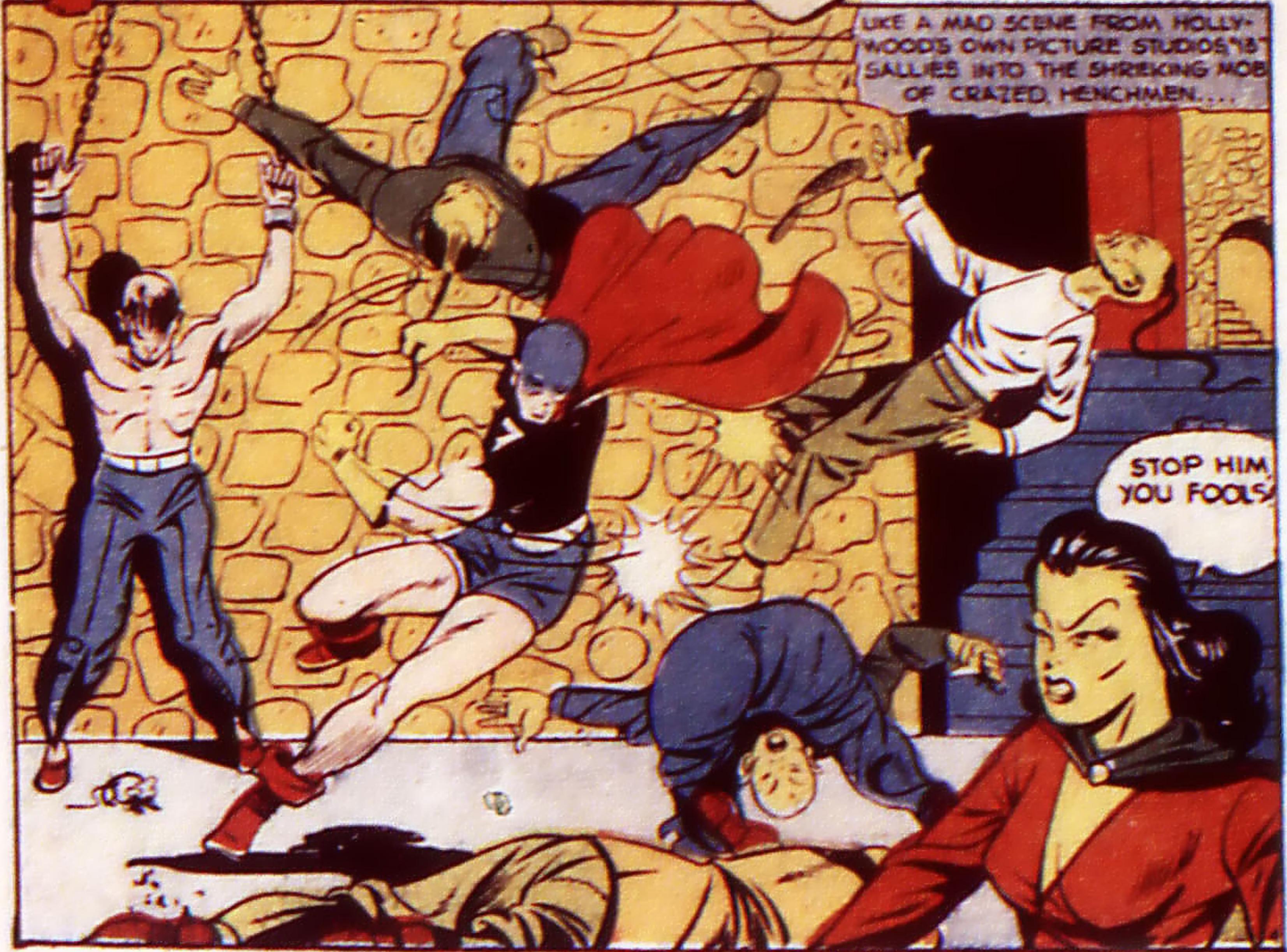
NOW BE CAREFUL, AH LING!

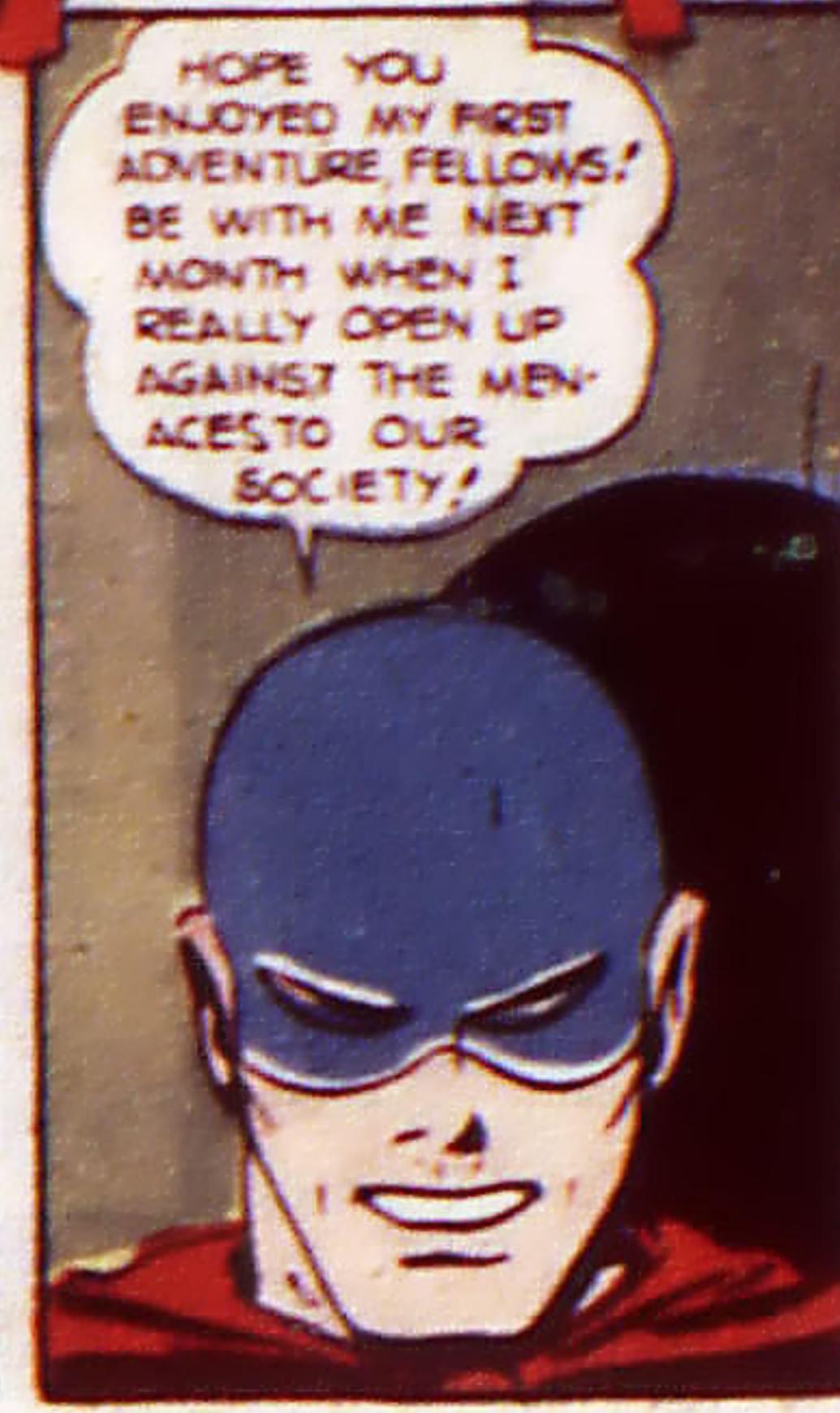


DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THAT WHIP, BOYS! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE EXERCISE YOU NEED!

LIKE A MAD SCENE FROM HOLLYWOOD'S OWN PICTURE STUDIOS "13" SALLIES INTO THE SHRIEKING MOB OF CRAZED HENCHMEN...

STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS!





WILL
THE

CLAW

RULE
AMERICA?

MINE!!
MINE!!
IT SHALL
BE
MINE!!

LAST MONTH:

FOLLOWING THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ENTIRE TRAINLOAD OF 2000 ARMY MEN ENROUTE FOR MANEUVERS AN ULTIMATUM WAS RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT FROM THE CLAW.THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN HAD KIDNAPPED THESE MEN, AND HIS DEMAND FOR THEIR SAFE RETURN WAS COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE COUNTRY'S GOLD SUPPLY.....THE CLEVERNESS OF BILL HOPKINS A RAILROAD ENGINEER WHOSE BROTHER WAS AMONG THE MISSING MEN UNCOVERED THE CLAW'S HIDEOUT.....BUT----- FOLLOWING HIS ULTIMATUM BEING SPURNED BY THE GOVERNMENT THE CLAW HYPNOTIZED HIS CAPTIVES THROUGH A VERY CLEVER MOVIE

WHICH HE PUT ON-----AND NOW--
"The Battle of the Centuries"

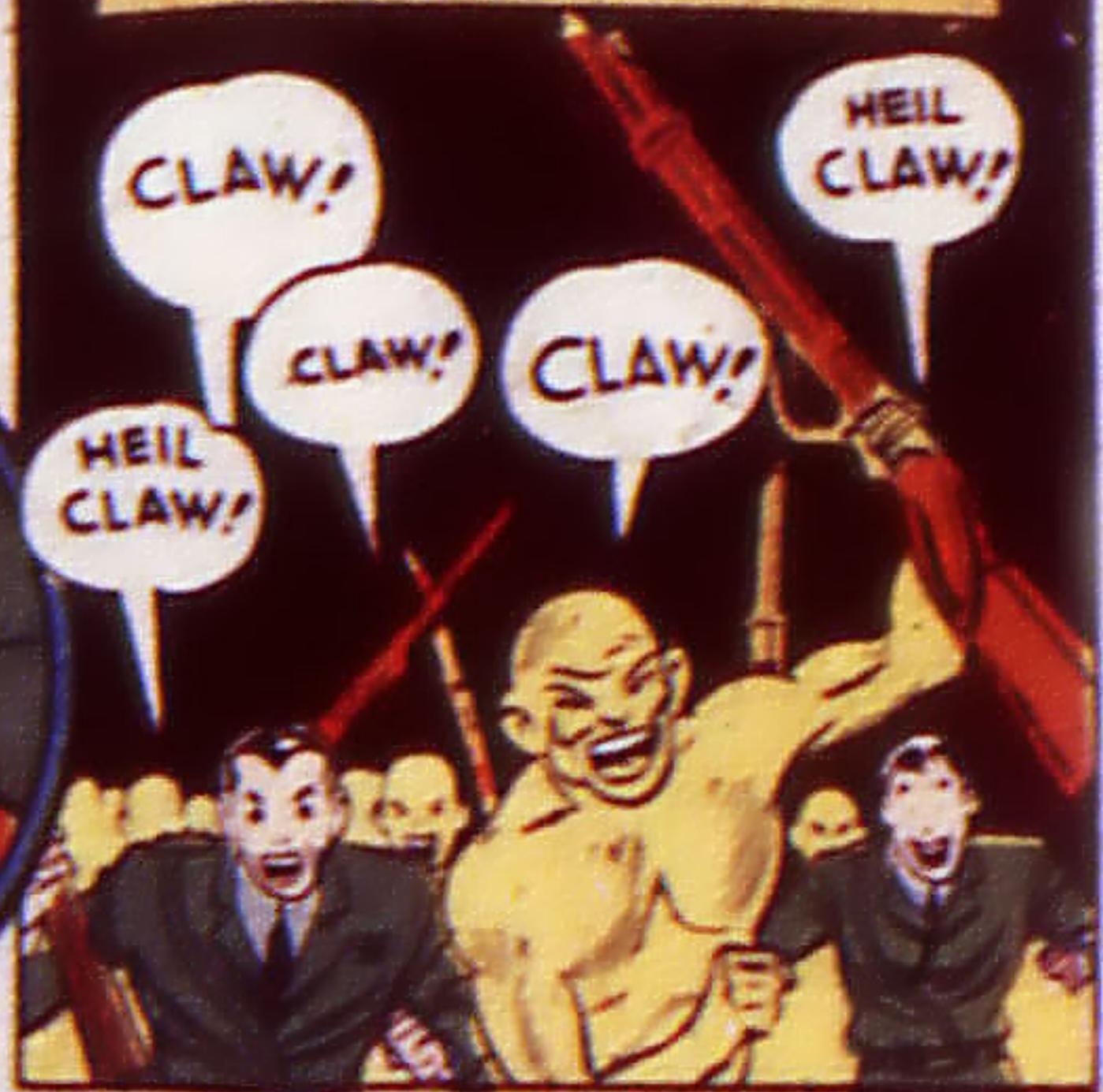
BOB
WOOD

DEEP IN A MOUNTAIN IN
MIDWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA,
THE CLAW IS HOLDING
CAPTIVE THE 2000
KIDNAPPED (HYPNOTIZED)
SOLDIERS.....

IT IS NOW THAT THE
GREATEST MILITARY
ENCOUNTER OF ALL TIME
IS ABOUT TO OCCUR...
BEING HYPNOTIZED THE
CAPTIVES ARE ONLY CAPA-
BLE OF DOING AS THE
CLAW SO CHOOSES. THERE-
FORE AS A DETACHMENT
OF U.S. ARMY MEN BURSTS
INTO THE CLAW'S LAIR.
THEY FIND THEMSELVES
CONFRONTED NOT ONLY
WITH THE CLAW'S MEN
BUT WITH 2000 OF THEIR
MEN READY TO STRIKE AT
THE CLAW'S COMMAND
AND DO BATTLE WITH
THEM.....

DYNAMITE! SOME-
ONE'S BLASTING
THROUGH. MOBILIZE
FAST! WE MUST
FIGHT!!

WITH THESE WORDS THE COMBINED
FORCES OF THE CLAW RUSH
FORWARD.....



CHARGE!
GET THE
CLAW!

HEY!
LOOK! WHAT'S
WRONG? OUR
OWN MEN
ARE COMING
FOR US!



MEMPHIS BILL
MORDS OFF HIS
BROTHER, DICK,
CHARGING INTO
BATTLE WITH
THE CLAW'S
MEN!

GREAT
SCOTT! IT...
IT CAN'T BE!
I'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!



BEFORE THE HYPNOTIZED DICK
HOPKINS CAN DO ANY DAMAGE
BILL STOPS HIM WITH A FLYING
TACKLE!



ENRAGED UNDER THE CLAW'S HYP-
NOTIC SPELL DICK LEAPS TO HIS
FEET WITH MURDER IN HIS EYES
...SEIZING A KNIFE, HE STARTS
FOR HIS BROTHER.....

KILL!
KILL!

DON'T DICK!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!



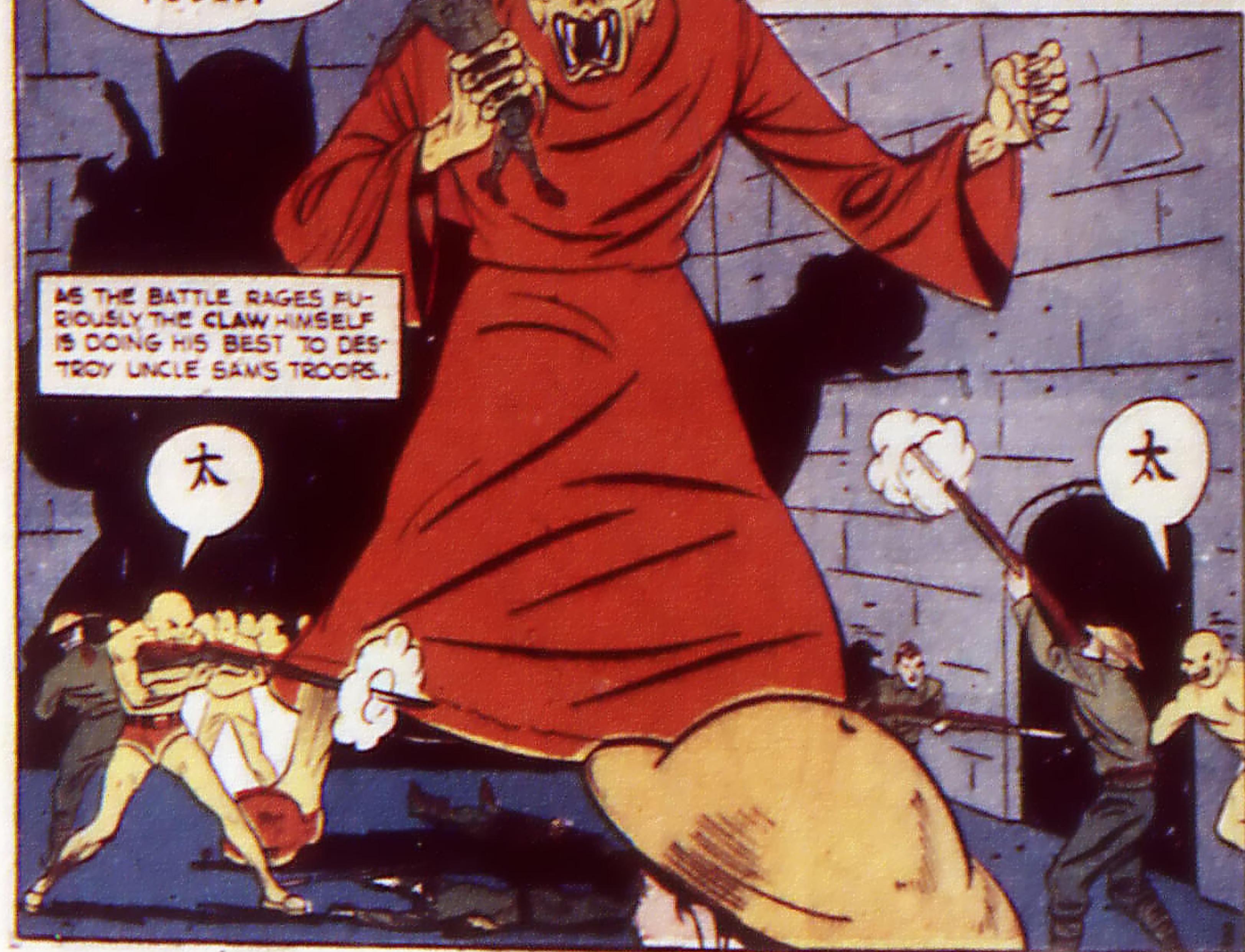
SORRY,
DICK!



AS THE BATTLE RAGES BILL
BEARS DICK AWAY FROM
THE CONFLICT.

I'LL FIND SOME HIDDEN
SPOT AND GET HIM
AWAY FROM THIS MESS!
THEN FOR THE CLAW!





PUTTY BUT WITH MAXIMUM COURAGE THE SOLDIERS EN- DURE TO DOWN THE CLAW.

ON AND ON THE MAD MONSTER OF HATE CONTINUES AS HIS MEN BATTLE ON FEROCIOUSLY. HE RUTHLESSLY CRUSHES THE SOLDIERS AS THOUGH THEY WERE "PUTTY IN HIS HANDS!"

NO SENSE WAST-
ING ANY MORE
BULLETS ON THIS
GUY! THEY
WON'T HURT
HIM!

WE GOTTA
THINK OF A
BETTER WAY!
TOO BAD WE
DON'T HAVE
A CANNON!

THE WHOLE U.S. ARMY
IS HELPLESS AGAINST ME..
BUT ENOUGH... HOW TO
FINISH THEM ALL..OPEN
THE GAS LINE!

FROM THE MAD FRAY, THREE
LEADERS RUSH TO A CHAMBER
WHERE A HUGE WHEEL
CONTROLS A FLOW OF GAS...

木木山

洲木

QUICK!
THE GAS
MASKS!

AS ENORMOUS GAS GETS ARE OPEN-
ED, THE CLAW'S MEN AUTOMATICALLY
DON GAS MASKS....

GET
MASTER'S
MASK.

BILL NOTICES TWO
ASIATICS SEIZE A
HUGE GAS MASK...

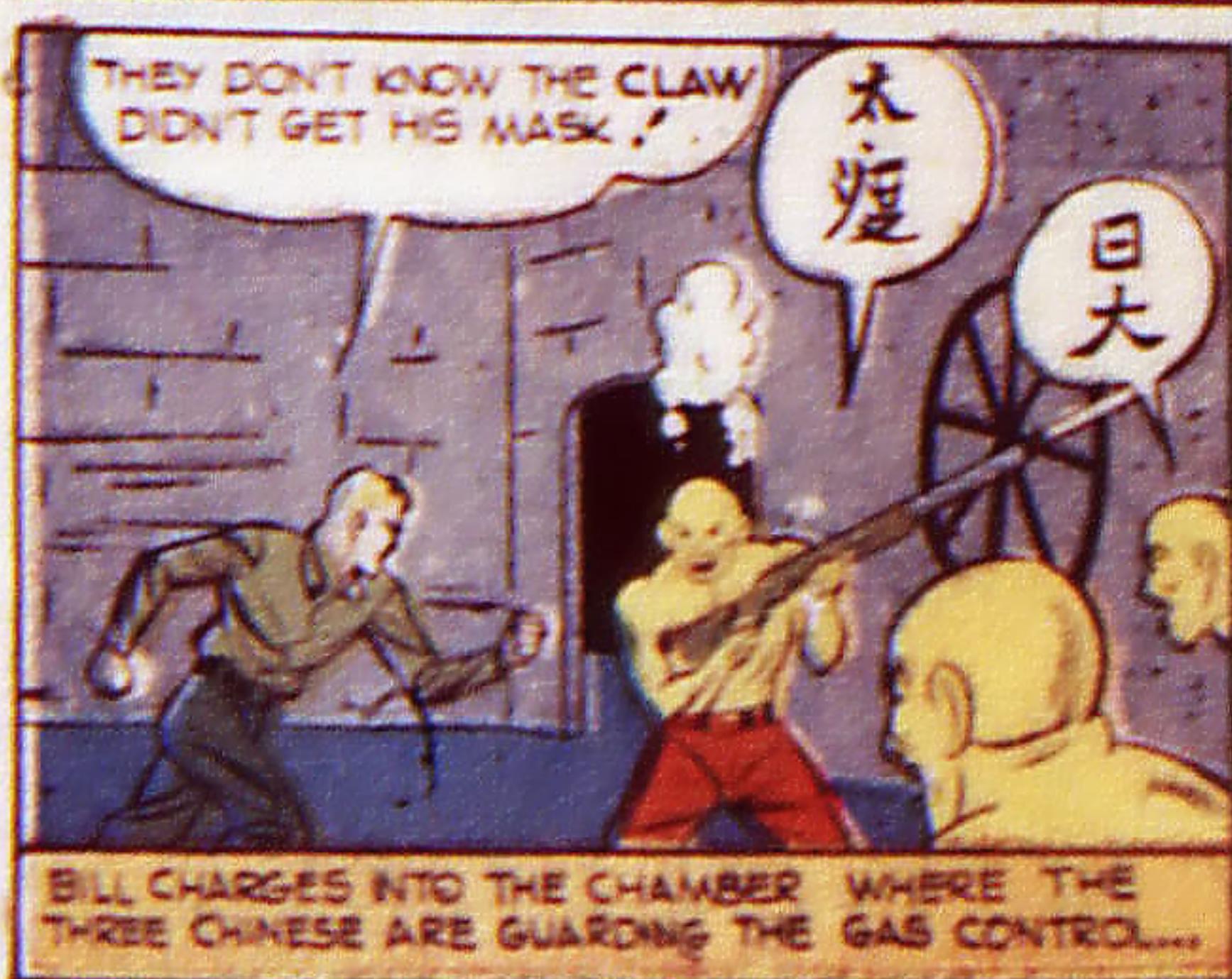
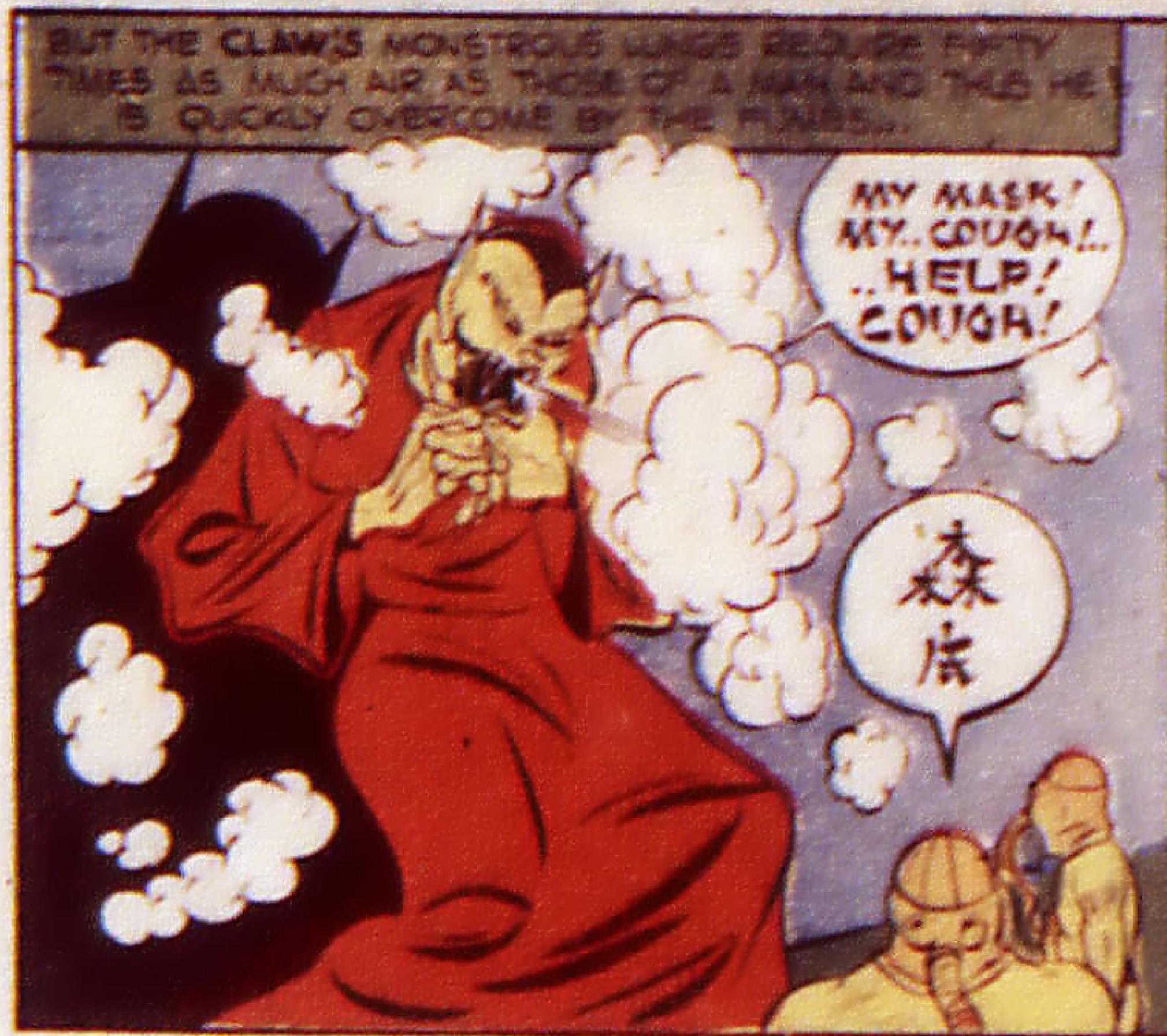
SOMETHING'S GOT
TO BE DONE-
FAST! HEY...
WHAT'S THAT?

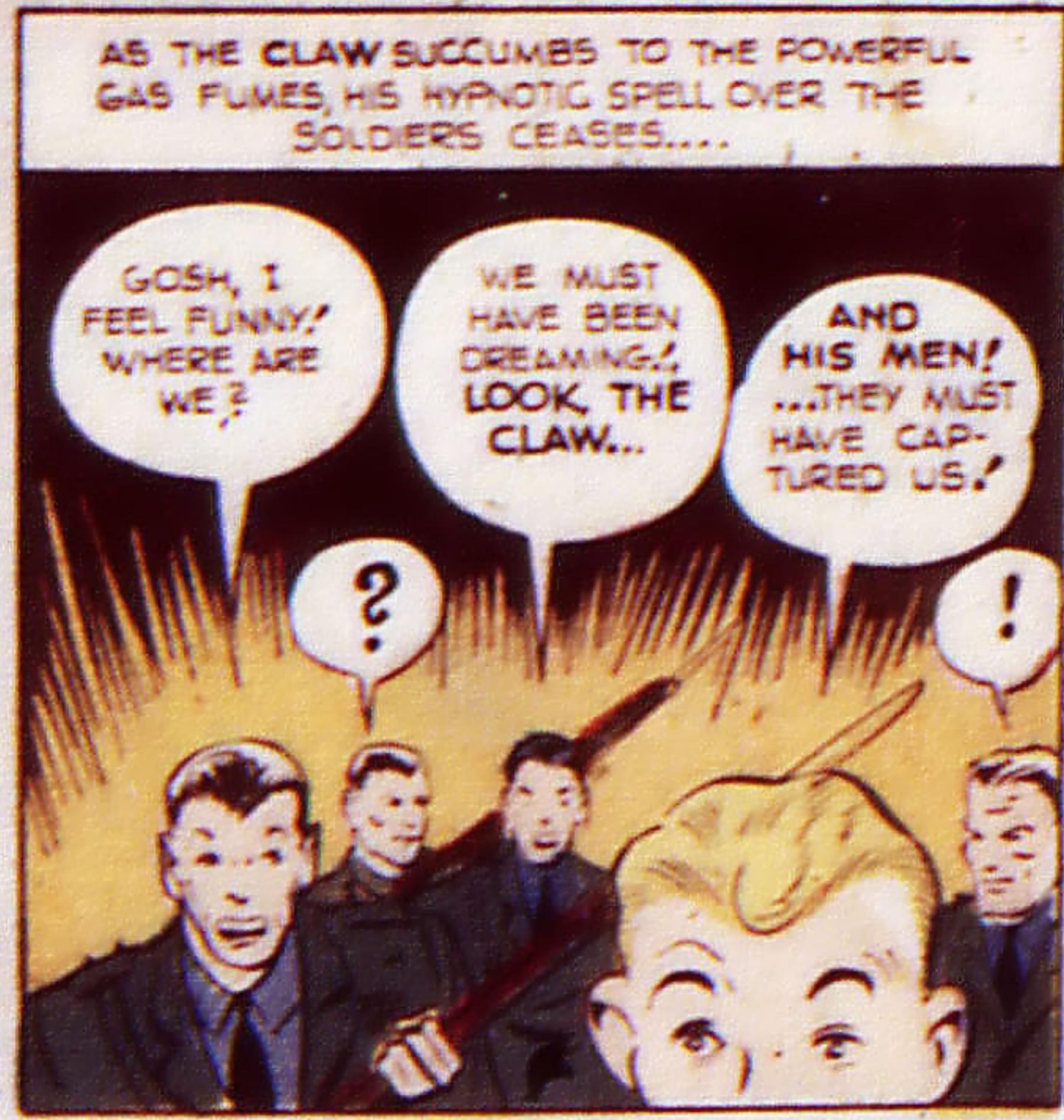
...THE CLAW'S
GAS MASK

大

BEFORE THEY CAN GET FAR BILL TURNS INTO THE TWO
ASIATICS WITH THE FURY OF A MAD TIGER...

LET THE CLAW
TASTE A DOSE
OF HIS OWN
MEDICINE!





STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION WHICH HAS OVERCOME THE SOLDIERS, THE CLAW'S MEN ARE QUITE BEFuddled!



REALIZING THEY ARE NOW OUTNUMBERED THE ORIENTALS CRAGE AND FLEE IN TERROR...

SOME ESCAPE... OTHERS ARE SEIZED, AND TAKEN CAPTIVE...



HEAVY CHAINS ARE SOON RUSHED TO THE SCENE WHERE THE CLAW IS LYING SEMI-CONSCIOUS.

DICK HOPKINS, NOW FREE FROM THE CLAW'S HYPNOTIC SPELL, RECOGNIZES HIS BROTHER...



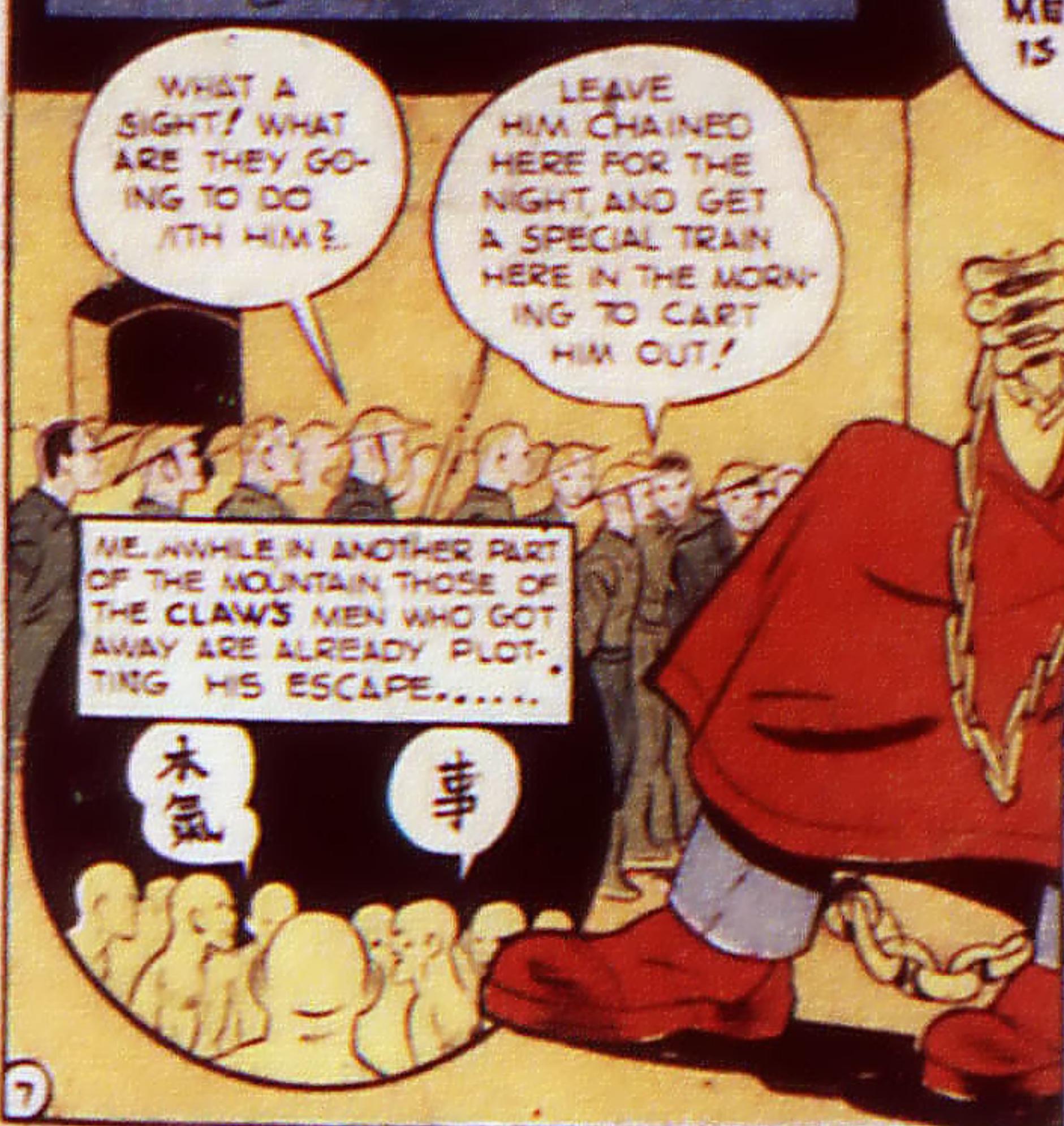
BILL! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN DREAMING AND HOW DID YOU GET HERE? BOY, WHERE DID I GET THIS SHINER?

FIRST, YOU WERE HYPNOTIZED BY THE CLAW... I DISCOVERED HE WAS HOLDING YOU CAPTIVE... AND, ER, THE BLACK EYE. I'M AFRAID I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT!



AT LAST... THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN IS IN CAPTIVITY! BEFORE THE CLAW COULD REACH HIS SEISSEE THE MONSTER HAS BEEN CUSTODIED INTO CHAINS....

AMERIKAN SWINE! THEY STAND AND SCOFF AT ME NOW-- BUT MY MEN WILL NOT FAIL ME! MY TRUMP CARD IS YET TO BE PLAYED!



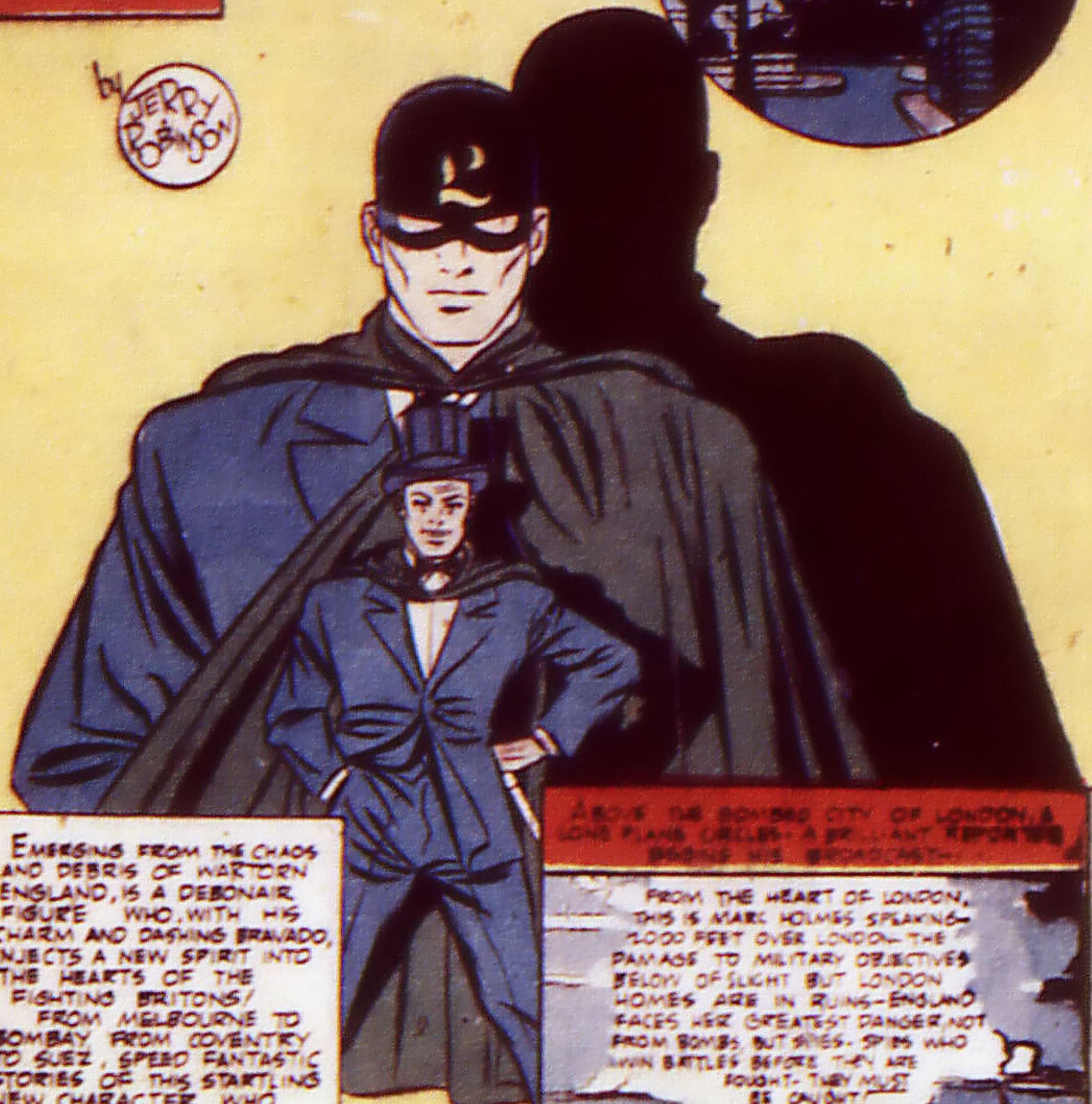
MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE MOUNTAIN THOSE OF THE CLAW'S MEN WHO GOT AWAY ARE ALREADY PLOTTING HIS ESCAPE....

LEAVE HIM CHAINED HERE FOR THE NIGHT, AND GET A SPECIAL TRAIN HERE IN THE MORNING TO CART HIM OUT!

WHAT CAN THE CLAW MEAN BY HIS TRUMP CARD? CAN THE NATION FINALLY BREATHE EASILY-- FREE FROM IMPENDING DANGER OF THIS HORRIBLE MONSTROSITY?? WE'D LIKE TO BELIEVE SO, BUT KNOWING THE CLAW AS WE DO, WE'RE RATHER DOUBTFUL-- THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT... ORDER YOUR OCT. ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL COMICS NOW, SO YOU WON'T MISS IT!

London

by JERRY ROBINSON



EMERGING FROM THE CHAOS AND DEBRIS OF WARTORN ENGLAND, IS A DEBONAIR, FIGURE WHO, WITH HIS CHARM AND DASHING BRAVADO, INJECTS A NEW SPIRIT INTO THE HEARTS OF THE FIGHTING BRITONS! FROM MELBOURNE TO BOMBAY FROM COVENTRY TO SUEZ, SPEED FANTASTIC STORIES OF THIS STARTLING NEW CHARACTER WHO SUCCESSFULLY MATCHES WITS WITH THE MOST CUNNING AGENTS---MASTERS OF ESPIONAGE---WHO HAVE COME TO FEAR AND EVEN ADMIRE HIM. THIS MAN--KNOWN SIMPLY AS, LONDON---FOR HE IS LONDON--THE LIVING, BREATHING, REALITY TO PROVE LONDON CAN TAKE IT!

ABOVE: THE BOMBED CITY OF LONDON. A LONE PIANE CLEARS A SKY. LEFT: AN REPORTER BAVING HIS BREATHING.

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON, THIS IS MARK HOLMES SPEAKING--2000 FEET OVER LONDON THE DAMAGE TO MILITARY OBJECTIVES BELOW IS SLIGHT BUT LONDON HOMES ARE IN RUINS--ENGLAND FACES HER GREATEST DANGER NOT FROM BOMBS, BUT SPIES--SPIES WHO WIN BATTLES BEFORE THEY ARE FOUGHT--THEY MUST BE CAUGHT!

- AND THEY SHALL BE CAUGHT! FOR AGAIN WHEN ALL LOOKS DARKEST FOR THE CAUSE, LONDON APPEARS! MYSTERIOUS LONDON - WHO SEEMS TO HAVE STEPPED FROM THE PAGES OF SOME WEIRD NOVEL - WHOSE EXPLOITS HAVE BECOME LEGENDARY! THIS TIME, LONDON HAS SUPPLIED ME WITH INFORMATION I WILL PLACE IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE WHICH WILL LEAD TO THE CAPTURE OF THE SPY RING WITHIN 48 HOURS!



THE BESEIGED ISLAND EMPIRE IS NOW A VIRTUAL ARMED CAMP! DESPITE SEEMINGLY AIR-TIGHT PRECAUTIONS, FOREIGN AGENTS ARE STILL SLIPPING INTO THE COUNTRY AND INFORMATION IS BEING SENT TO THE ENEMY -

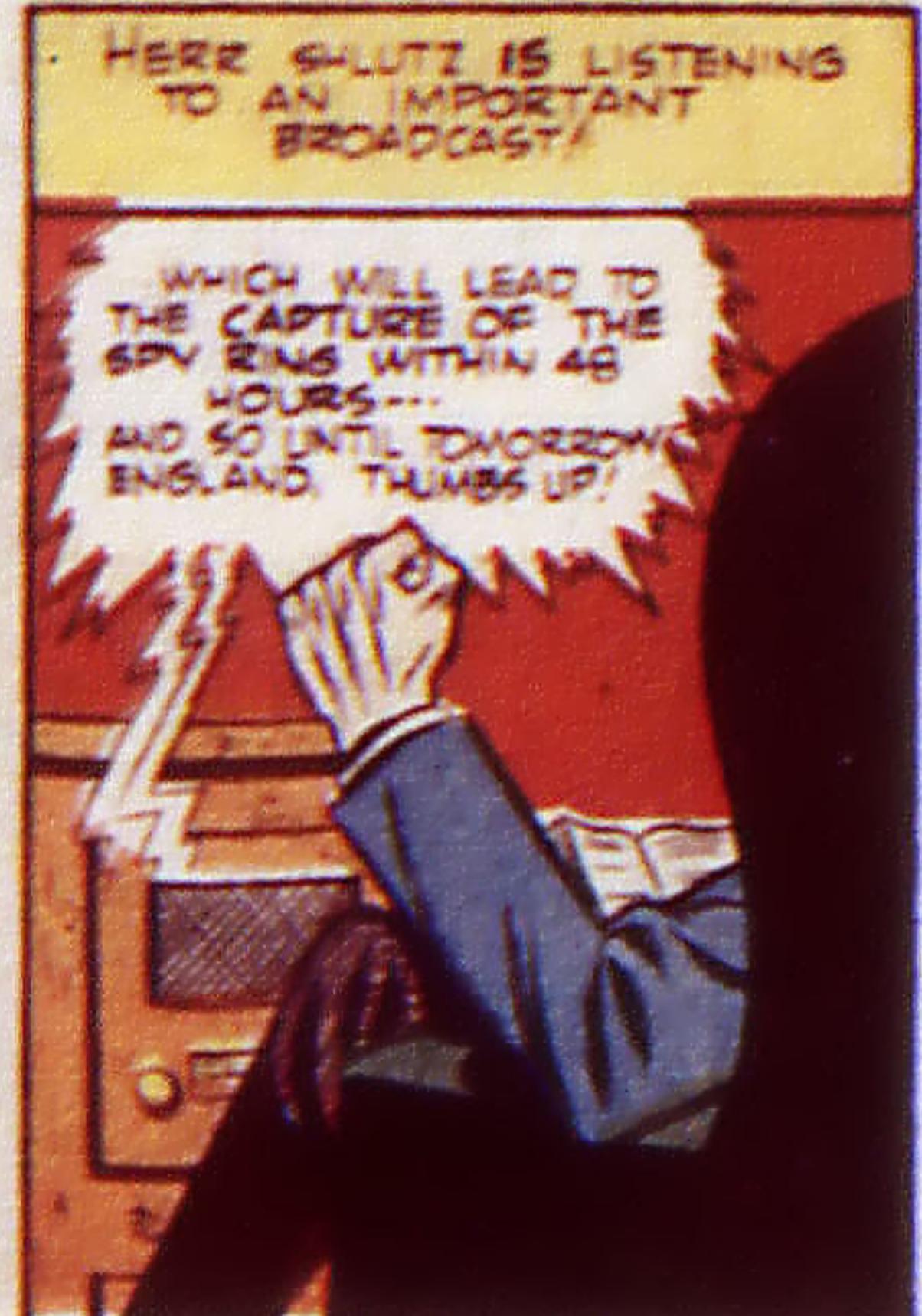
BUT HOW?

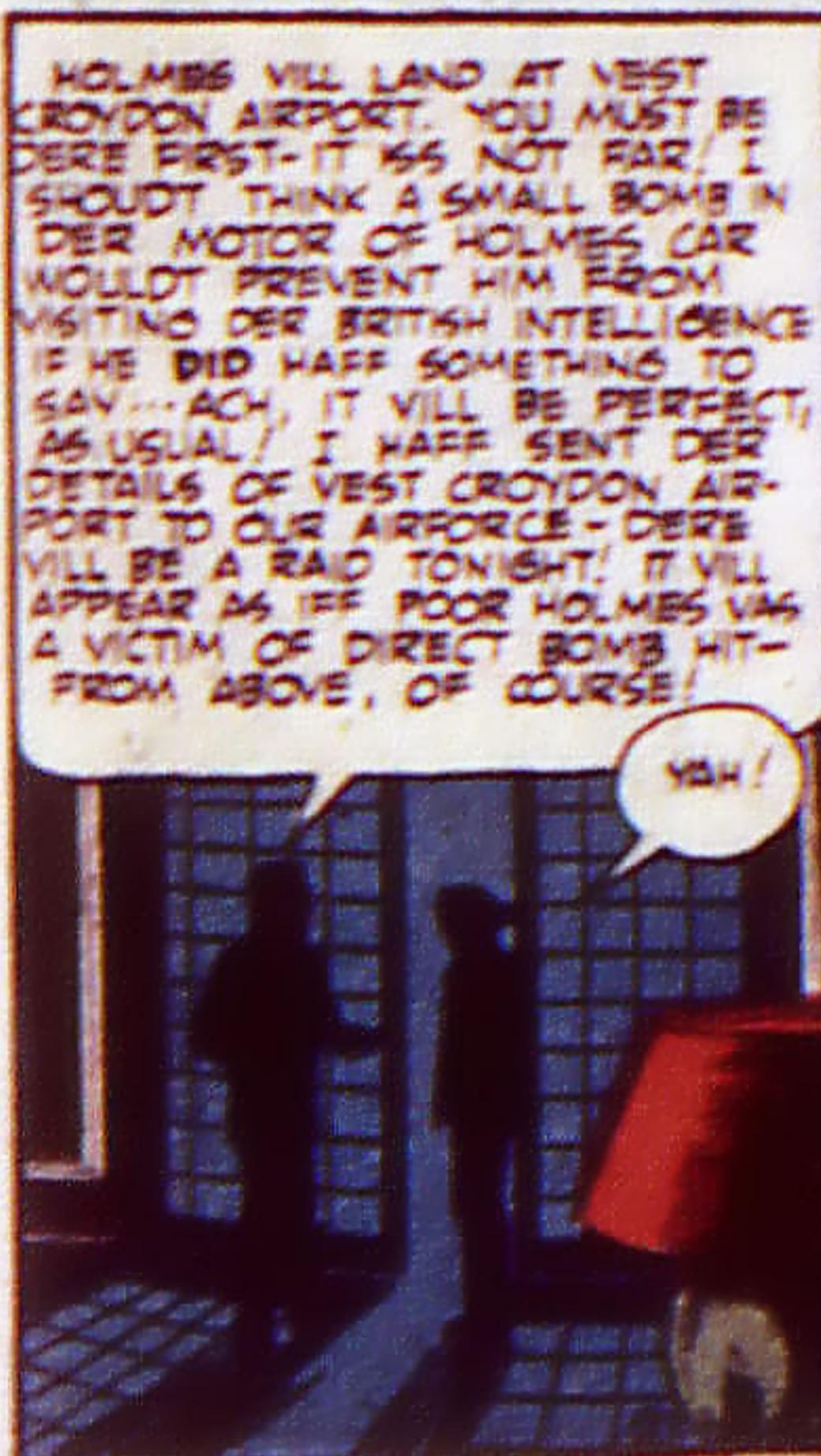
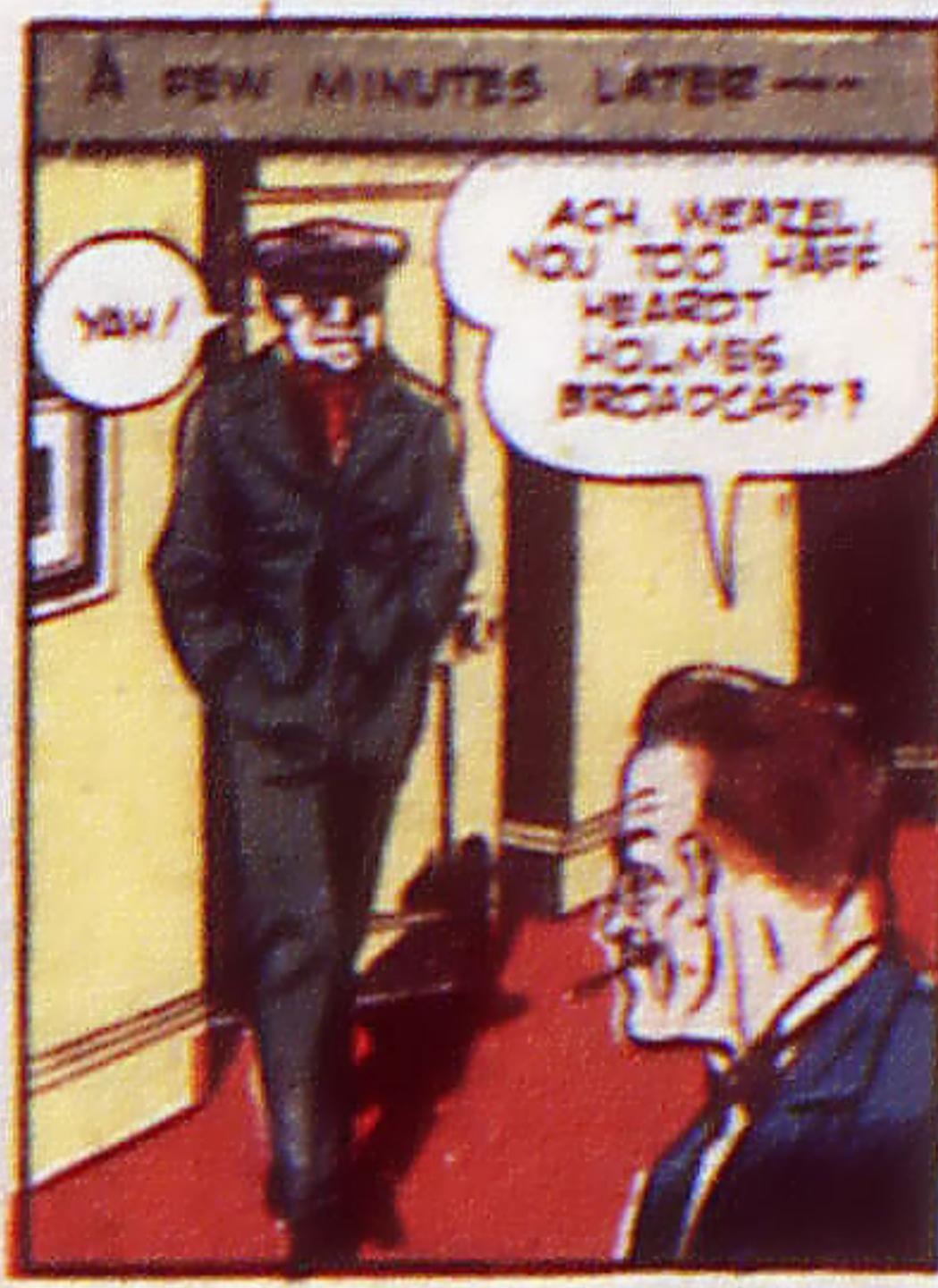
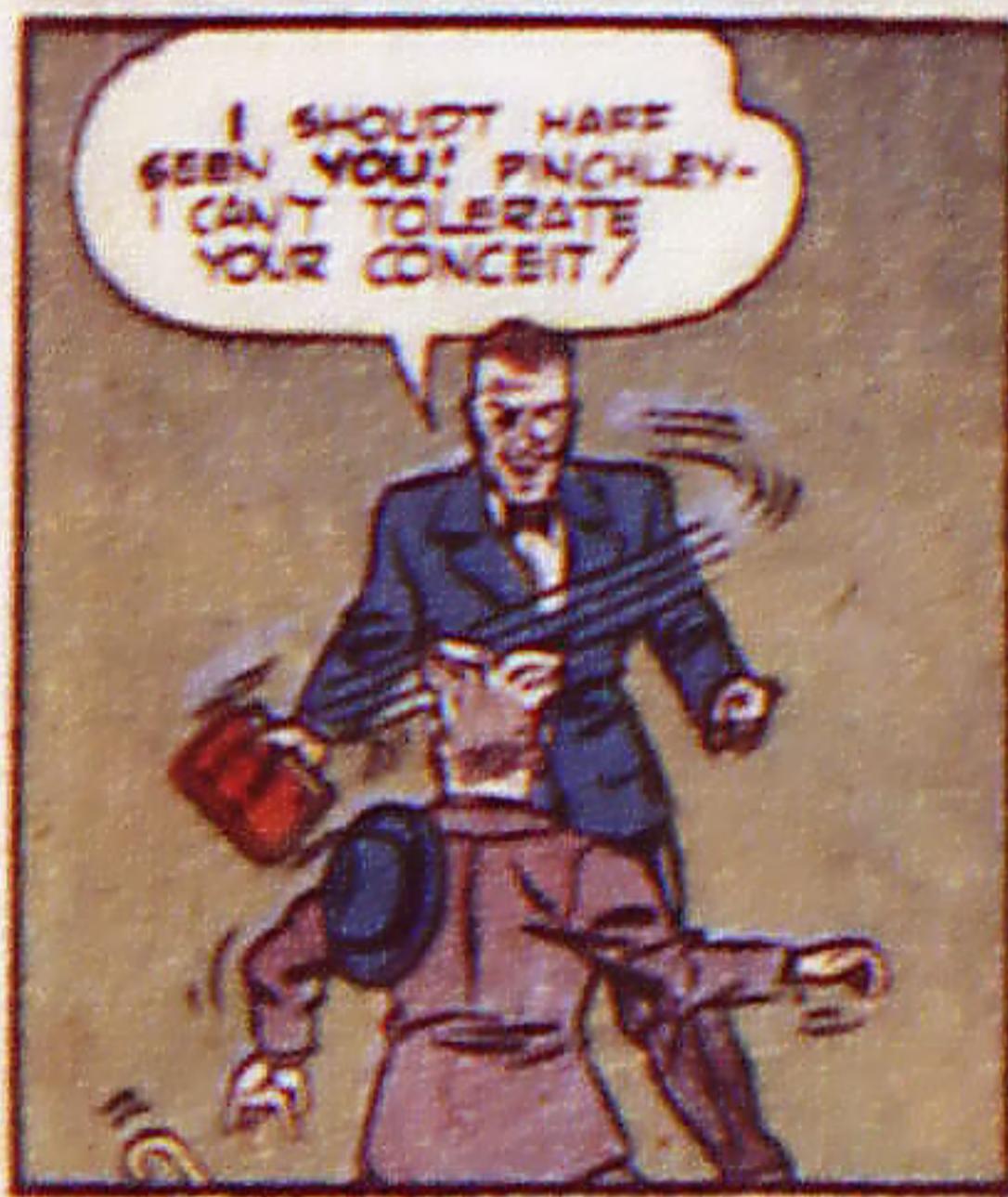
EVERY ROAD THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE IS BARRICADED - EVERY MOTORIST IS QUESTIONED, IDENTIFIED - SUCH AS ON THIS HIGHWAY LEADING FROM LONDON -

O.K. BUDDY, PASS!



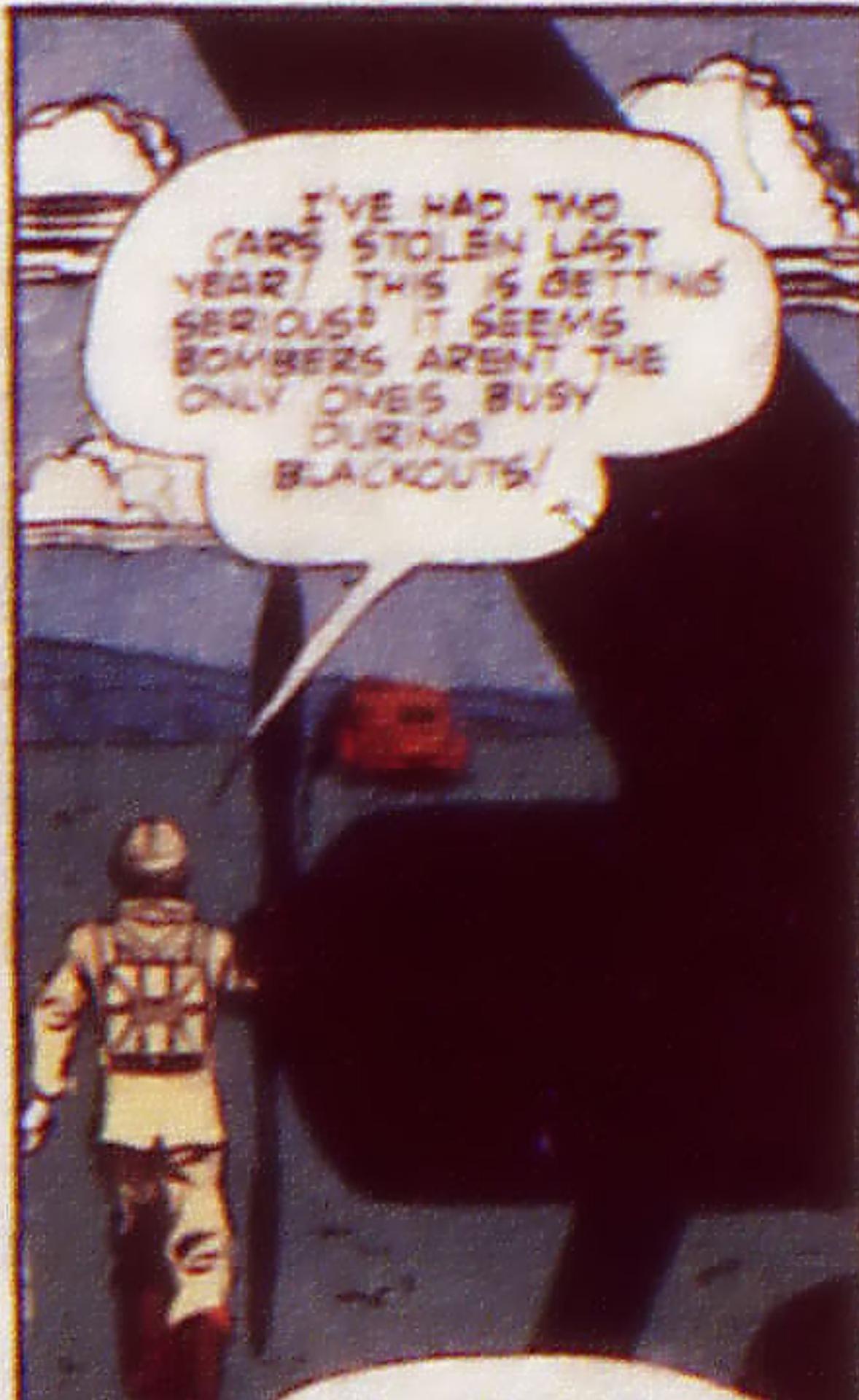
I'M HECTOR PINCHLEY OF MC ALLISTER, WEDDERBURN, HAAGEDORN AND PINCHLEY - BARRISTERS - QUEENS LANE. I'M OFF FOR A SPOT OF REST IN THE COUNTRY. THOSE BEASTLY BOMBINGS ARE RATHER A BOTHER - DON'T YOU KNOW - ?





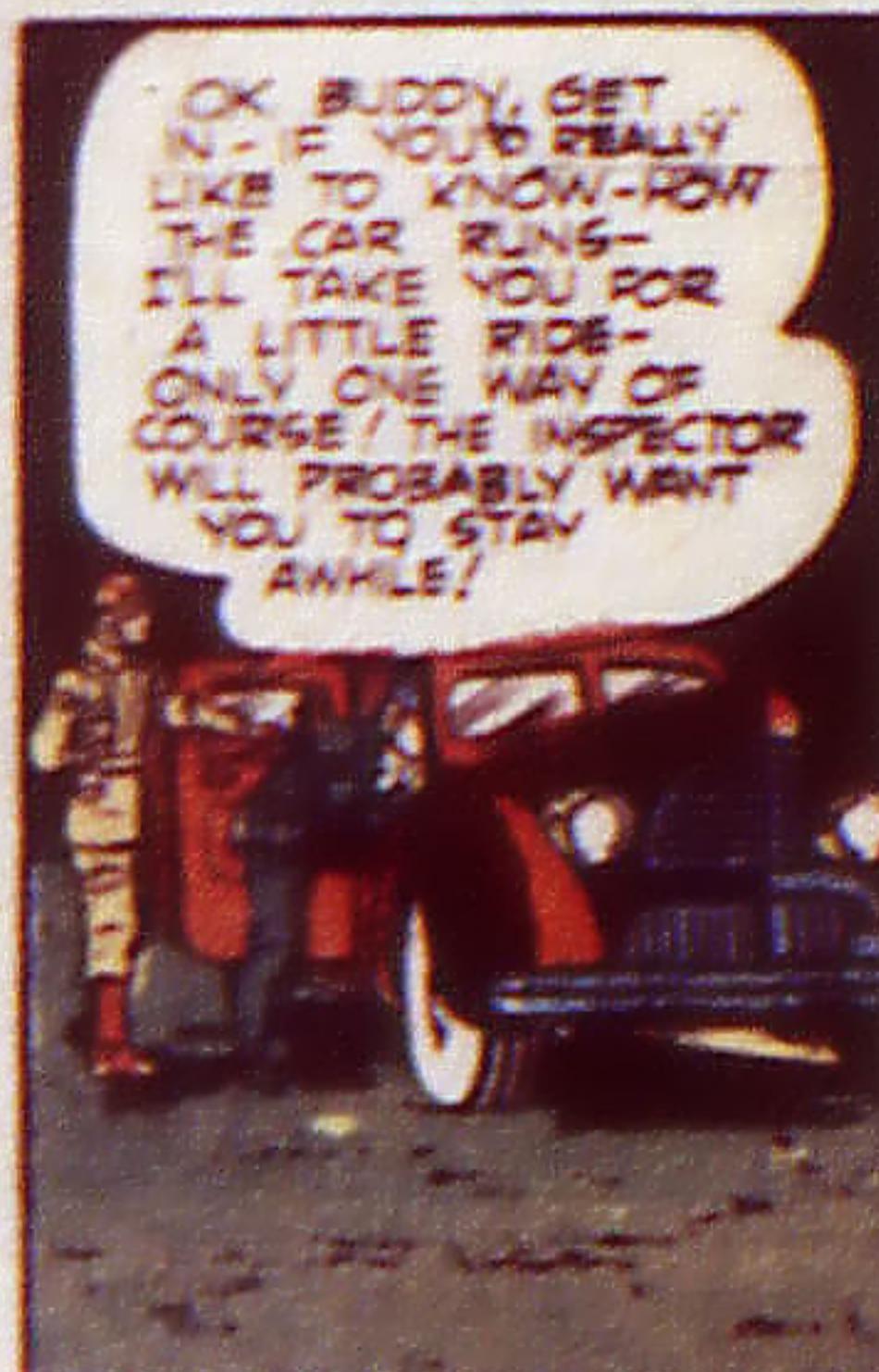
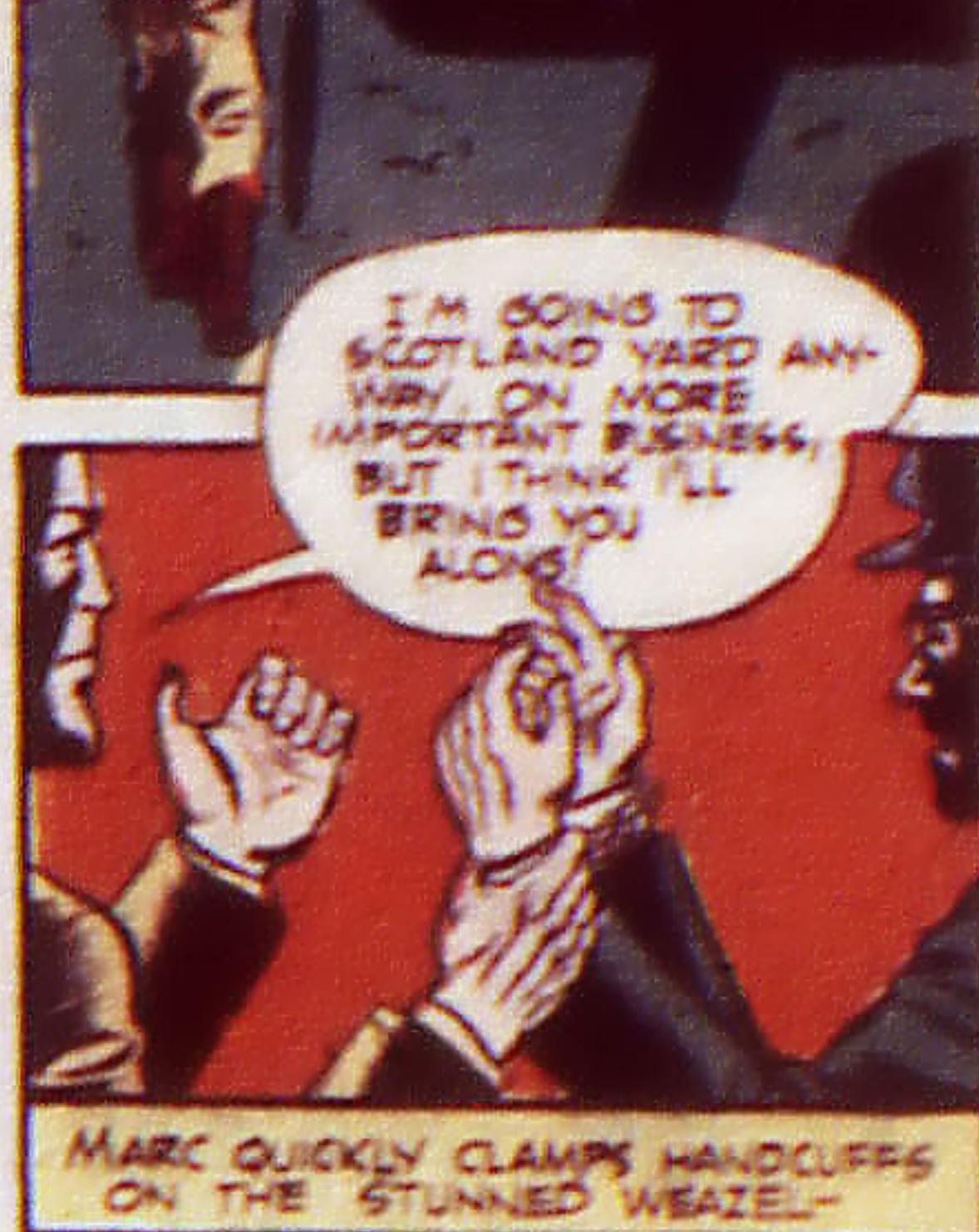
MINUTES LATER, HOLMES ANDS EAGLES HIMSELF FROM THE COCKPIT - HE SUDDENLY HALTS -

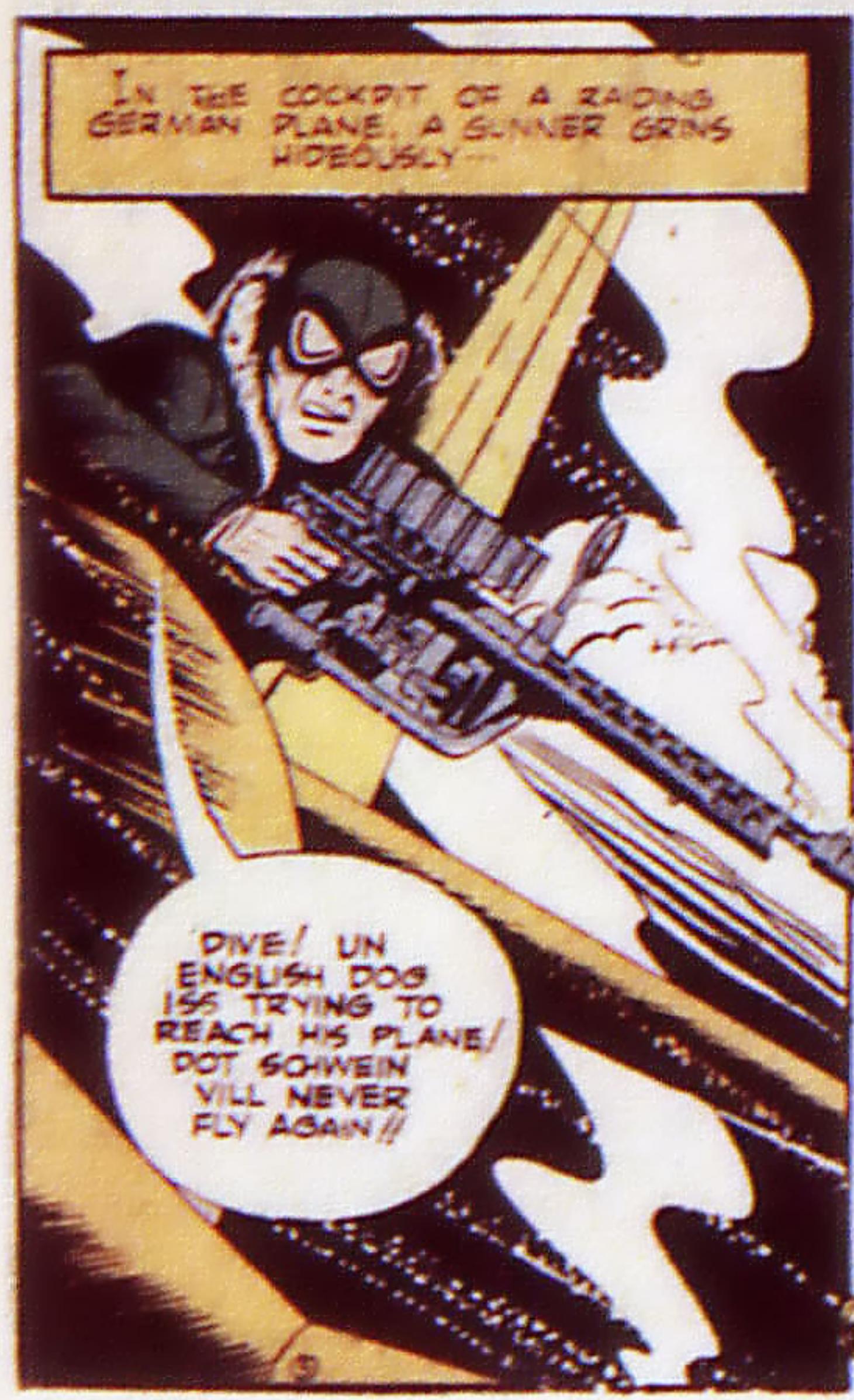
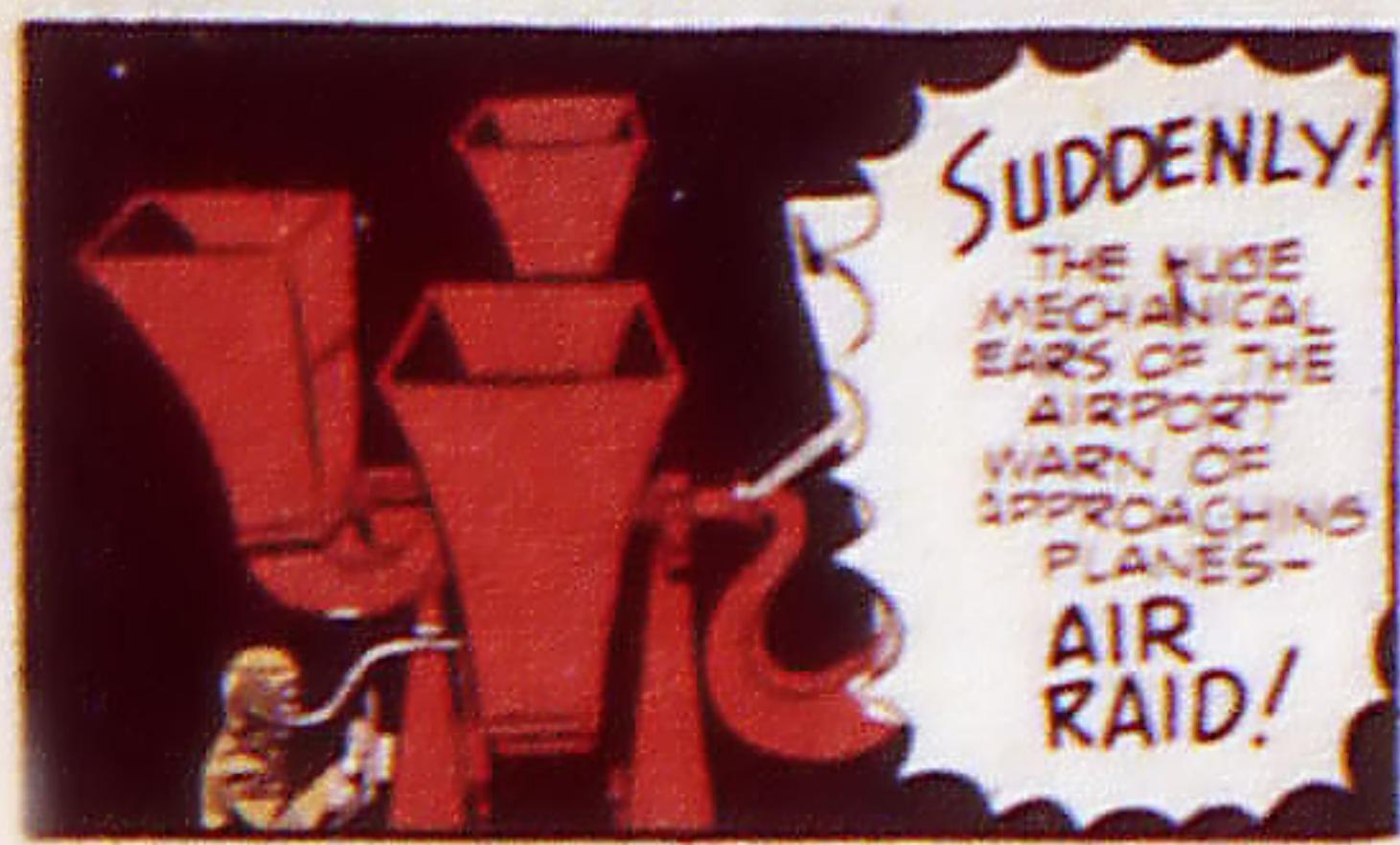
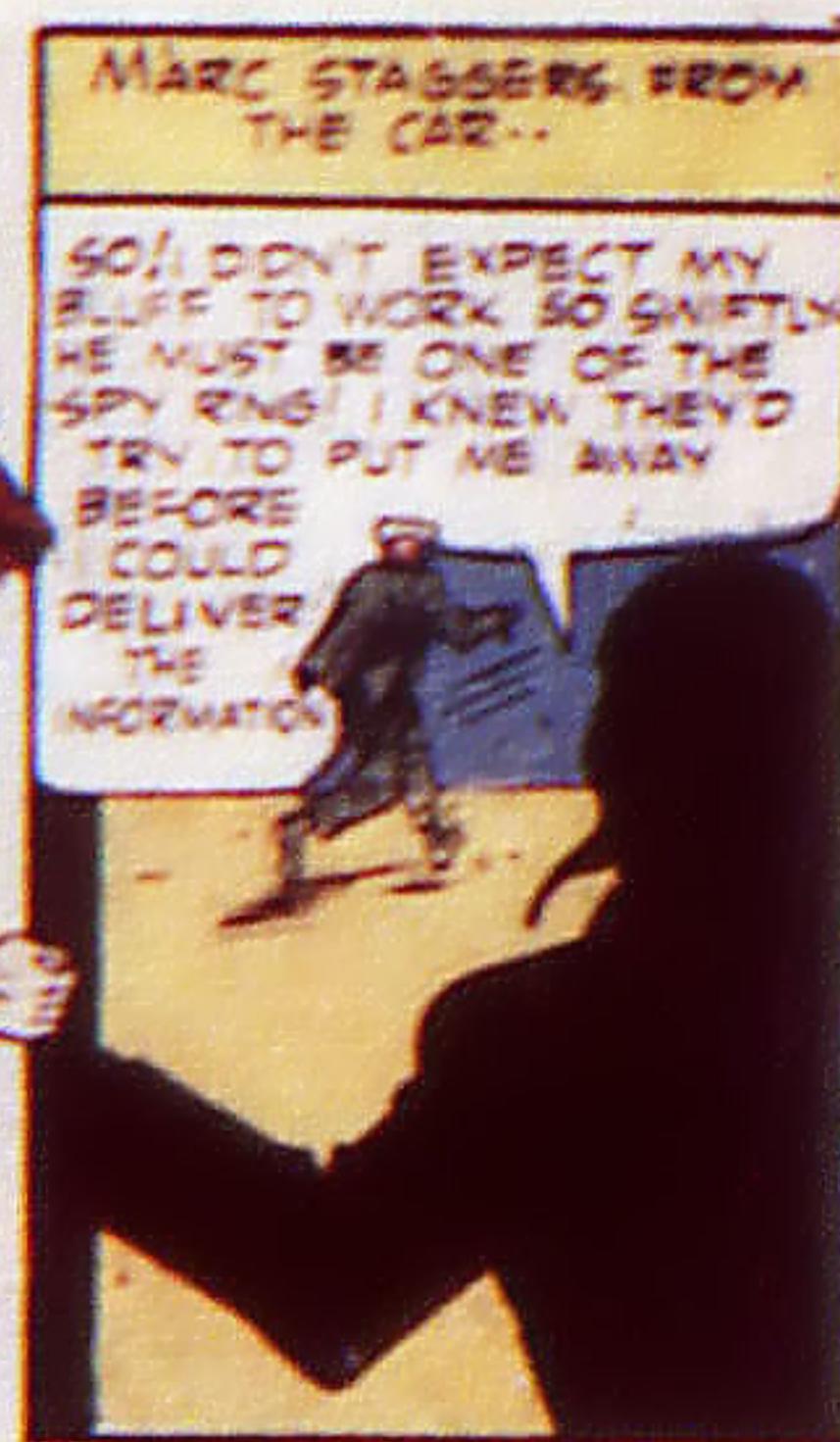
I SAY! I'VE GOT THAT SOMEONE POOLING AROUND WITH MY CAR!

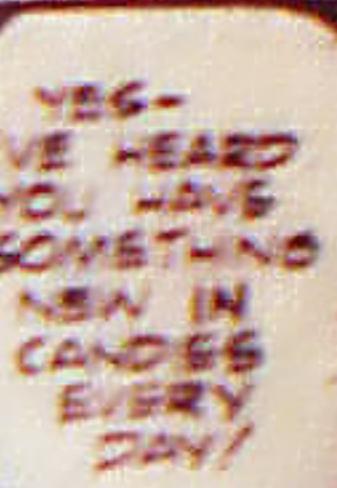
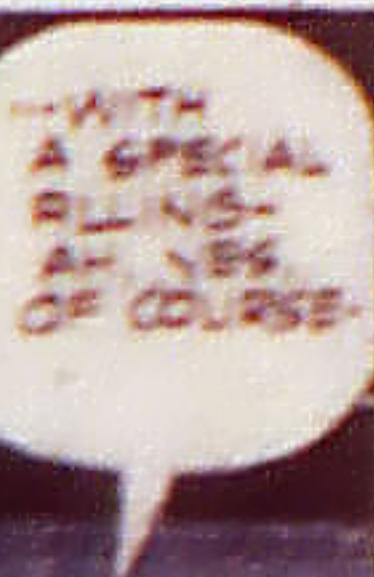
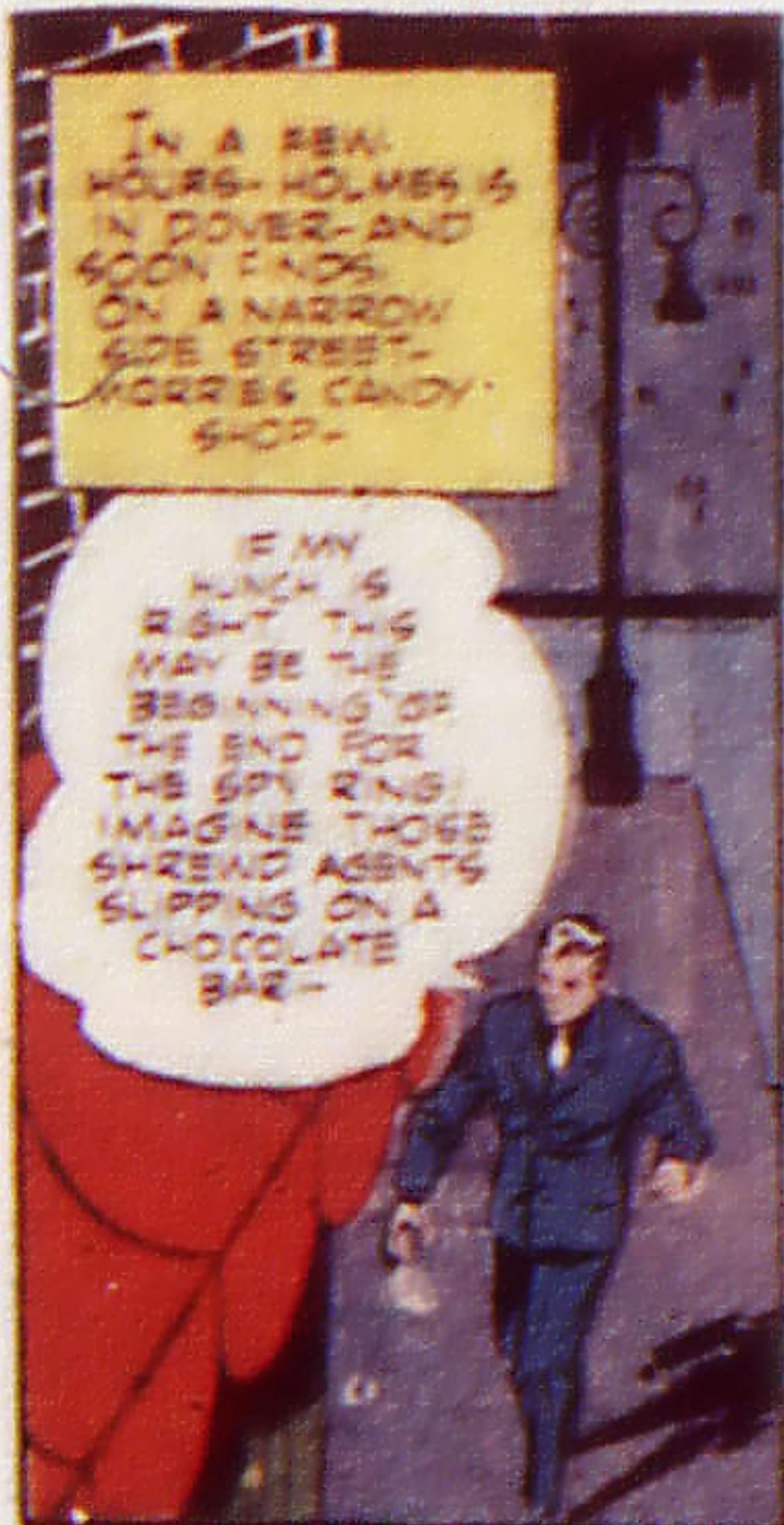


COMING SILENTLY FROM BEHIND, HOLMES GENTLY TAPS THE THEE ON THE SHOULDER -

I SAY - YOU KNOW - I HAVE TWO STRIKES ON ME ALREADY!







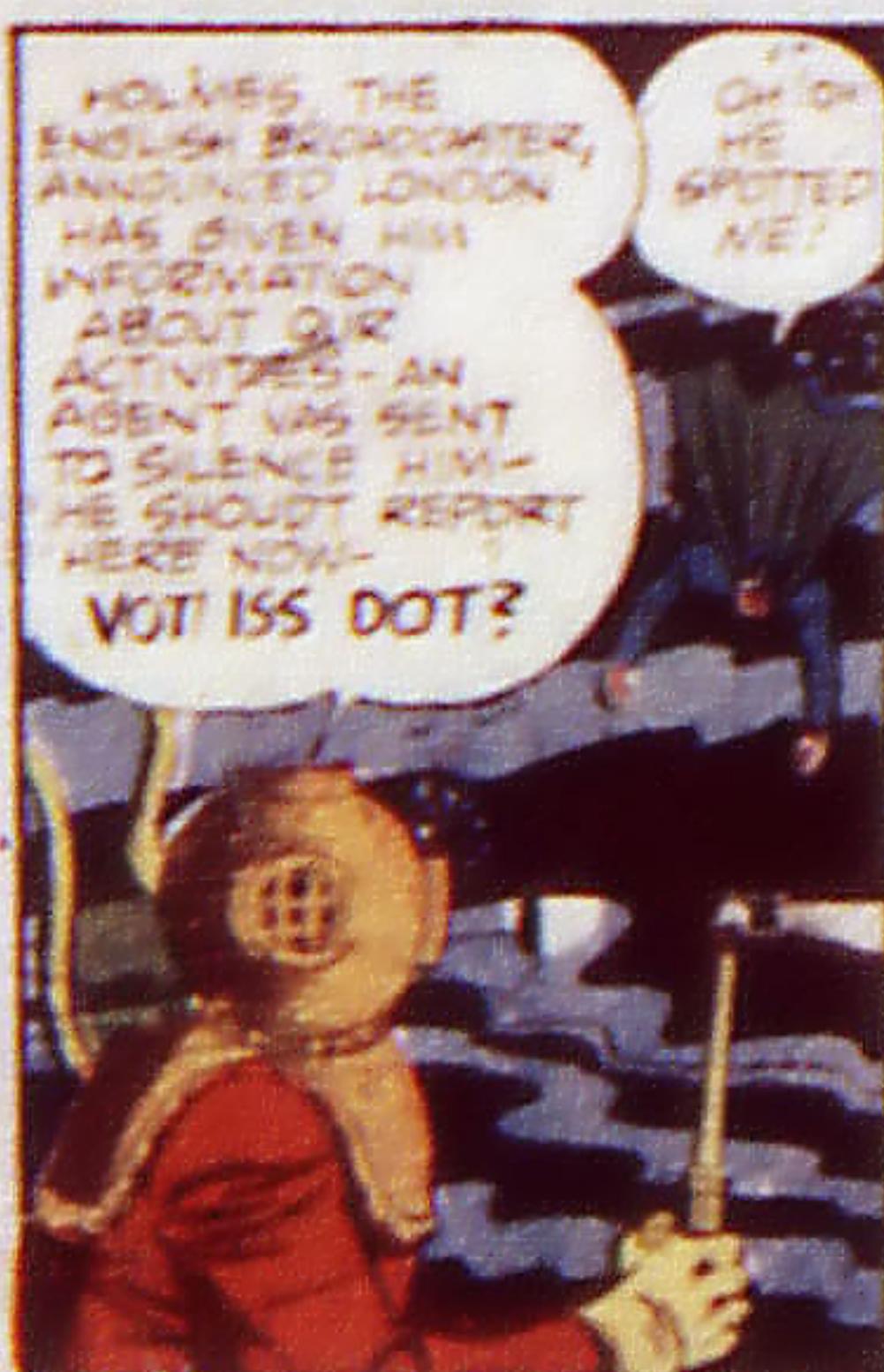
HMM - LET'S SEE, COOPERATE WITH COMMUNISTS ON UK - OFF CHALK CLIFFS NORTH OF DOVER - FOLLOW ROUTE 224* SAY - NOW WE ARE GETTING SOME-PLACE!



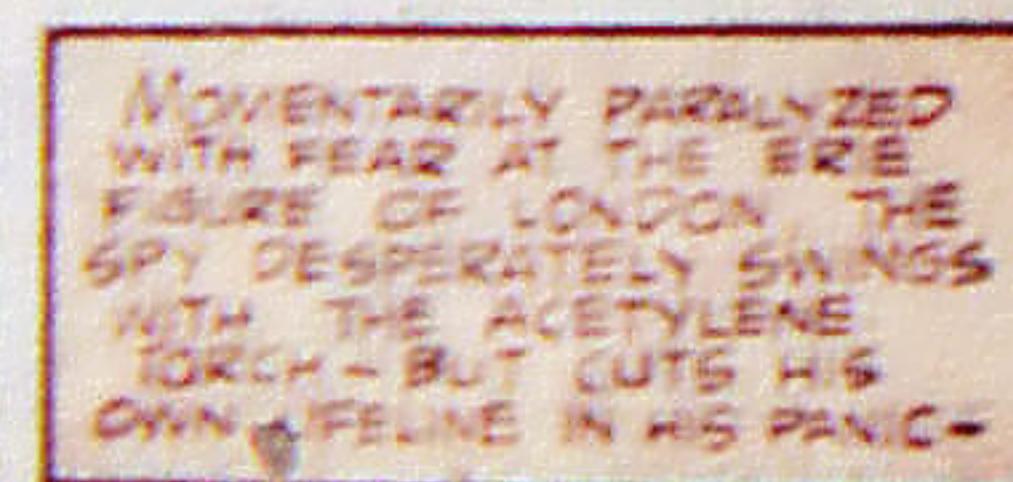
HOW'S THIS FOR COOPERATION!



SO THAT'S HOW THEY'VE BEEN GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF THE COUNTRY - A CABLE UNDER THE CHANNEL!



OH OH HE SPOTTED ME!



REMOVING THE PHONE-PIECE FROM THE DIVER'S HELMET, LONDON QUICKLY BRINGS IT ABOVE WATER, AS A CLEVER PLAN FORMS IN HIS MIND--

THIS IS AGENT SENT TO DISPOSE OF HOLMES--HE IS TAKEN CARE OF, BUT DER ENGLISH INTELLIGENCE IS CLOSE ON OUR TRAIL. NOW IS DER TIME FOR OUR GREAT LEADER HESST TO COME AND LEAD US IN MASS SABOTAGE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

MAN SOOFT, AND FIFTY SPECIAL AGENTS! SOOFT, YOU SAY THEY WILL LAND ON HERZ SHULTZ ESTATE NEAR CRUTON TOMORROW NIGHT? VERY SOOFT!

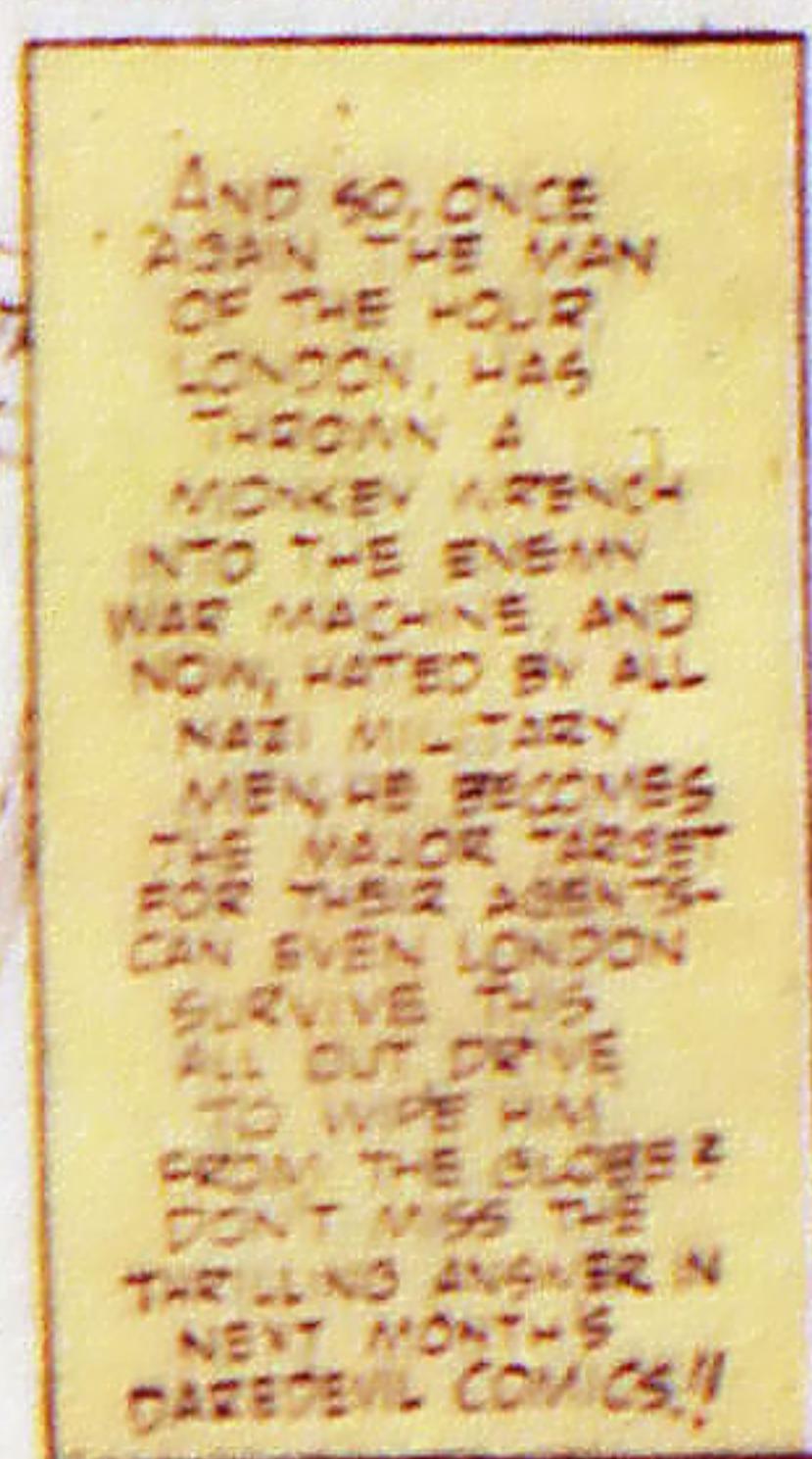
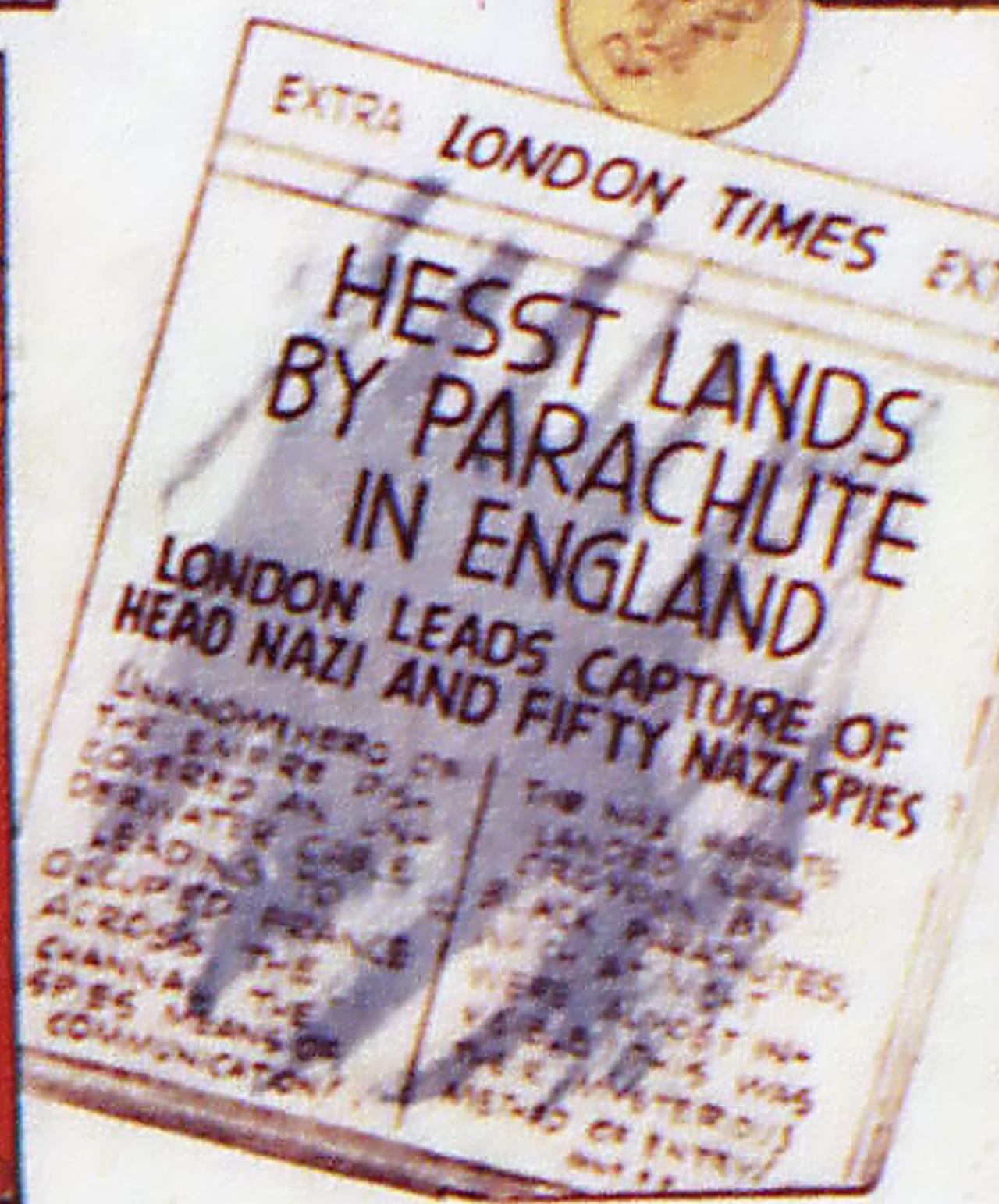
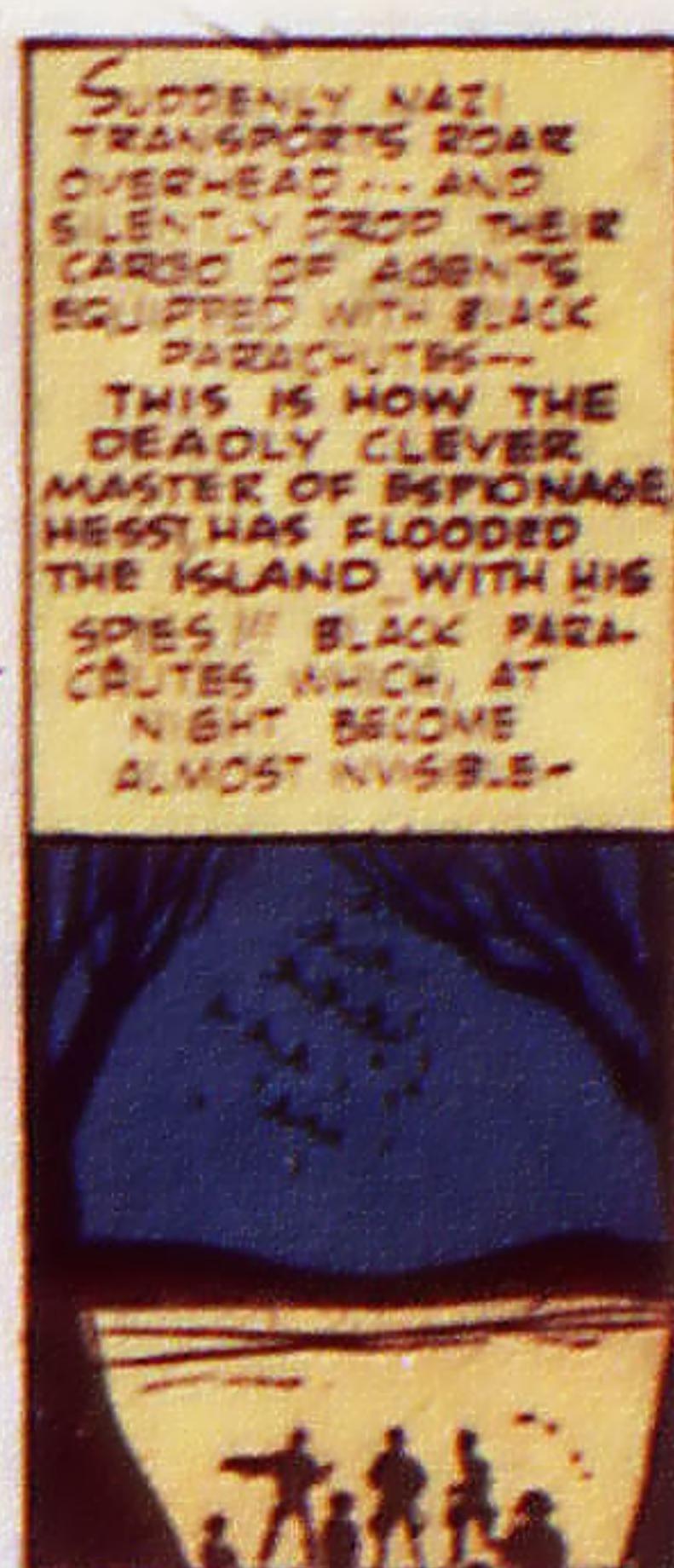
THE FOLLOWS NIGHT OF DER ENGLISH INTELLIGENCE, THE TOWNES AND THE ISLANDS...

TOO BAD WE MISSED SHULTZ. HE MUST HAVE JUST GOT OUT IN TIME!

YES, BUT HESST AND THE BEST NAZI AGENTS WILL BE BIGGER CATCH!

SUDDENLY NAZI TRANSPORTS ROAR OVER-HEAD--AND SILENTLY DROPP THE CARGO OF AGENTS EQUIPPED WITH BLACK PARACHUTES--

THIS IS HOW THE DEADLY CLEVER MASTER OF ESPIONAGE HESST HAS FLOODED THE ISLAND WITH HIS SPIES IN BLACK PARACHUTES WHICH, AT NIGHT BECOME ALMOST INVISIBLE--



PAT PATRIOT

AMERICA'S JOAN OF ARC

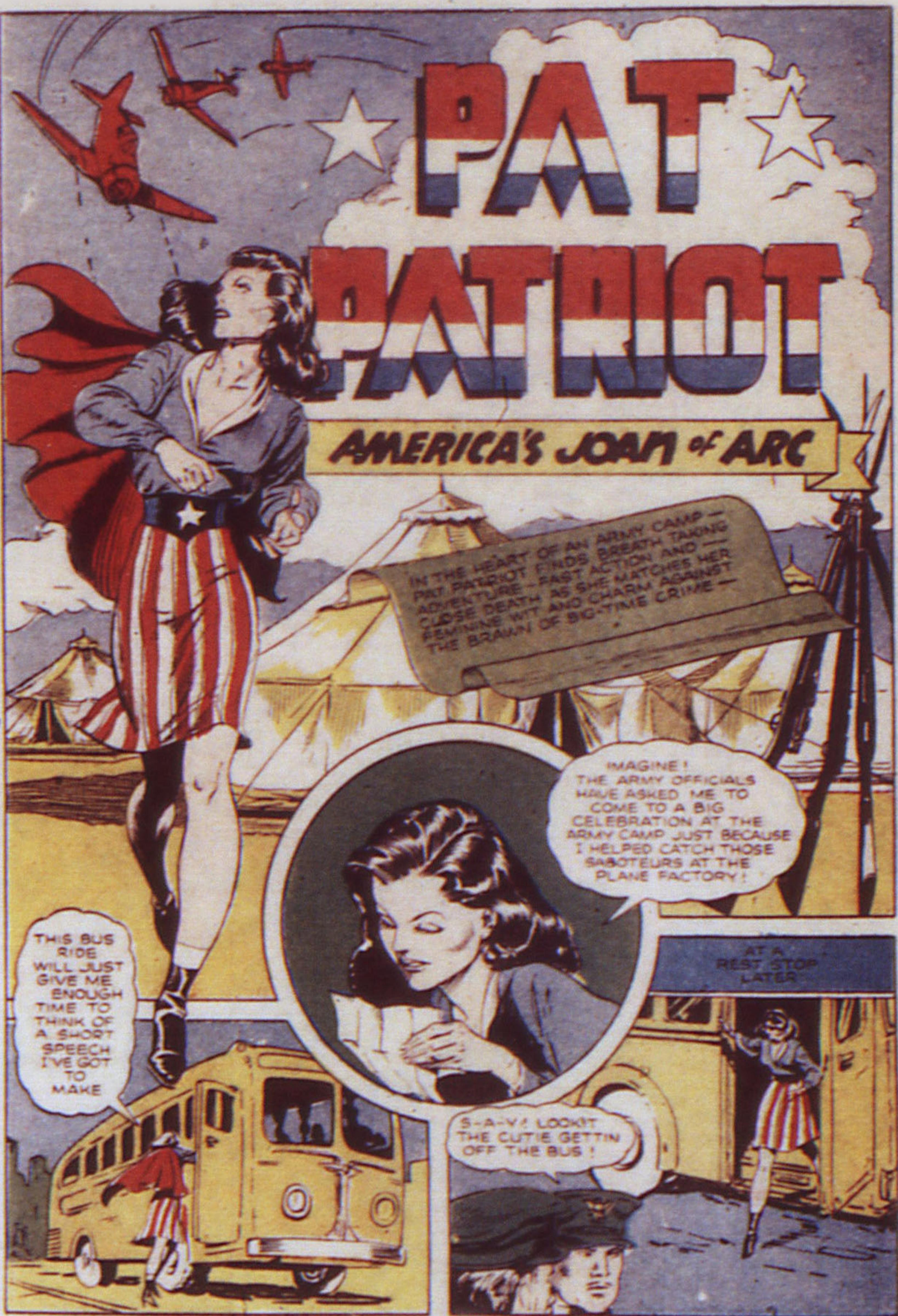
IN THE HEART OF AN ARMY CAMP —
PAT PATRIOT FINDS BREATH-TAKING
ADVENTURE — FAST ACTION AND
CLOSE DEATH AS SHE MATCHES HER
FEMININE WIT AND CHARM AGAINST
THE BRAIN OF BIG-TIME CRIME —

THIS BUS
RIDE
WILL JUST
GIVE ME
ENOUGH
TIME TO
THINK OF A
SHORT
SPEECH
I'VE GOT
TO MAKE

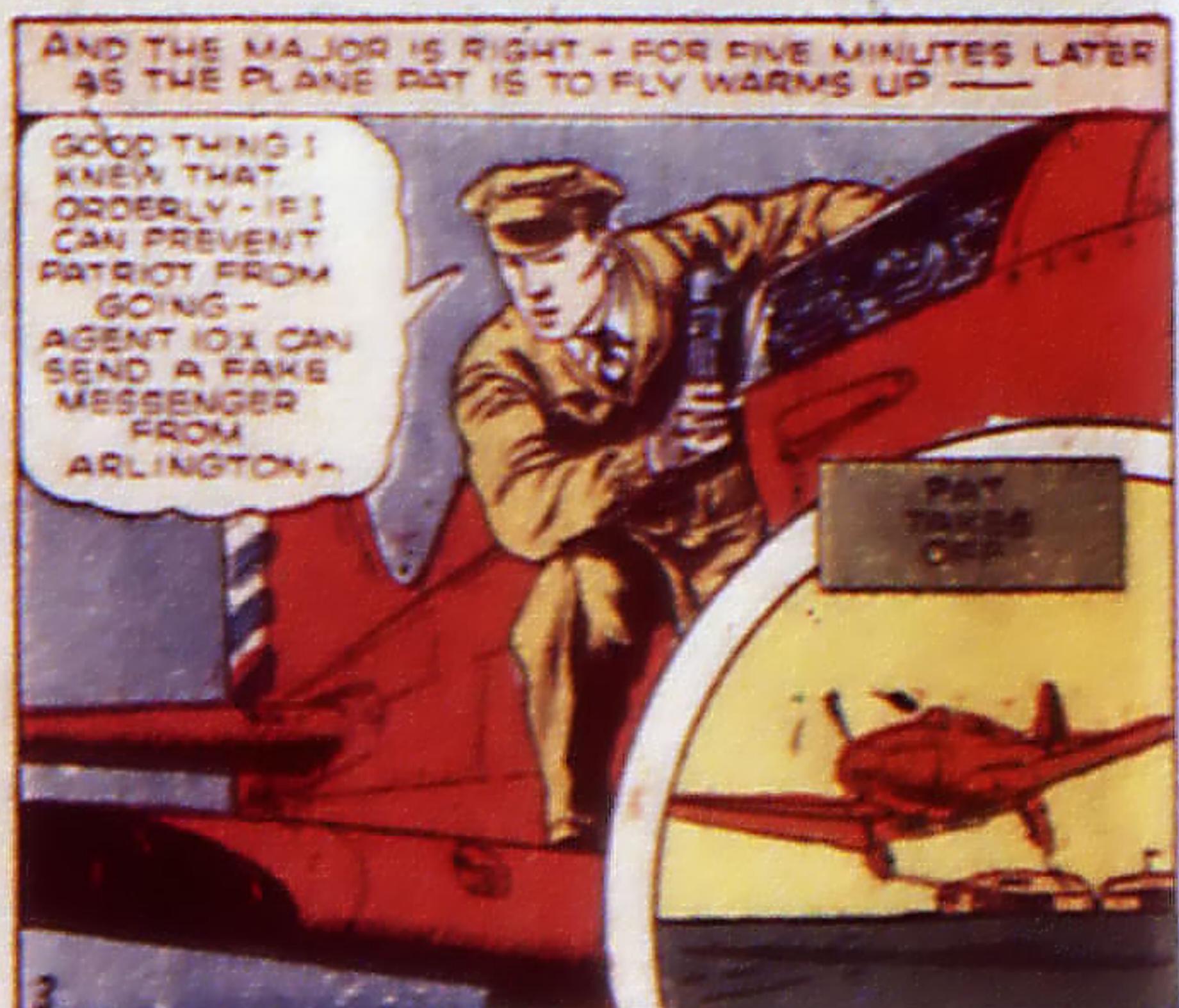
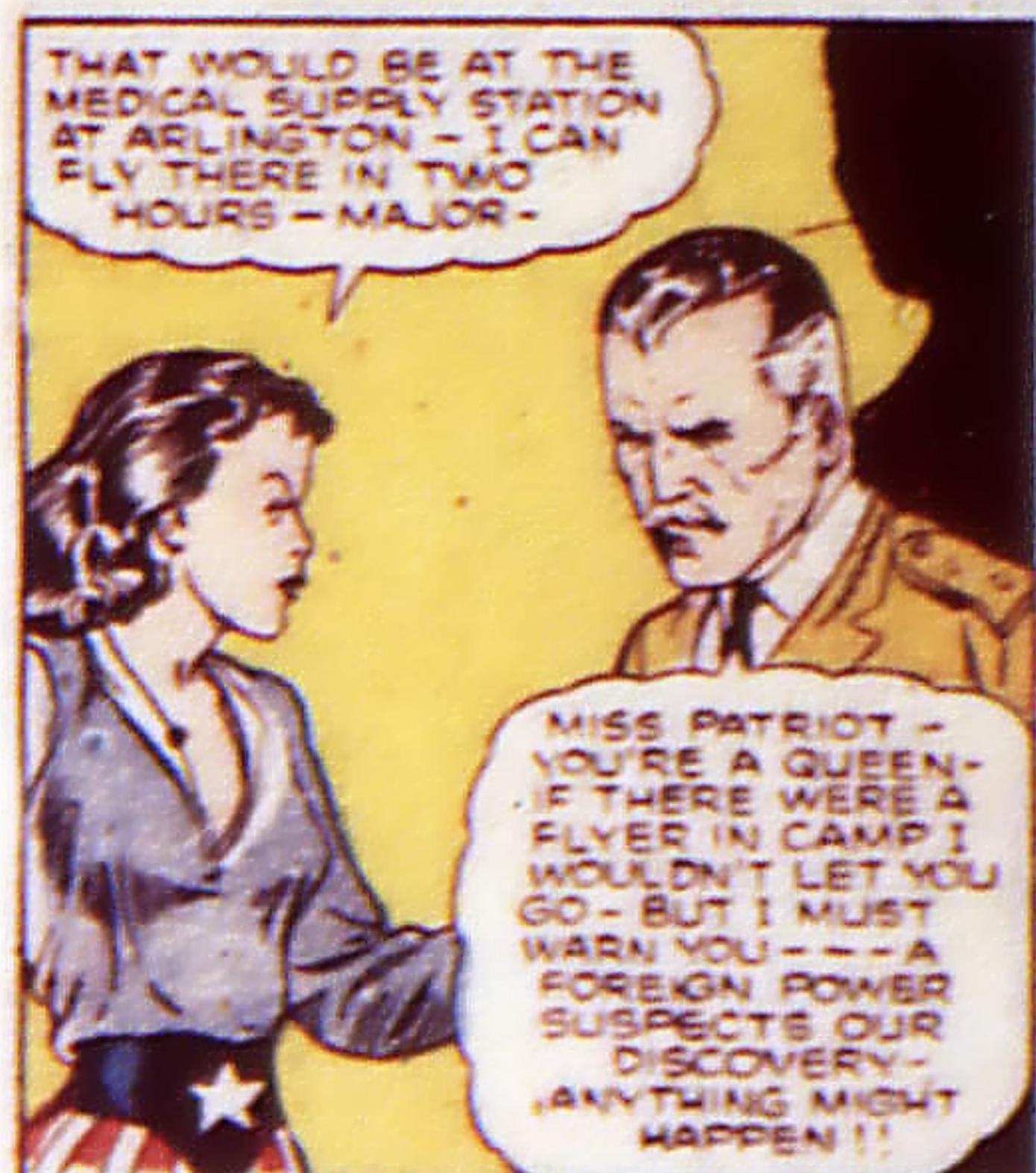
IMAGINE!
THE ARMY OFFICIALS
HAVE ASKED ME TO
COME TO A BIG
CELEBRATION AT THE
ARMY CAMP JUST BECAUSE
I HELPED CATCH THOSE
SABOTEURS AT THE
PLANE FACTORY!

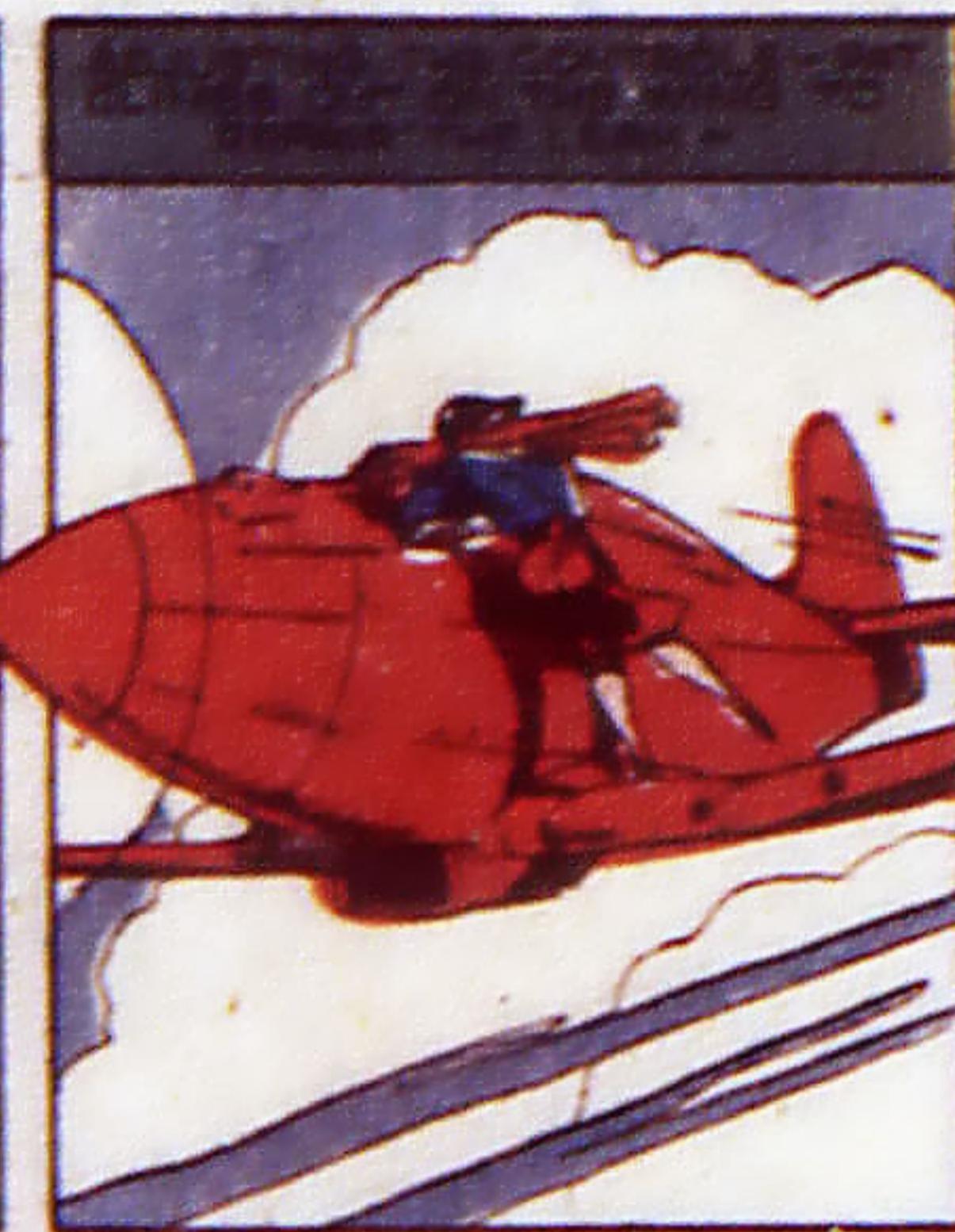
AT A
REST STOP
LATER

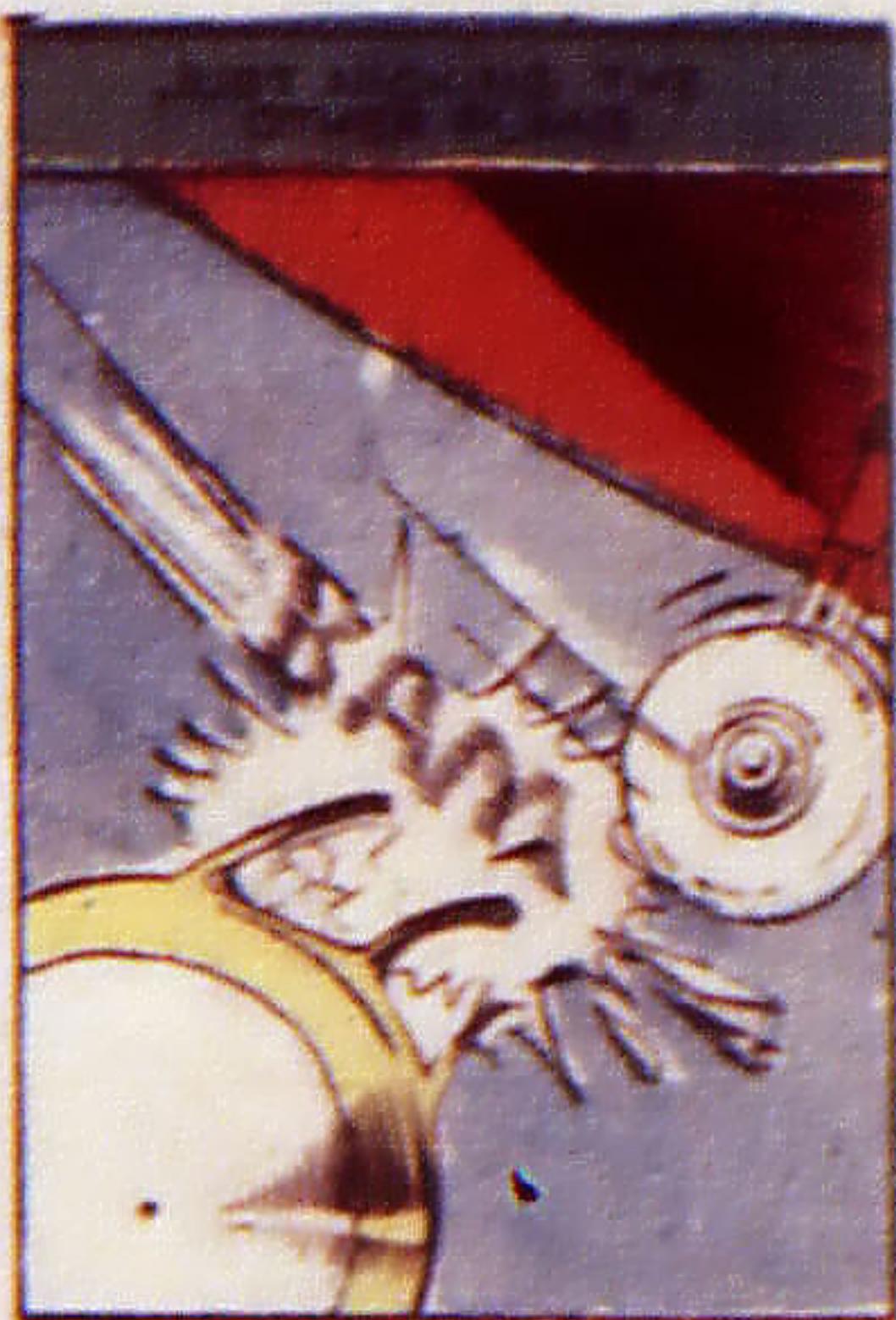
S-A-Y! LOOKIT
THE CUTIE GETTIN
OFF THE BUS!













I SAW DAREDEVIL BATTLE THE CLAW

AS TOLD BY DICK WOOD



I SAW DAREDEVIL FIGHT THE CLAW
... yes, I really did!

There are a good many people who don't think there ever was such a conflict—but believe you me, I know. It was in 1940 and the Claw was just a rumor. I had heard weird tales of a monster creature that dwelt in the hill country of Tibet and was planning an attack on America,

but who could believe such a fantastic tale? I passed it off with a casual shrug and promptly forgot the matter.

Then — one evening, I visited the Playmore Room atop a building in Radio City, New York. I had often come to the Playmore to dine and dance. But tonight things seemed strangely different. The patrons were less joyous than usual; even the tempo of the music seemed to warn me of something mysterious about to occur. Then it happened:

Suddenly, a distant rumbling shook the entire skyscraper. Overhead a huge chandelier danced crazily, then smashed to the floor. Terrified voices pierced the air as some explanation for the mad swaying of the building was sought. Was it an explosion, an EARTHQUAKE? Desperately seeking escape, I rushed through the milling people to the terrace.

Outside, sixty stories above the street, I stopped short. I felt the blood drain from my face. A woman, choking with fright, fainted in my arms. Like some wild fantasy of the mind, a hideous, hairy claw was raised over nearby buildings! A fistful of humanity was clutched in its talons like so much mush. Then slowly an enormous head reared itself up — first, bristling eyebrows and slanting eyes; then the nose, if such it could be called; finally, the most hideous



*The giant mouth yawned open, shouting a challenge that rang through the city streets like the voice of doom.
"THE CLAW! ALL HAIL THE CLAW
... OR DIE!!!"*

"Now DAREDEVIL clutched a boomerang in his hand. I watched his arm come back in an easy motion and send it spinning straight at the head o' the CLAW! CRACK!"

The boomerang struck high on the CLAW'S forehead!"

of all, a gigantic mouth dripping saliva and lined with fangs like elephant tusks.

The giant mouth yawned open, shouting a challenge that rang through the city streets like the voice of doom, "THE CLAW! ALL HAIL THE CLAW . . . OR DIE!"

It is impossible for me to give you a realistic picture of the horrible havoc this monstrosity of existence was creating. It was far too terrible for the mind to realize. But certain scenes were imprinted vividly in my mind as if they had been branded there. Those persons who had not already collapsed from fright were in a state of mass insanity. Down below on the street, terror-stricken drivers smashed their cars through store windows, mowed down pedestrians and careened insanely into each other.

On Fifth Avenue, a fleet of double-deck buses tore towards Central Park, desperately attempting to escape the havoc. Like a stampede of buffalo, they crushed all before them . . . until they reached the Central Savings Bank, where a truck blocked the street. In seconds, the entire cavalcade was reduced to a mass of wreckage.

From a building across the way a young couple, crazed with fear, jumped to their death.

As the Claw threw his head back in wild, maniacal laughter at the destruction, a figure in evening clothes suddenly jumped to the ledge before me. Thinking this to be another suicide, I clutched his waist to drag him back. Muscles like granite shook off my fingers and slammed me back. Quickly the figure turned and spoke briefly, then whipping off his clothes, he stood outlined against the sky, in distinctive red and blue attire.

"Daredevil," I gasped, struggling to my feet. "Like a panther, Daredevil crept along the

building ledge, then leapt to another, moving closer and closer to the Claw! Did Daredevil really plan to battle the Claw, I asked myself. What could one man—no matter how powerful—do against such a gigantic figure? In amazement, I stood on the window ledge and watched his stealthy approach. How little I realized I had a ringside seat to the greatest battle of all time!

Now Daredevil clutched a boomerang in his hand. I watched his arm come back in an easy motion and send it spinning straight at the head of the Claw CRACK! The boomerang struck high on the Claw's forehead.

Swinging around like a crazed animal, the creature opened his tremendous jaws in a cry which I hope I shall never hear again. His wail of rage blasted through the city streets like a tornado and swept nearby rooftops clean of debris.

Then he spied Daredevil. With one powerful sweep, he slammed his fist down upon him.

But Daredevil had moved with the speed of light and, as the giant pulverized half of the building top, he bounded off it onto another and came straight at the Claw, feet first. So lightning-like was Daredevil that the monster had no chance to dodge. Square into his right eye, Daredevil jumped, then slid away from the flailing arms, down onto the street and under cover.

A command from the Claw! . . . and whatever



hope I might have held for Daredevil's victory disappeared. From a giant tunnel, which had escaped my notice during the excitement, a yellow horde of Asiatics poured forth in a frenzy. The cry rang out: "DEATH TO DAREDEVIL . . . DEATH TO DAREDEVIL!"

A boring machine was brought into play, evidently the same one which had enabled the Claw to bore underground from his retreat in Tibet to New York City. It was all so fantastic and yet, here it was being enacted before my very eyes!

Now Daredevil was in retreat with the boring machine following his every move. Through buildings, over rooftops . . . still the machine followed in his wake with amazing speed like some strange bug. Then I saw Daredevil totter as he attempted to scale a building, totter and fall to the street below. My heart sank as I saw the machine pull to a stop and empty ten or fifteen warriors out upon him. Egged on by the Claw's cry of "KILL! KILL!" they brandished knives and rushed toward the prostrate figure.

It was then that the surprise move of all time occurred. Daredevil's arm shot back like a piston and sent a boomerang streaking at the mob. The crack of skulls resounded through the air as it struck like speckled lightning against the hard heads of the Asiatics; then returned, only to speed out again and mutilate the machine crew.

Seeing the situation, the Claw entered the fray. He swooped down, shouting to all that he would finish this slippery eel himself.

But by this time Daredevil had polished off the last of the crew and gained possession of the machine. The giant hand of the Claw descended upon it . . . to be yanked instantly away with a screech of pain. The sharp rotary blades of the machine had been turned on, gouging the Claw's hand as it struck.

The tables were turned now. Straight at the Claw, Daredevil drove the whirling machine. Try as he might, the Tibetan monster could not avoid his own invention.

Straight toward his own tunnel, Daredevil drove the Claw. Then cornering him at the en-

trance, he leaped out of the machine, boomerang in hand.

With boomerang, hands and feet, Daredevil battled the creature. Trying desperately to reach Daredevil, the Claw's talons tore the air. But it was useless.

Again and again, the boomerang raised huge welts on the Claw's gruesome skull. Both eyes were now closed from the blows. Blindly, he staggered, cursing, into the tunnel entrance.

Daredevil reached into the machine for a moment, then pulled out several large sticks of dynamite. Down into the tunnel he threw them, after the retreating Claw. The entire tunnel entrance caved in from the blast but, unfortunately, as we know now, the Claw had not been killed.

A week later, the whole tunnel straight to the sea had been destroyed by police. Daredevil, meanwhile, had disappeared. No reward could be given him for saving from certain destruction the greatest city in the world. And still only Tonia knew his real identity. Tonia and myself. Perhaps you are slow to believe this story . . . but, if you ever visit New York, I can show you a nick in the Empire State building where Daredevil's boomerang struck during the battle.

FINISH

DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

THE RIGHT UPPERCUT

This is a tricky punch to throw fellers — remember to always keep the left foot forward and slide the blow upward along the body. This enables you to get the full punching power. DON'T ever let this punch go without being almost certain it will land! A miss leaves you wide open.

Gotta go now — see you next month with a new one.

Daredevil



Here's Your Chance, Fellas!

\$100.00 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY

► NOTHING TO BUY!
► NOTHING TO SELL!

The artists who draw for DAREDEVIL COMICS and the features they now draw are as follows:

Daredevil...Charles Biro
The Claw.....Bob Wood
Nightro.....Inky Russo
The Whirlwind."Bernie"
Pat Patriot
Chuck Woodrow
London...Jerry Robinson
Real American No. 1
Dick Briefer
Dash Dillon.....Ed Ashe

1. What feature in DAREDEVIL COMICS do you like best?
2. What new feature would you suggest, and why?
3. Which of our artists would you prefer to draw it?

All you have to do is just write us a letter. First tell us which comic strip you like best in DAREDEVIL COMICS. Next, suggest the name and idea for a new comic strip character. We are looking for new ideas. What kind of a character would you like to see in DAREDEVIL COMICS and what would you like him to do. And let us know which of our artists you would like to draw that strip.

Send in your letter at once. It must be mailed not later than midnight, August 20th to be counted—the sooner the better.

We will pay \$50.00 for the best letter, and there are 27 other cash prizes.

Send your letter immediately to:

Contest Editor
DAREDEVIL COMICS
114 East 32nd St.,
New York City

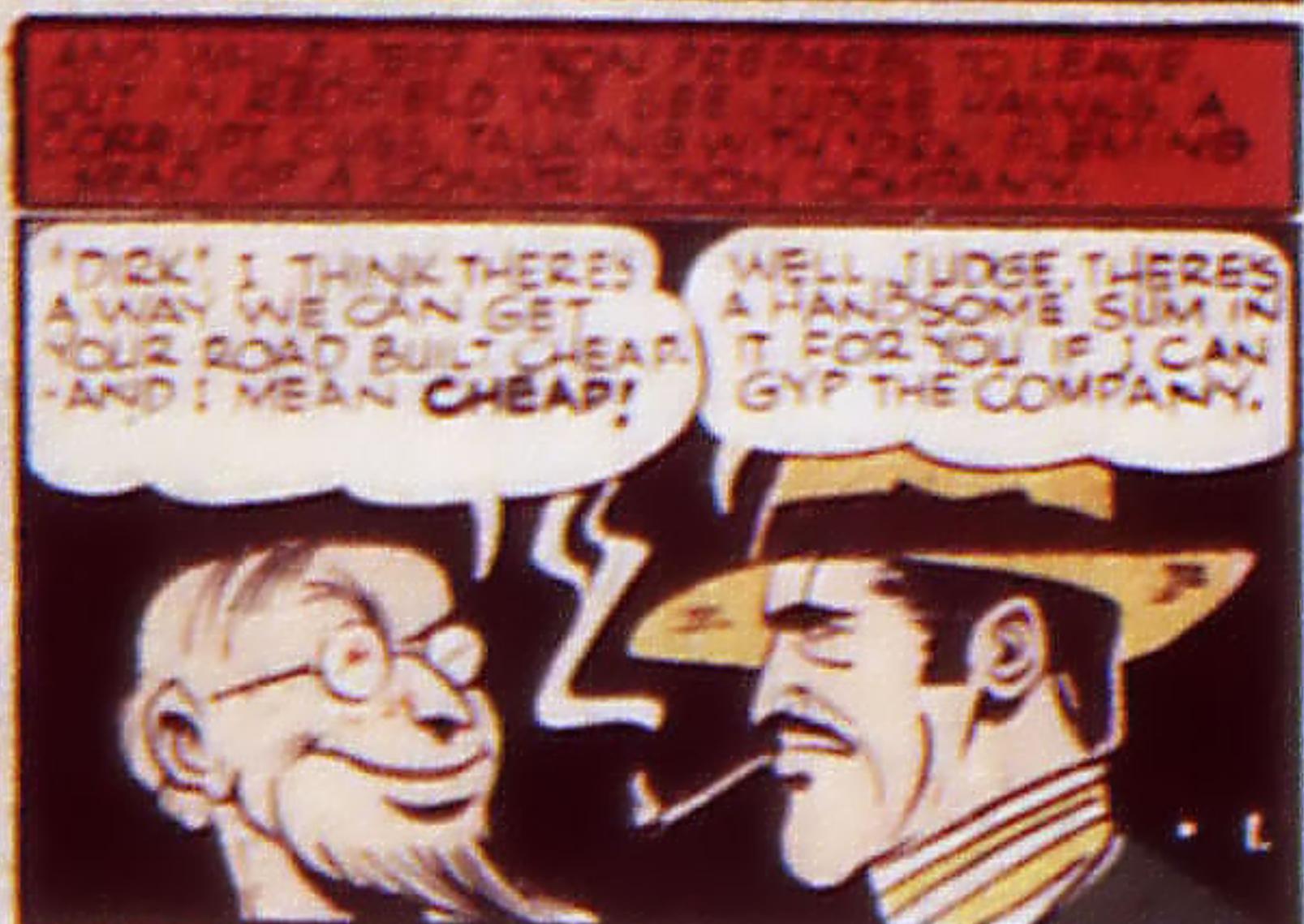
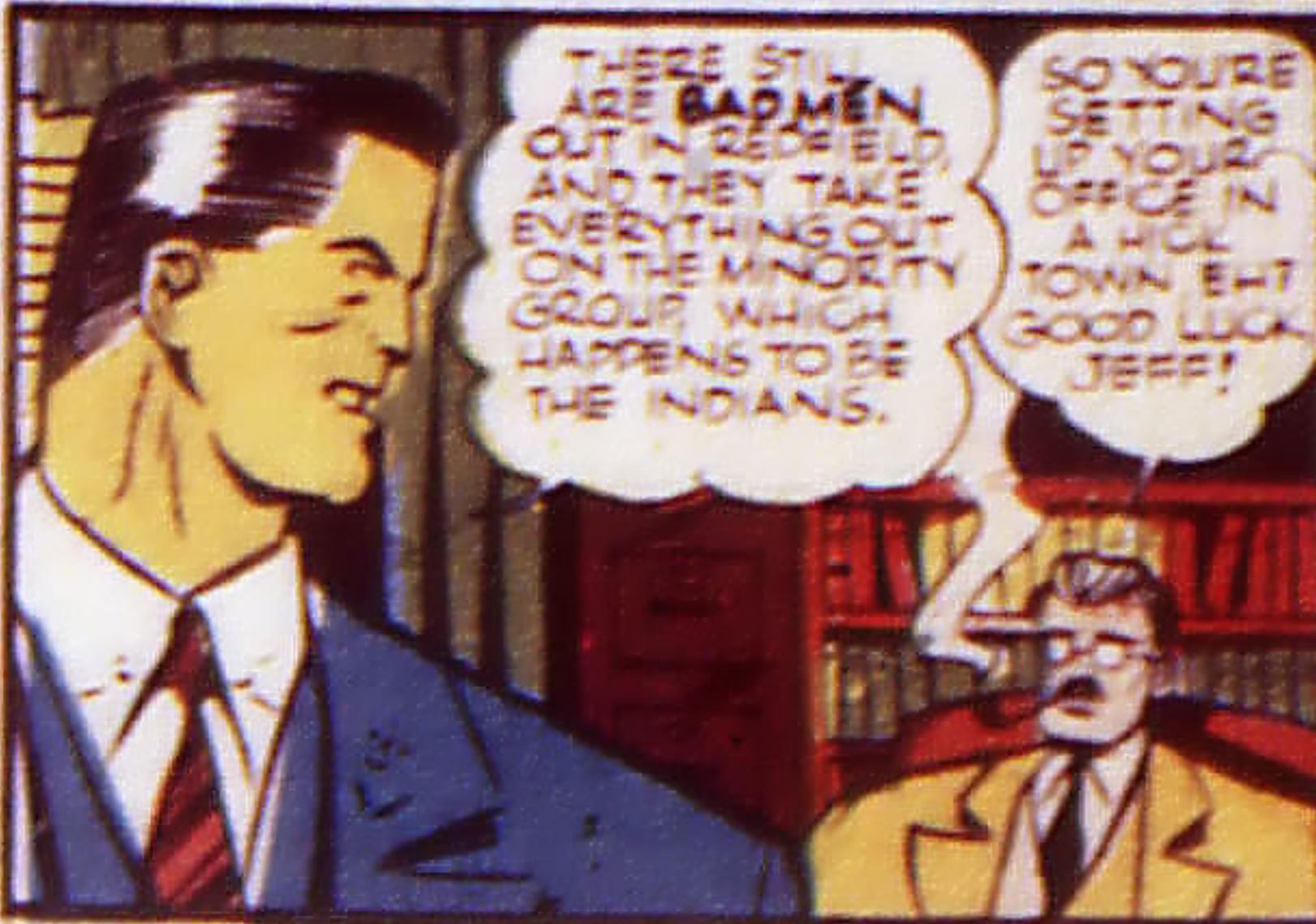
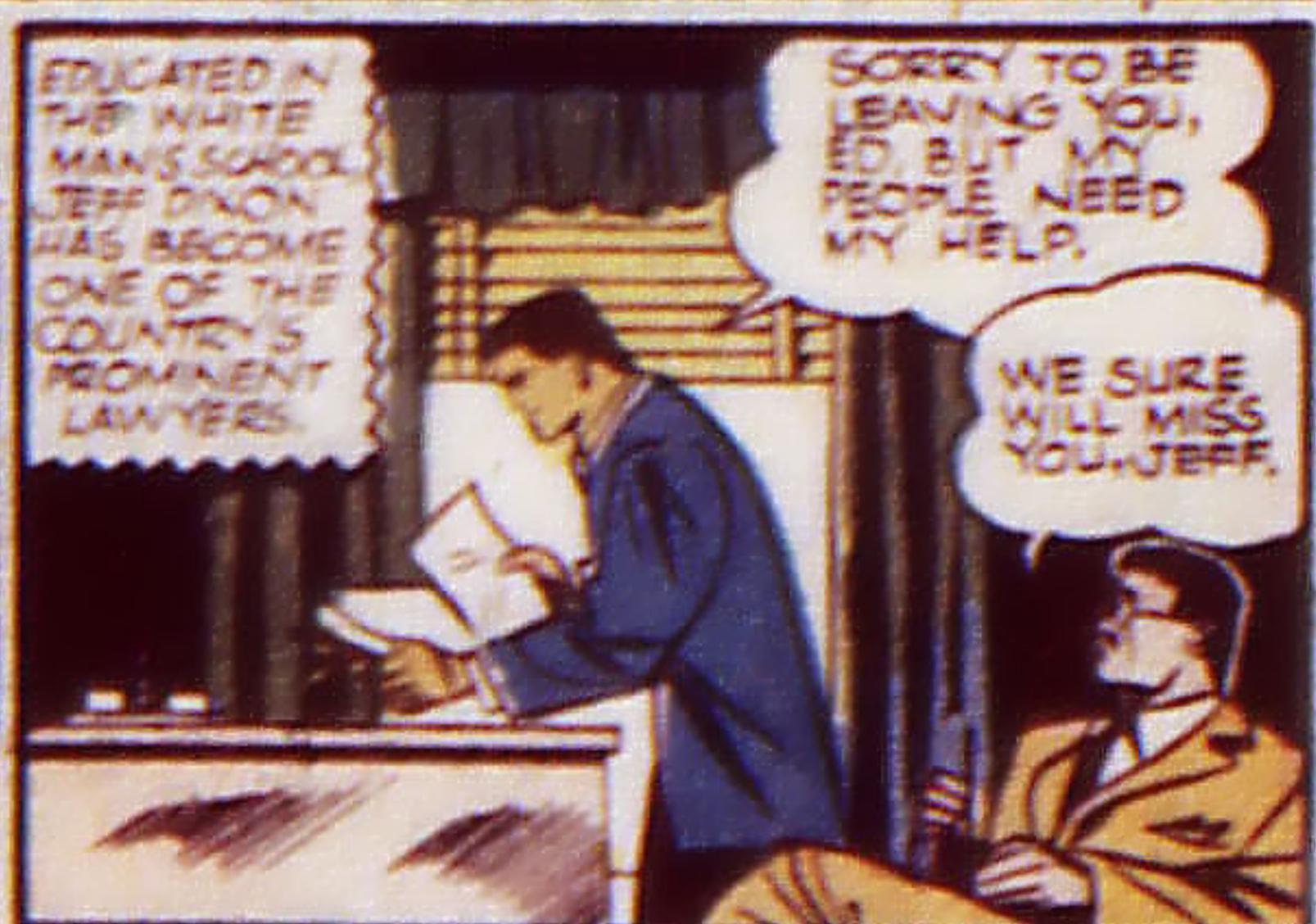
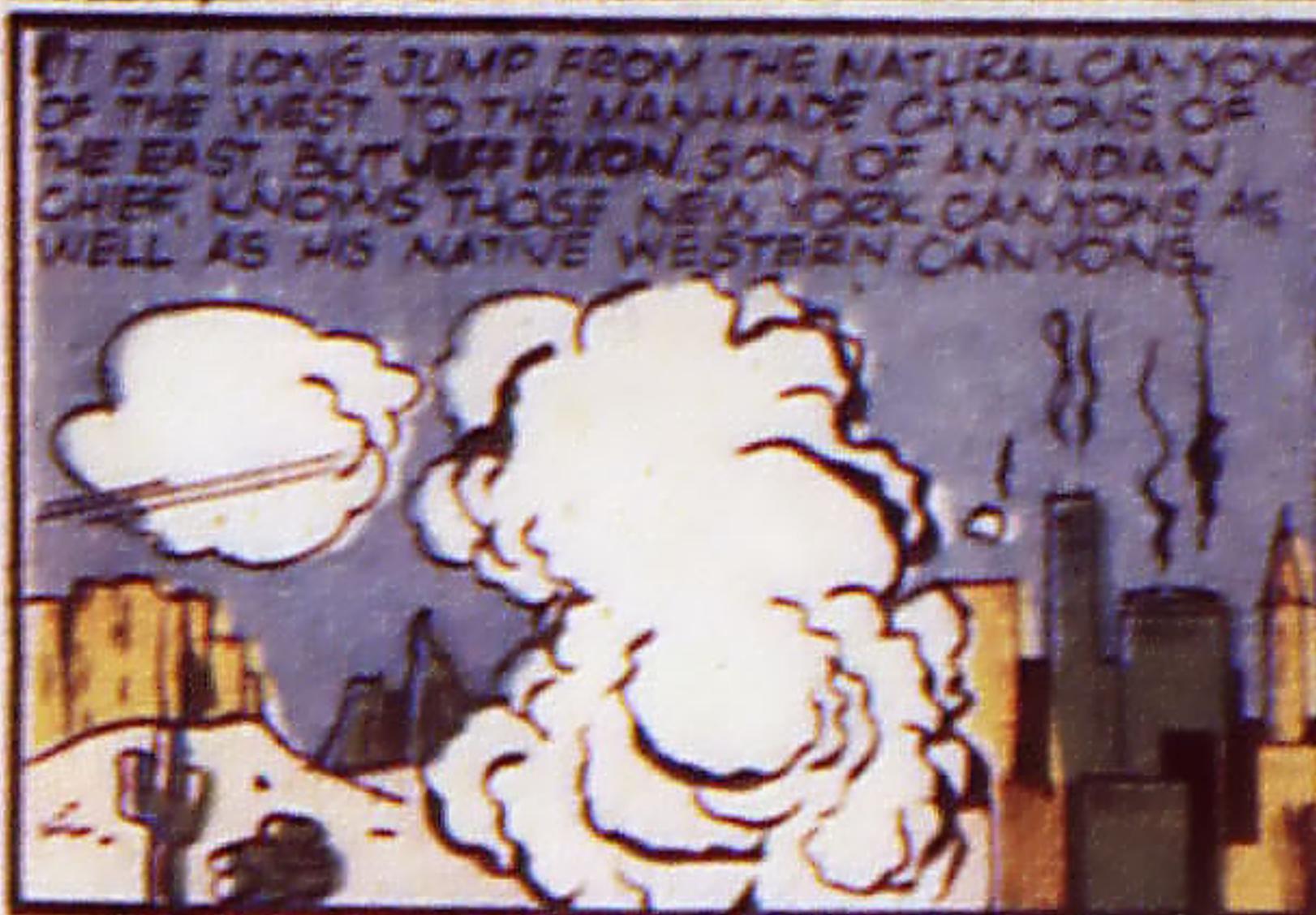
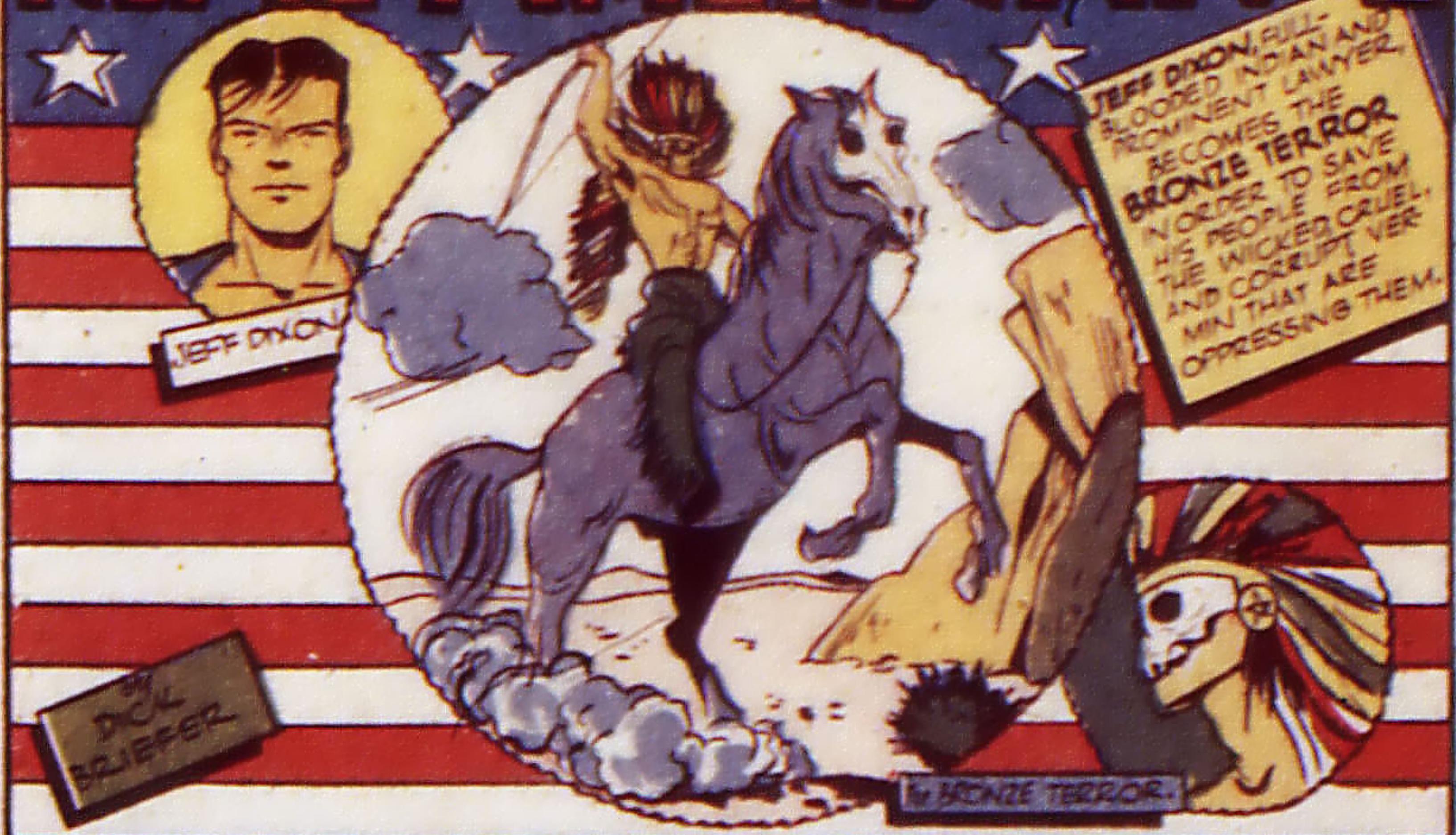
RULES OF THE CONTEST

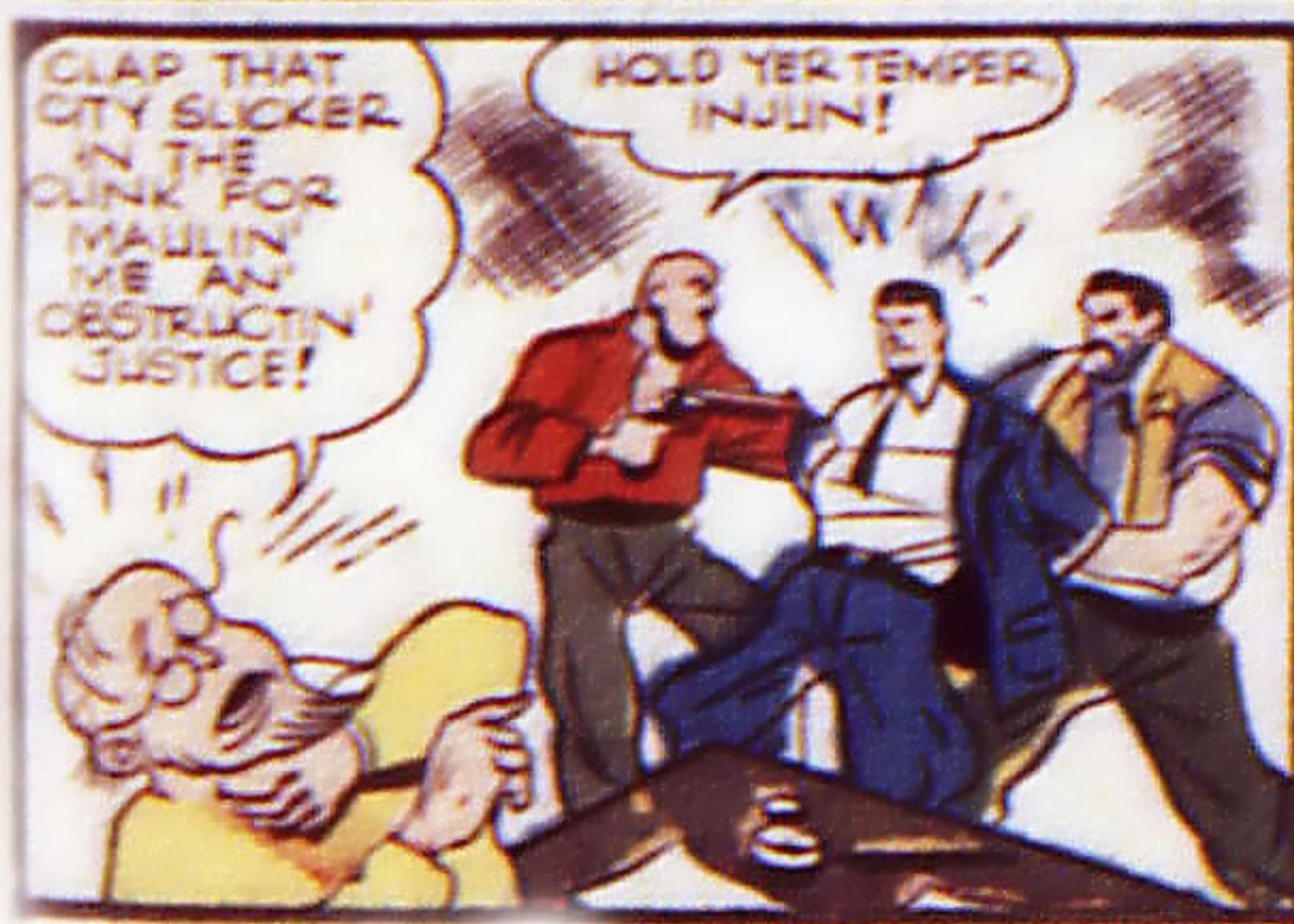
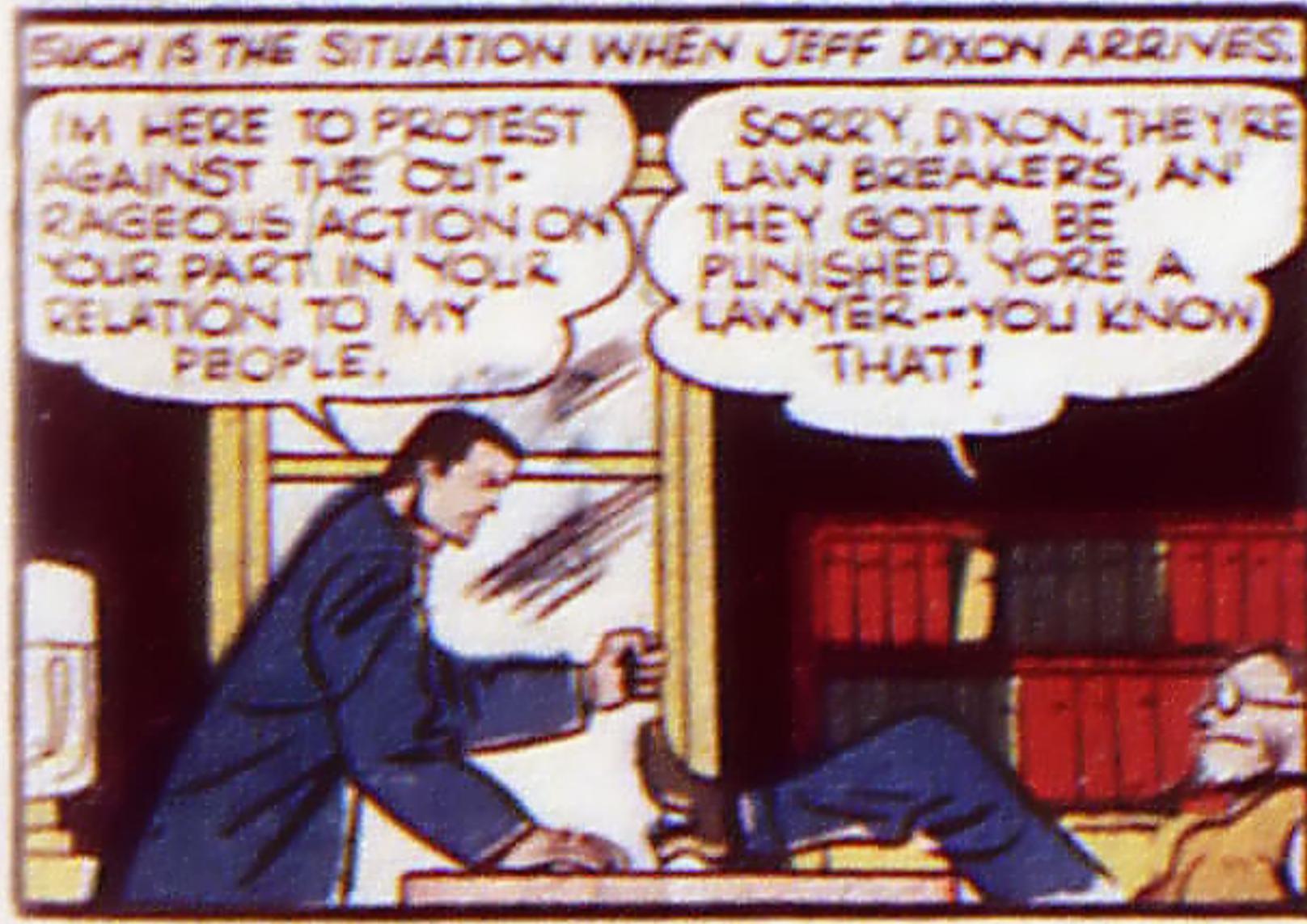
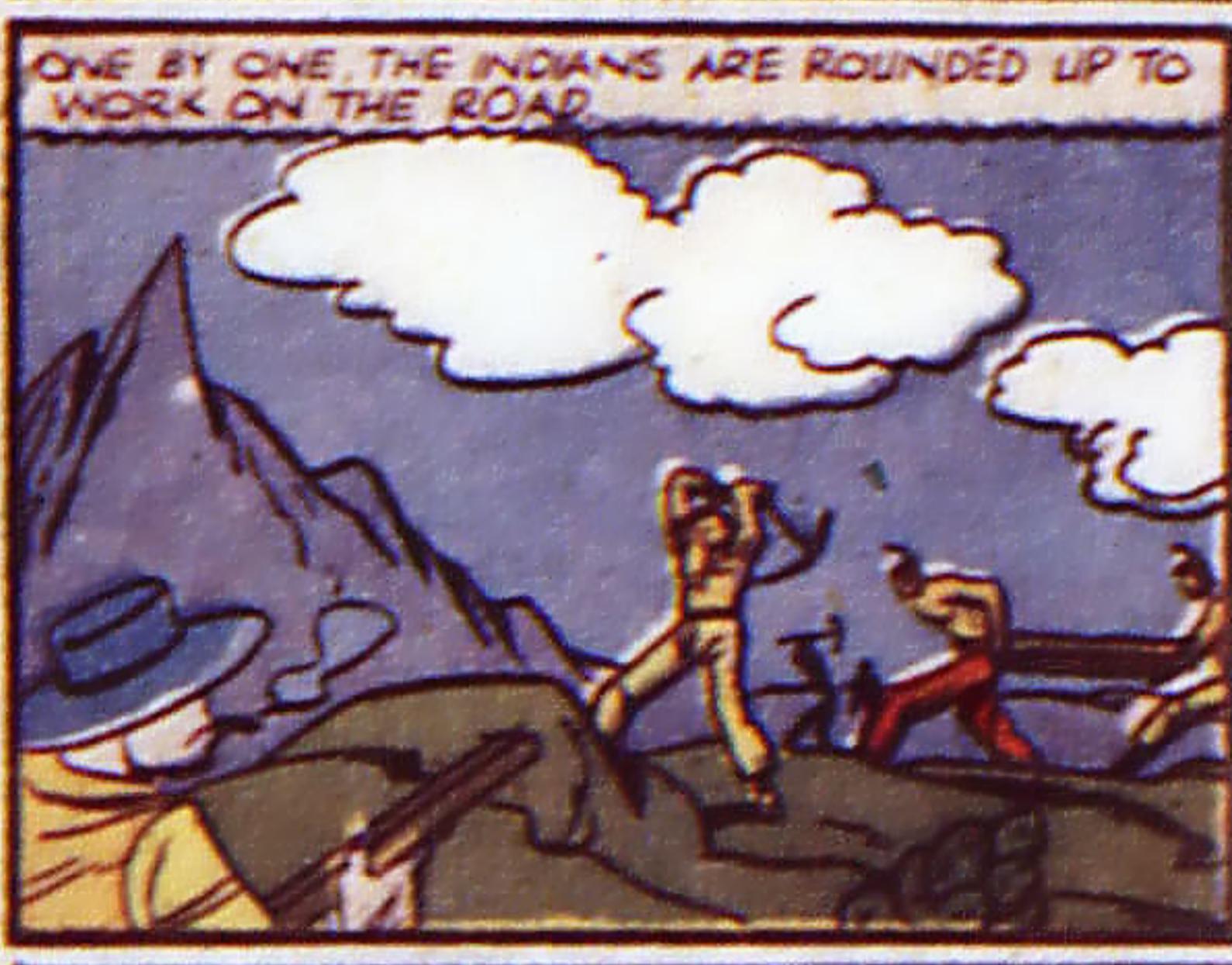
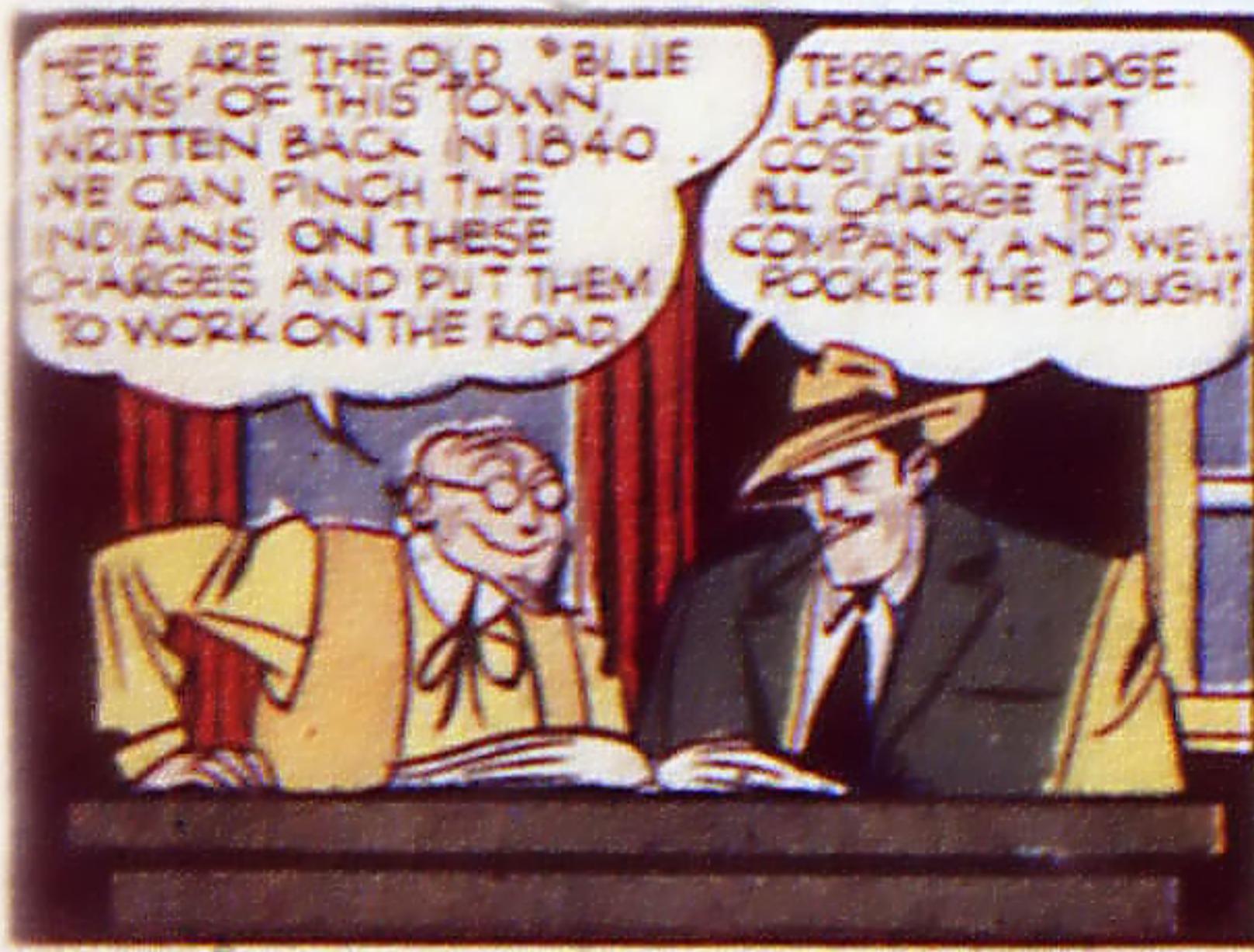
1. Letters should not be more than 150 words. All three questions must be answered.
 1. Which feature you like best in DAREDEVIL COMICS
 2. Your suggestion for a new feature
 3. The artist you would like to draw it
2. Letters must be mailed not later than midnight of August 20th.
3. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. The editors of DAREDEVIL COMICS will be the sole judges.
5. All letters become the property of DAREDEVIL COMICS.
6. Be sure to give your full name, address, age.
7. Announcement of the winners will be made as soon as possible after August 20th.

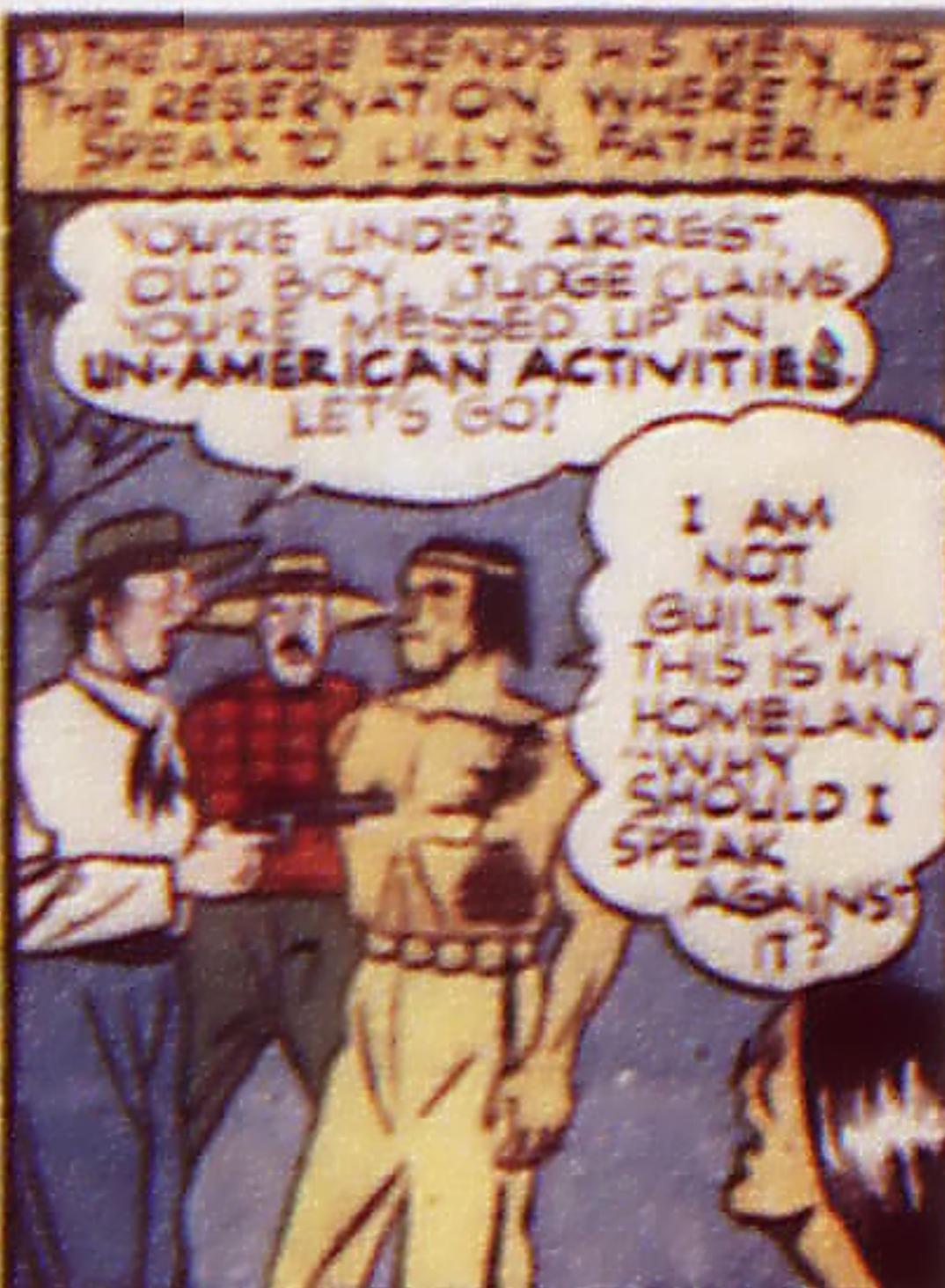
LIST OF PRIZES

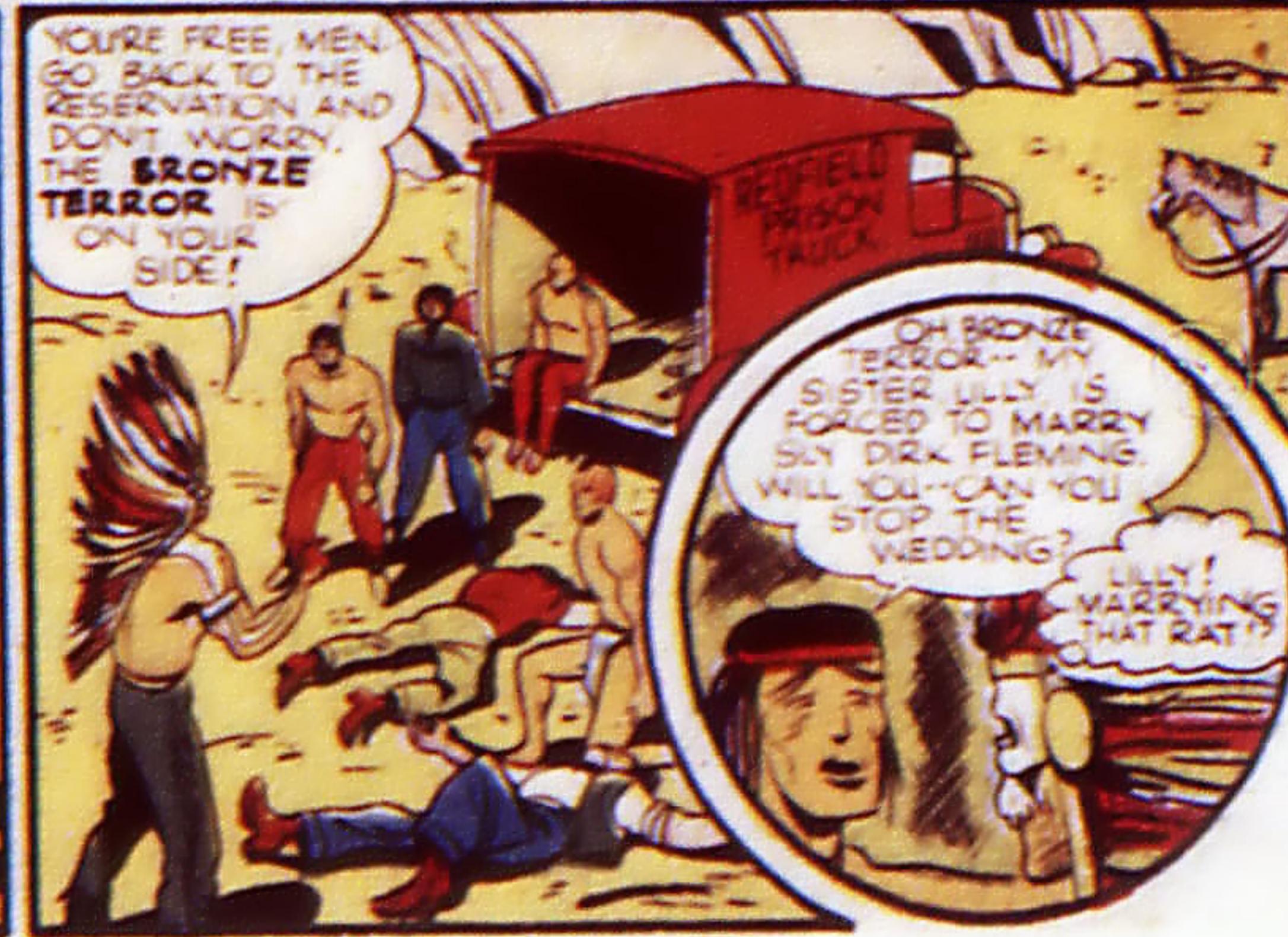
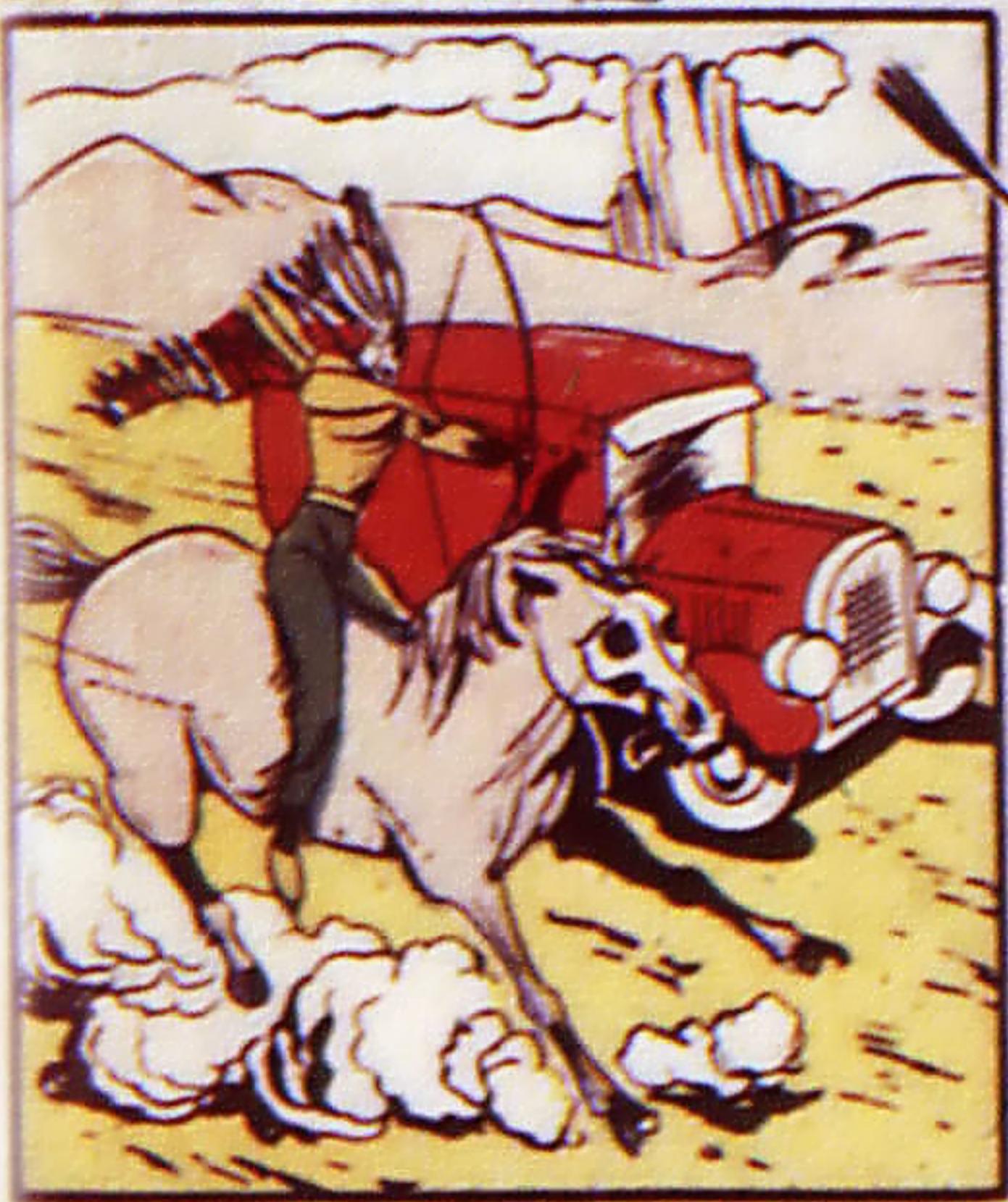
1st PRIZE . . .	\$50.00
2nd PRIZE . . .	\$15.00
3rd PRIZE . . .	\$10.00
25 additional prizes of \$1.00 each.	
You may easily win. Send your letter in today.	

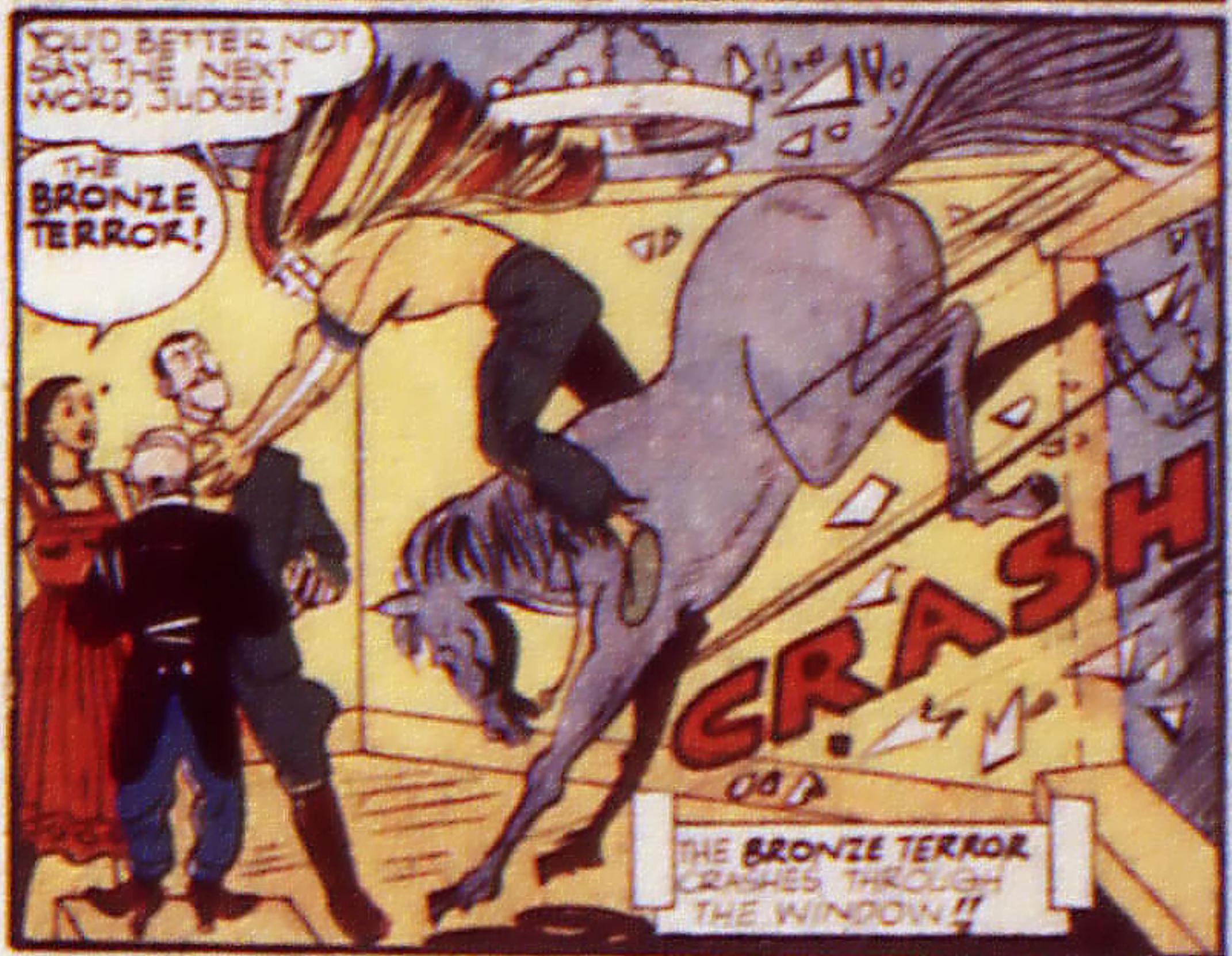
REAL AMERICAN #1

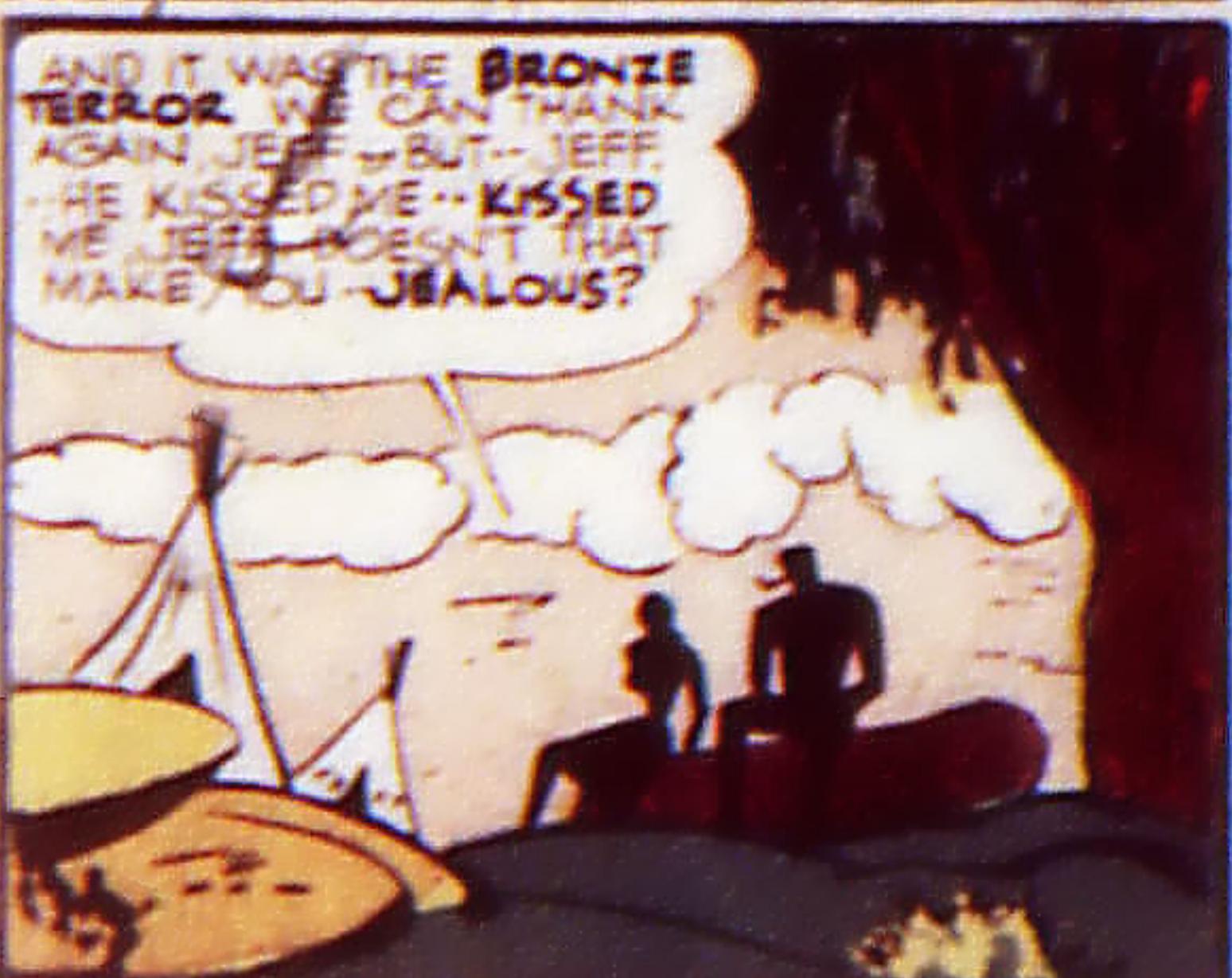












OK KIDS! TIE A STRING AROUND YOUR FINGER TO REMIND YOU TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL COMICS

WHEN YOU READ REAL AMERICAN NO. 1 YOU'LL THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS YOU ARE A REGULAR READER!

STAR SPORTS

WHIRLWIND K.O.'S JONES IN 2ND

BY DICK WOOD

A SWOOSHING RIGHT CROSS TO THE CHIN, COMING IN TWO MINUTES AND NINE SECONDS OF THE SECOND ROUND, SENT BLUDY JONES CRASHING TO THE DECK IN HIS OWN CORNER FOR THE FATAL TEN COUNT.

THIS WAS THE 15TH TIME IN AS MANY BOUTS THAT THE FORMER LUMBERJACK HAS FLATTENED HIS FOE AT THE RAT. THIS YOUNG BLONDE BOMBER IS GOING, THE CHAMP IS DUE FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE -- AND SOON!



THE NEXT DAY MICK COSTELLO AND OHL AGAINST TWO OF THE CITY'S SHARPIEST FIGHT PROMOTERS, SEE AN OPPORTUNITY.

IT'S A NATURAL -- EVERYONE'S GOIN' WACKY ABOUT THIS WHIRLWIND GUY! IF WE MATCH HIM WITH CASSIDY, THE BUILD-UP WILL BE TERRIFIC WHEN OUR BOY PINS HIS EARS BACK!!

IF OUR FIGHTER WINS, WE'LL GET A SHOT AT THE TITLE -- BUT WHAT IF WHIRLWIND PUTS HIM TO SLEEP?

DON'T BE A DOPES! TERRY TURNER'S A GOOD FIGHTER, SURE -- BUT WHO'S HE LIKED? NOTHIN' BUT SECOND RATTERS! OUR BOY WILL FLATTEN HIM INSIDE OF FOUR HEATS!!

IT'S A REAL OPPORTUNITY,

WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU A REAL OPPORTUNITY, TURNER -- WE NEED A GOOD MATCH FOR CASSIDY AND YOU CAN HAVE IT WITH 50% OF THE GATE. WHAT DO YA SAY?

TAKEN! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET A CRACK AT HIM!

TWO WEEKS LATER, TERRY AND CASSIDY CLASH AT THE WASHINGTON ARENA.

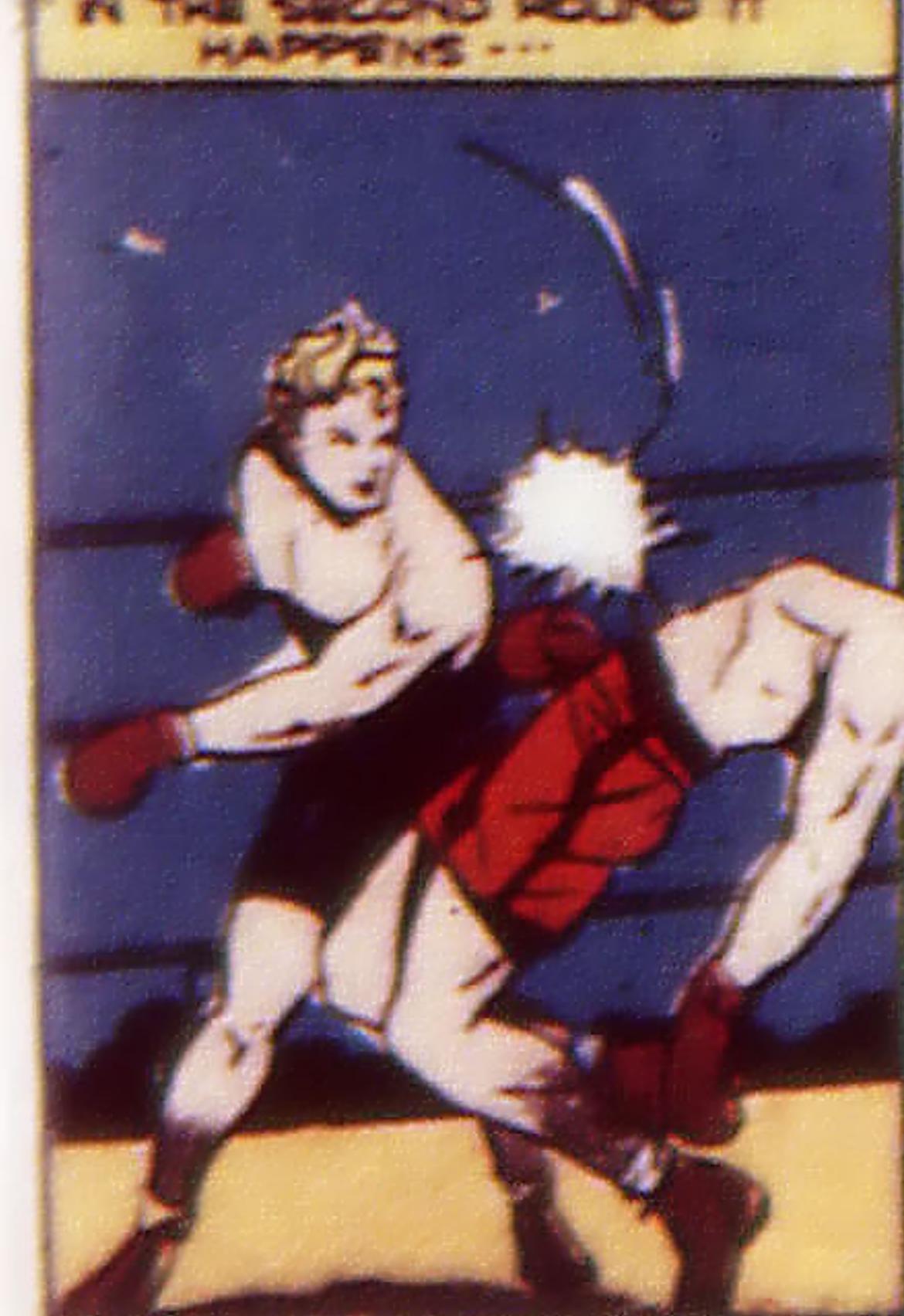
WOW! WHIRLWIND ROCKS CASSIDY WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT -- A RIGHT -- ANOTHER RIGHT!!

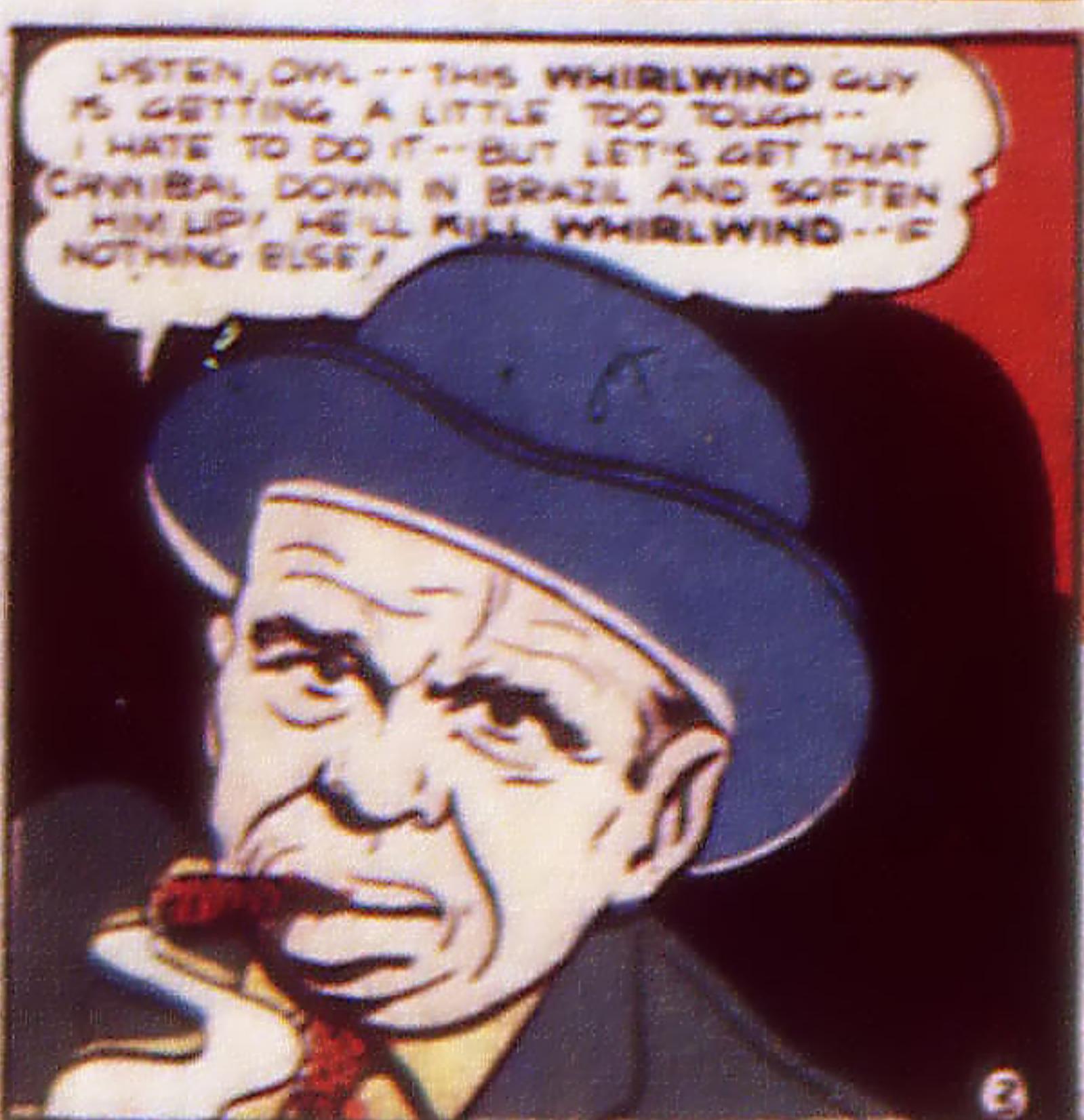
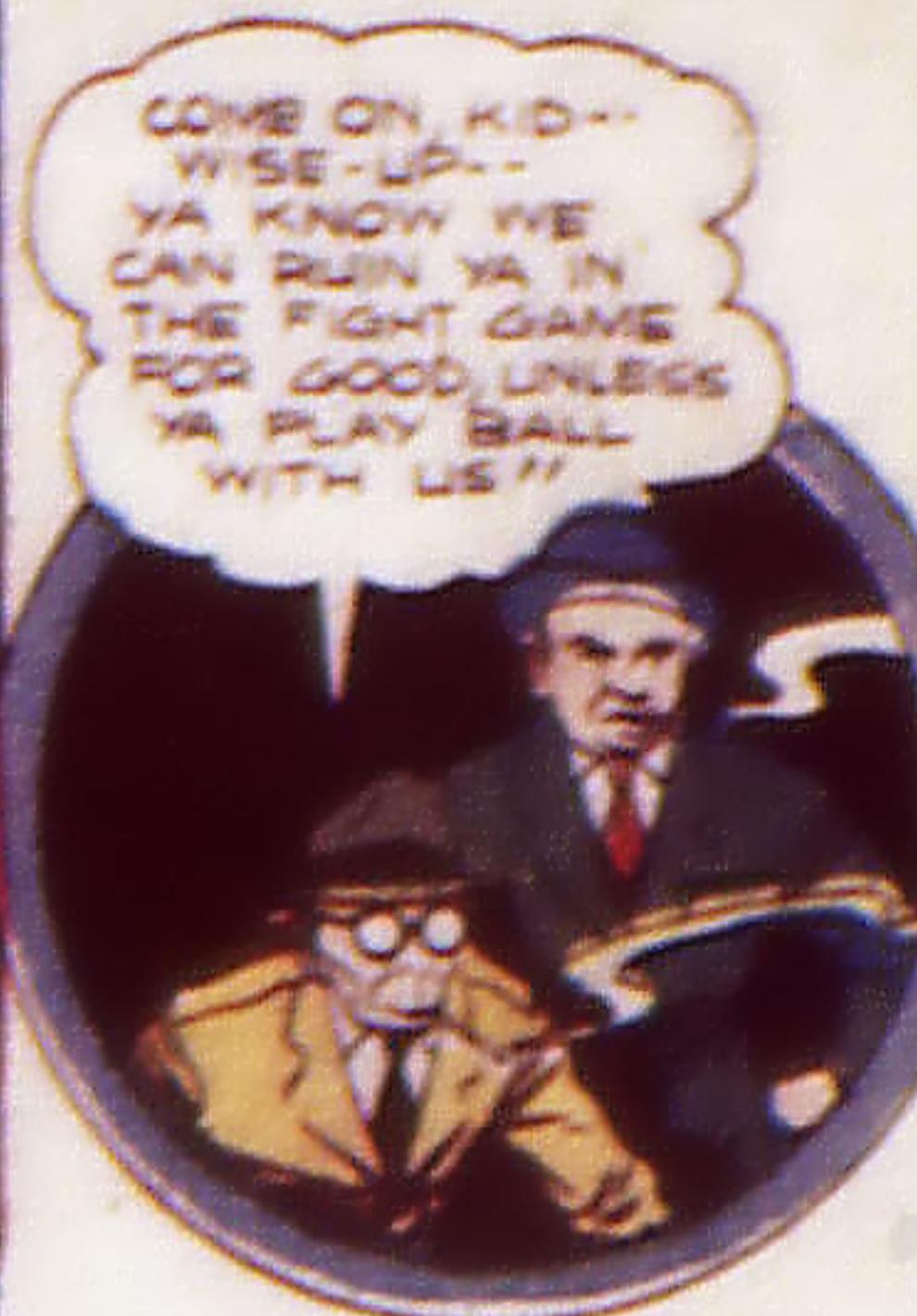
IN THE SECOND ROUND IT HAPPENS --

SO WHIRLWIND WON'T LAST FOUR HEATS, EH? OKAY, WISE GUY -- WHAT ARE WE GOING TO USE FOR A MEAL TICKET, NOW?

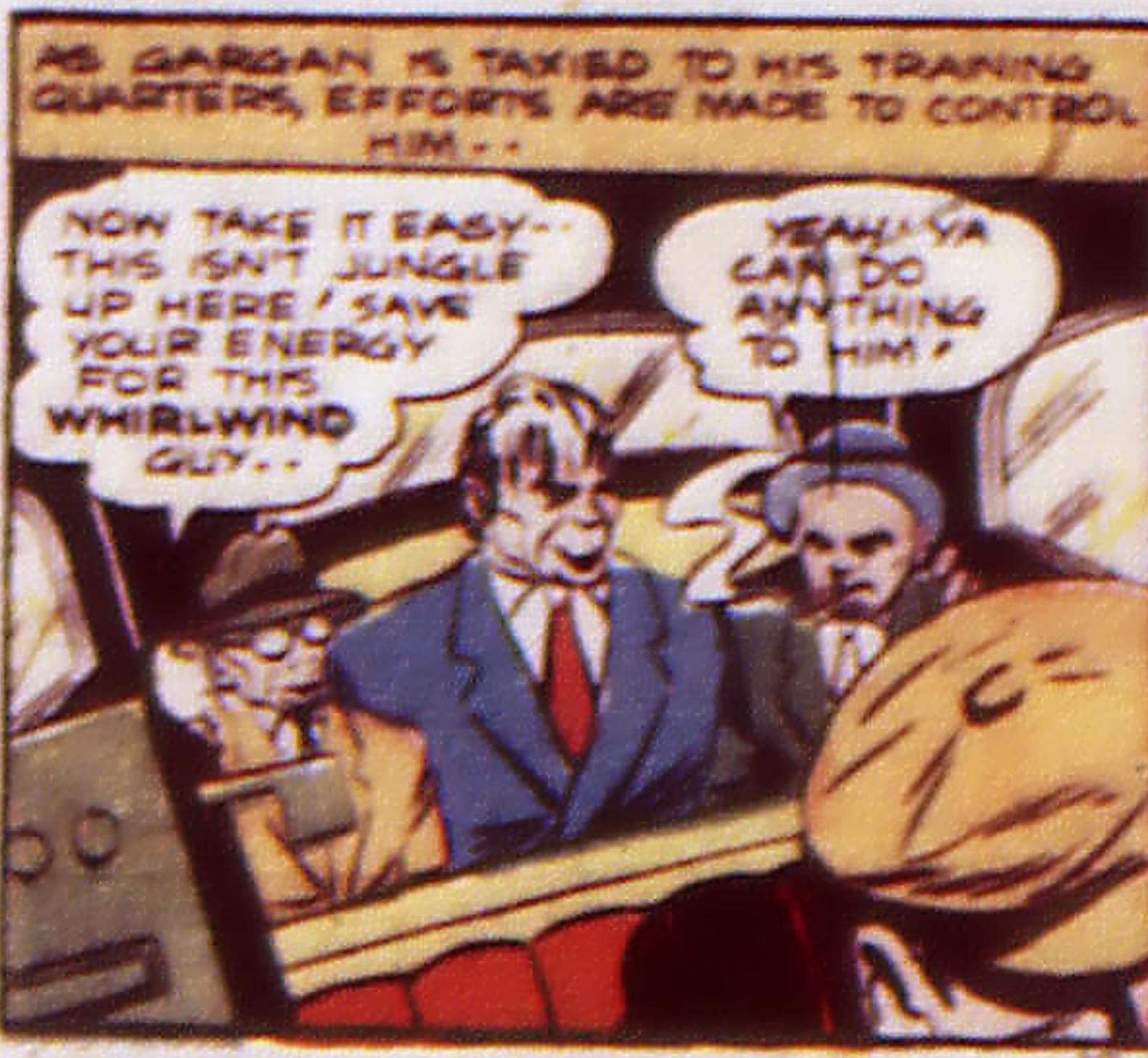
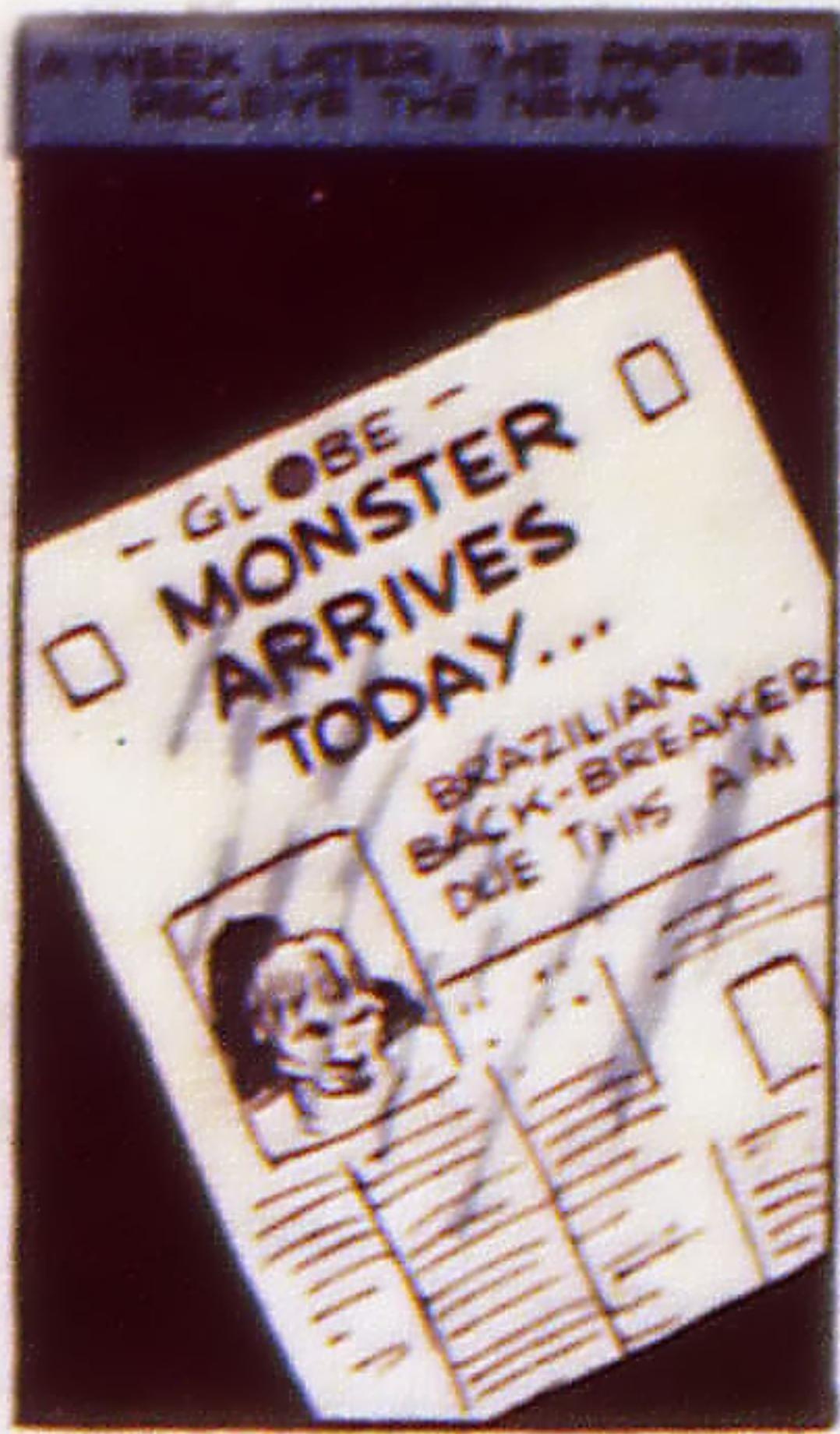
HEY, TURNER!!

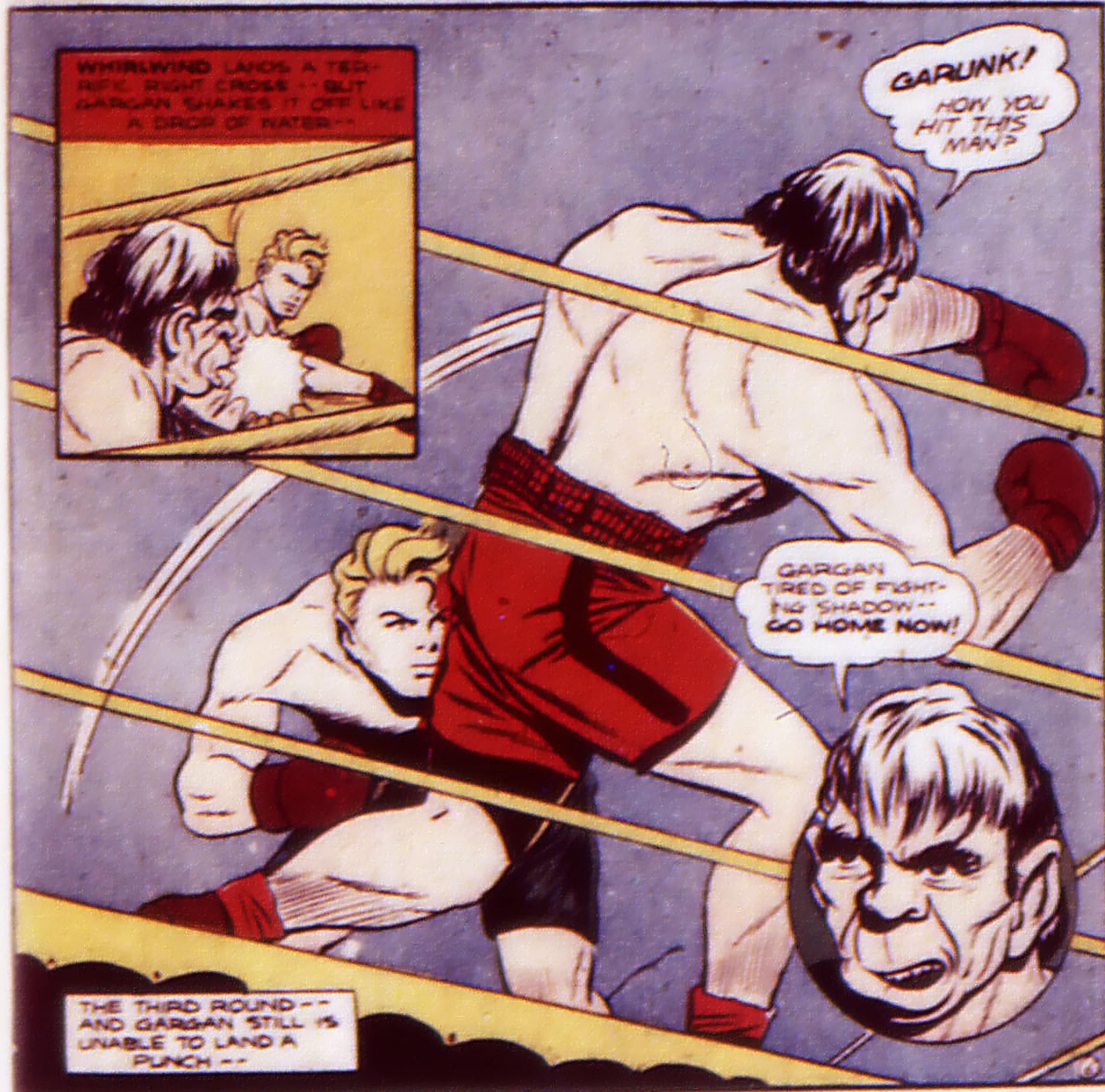
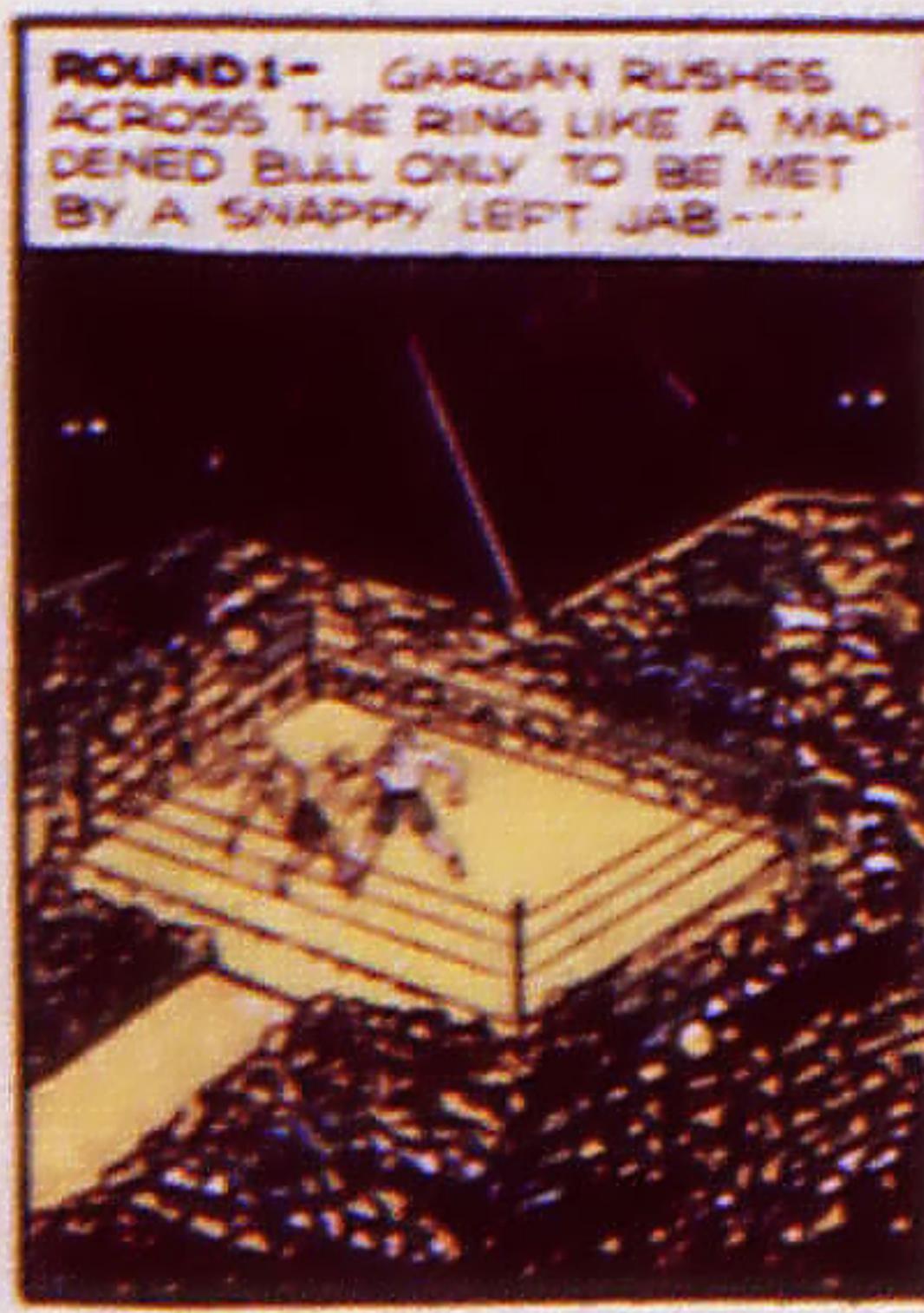
TAKE IT EASY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

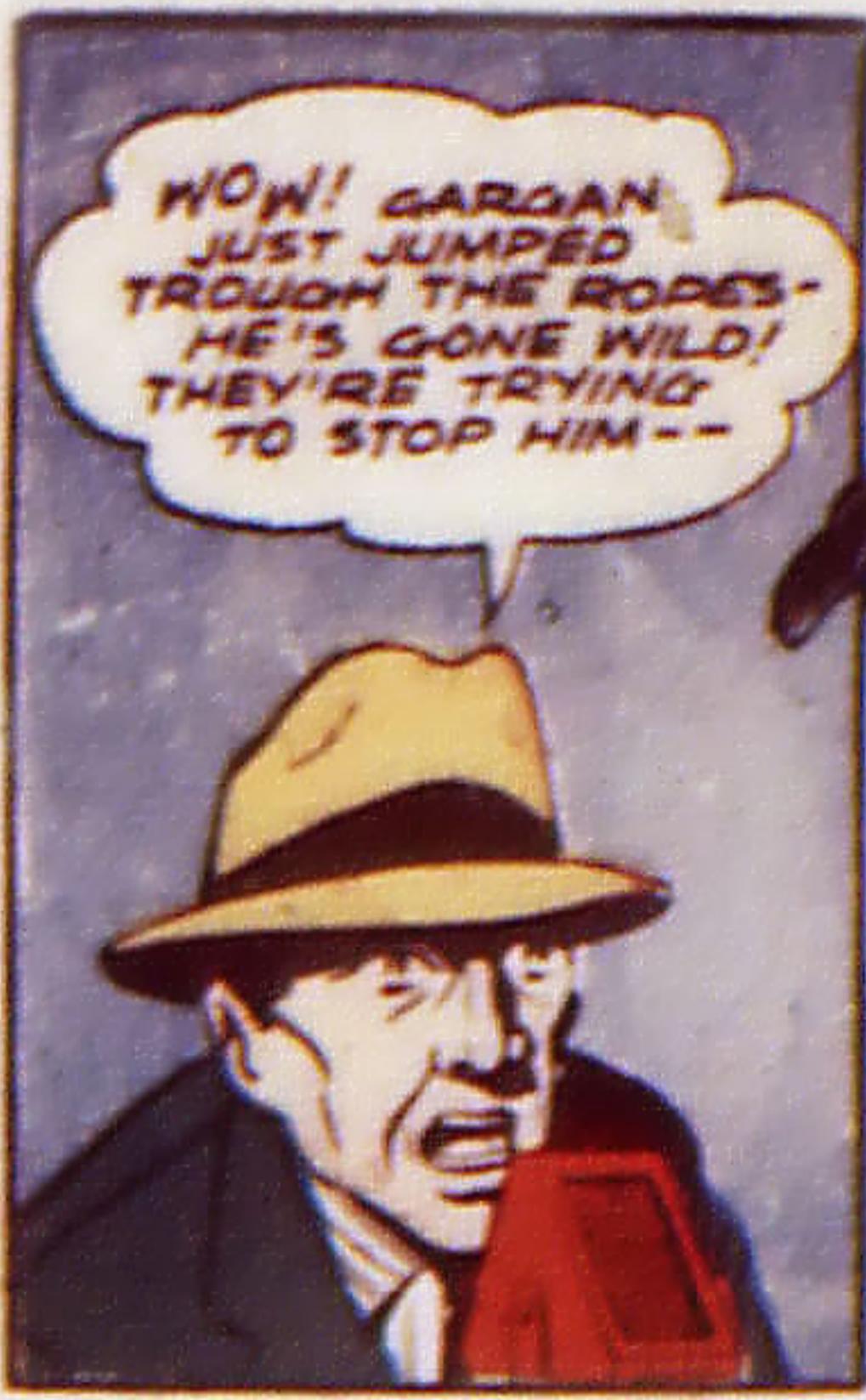












DASH DILLON

NOW MAZIE, IF WE CAN GET THIS HERE DASH DILLON OUT OF THE GAME THE ARMY TEAMS SURE TO WIN. SO WE PICK UP PLENTY POTATOES ON BETS AND WE CUT YOU IN ONE-THIRD, SEE?

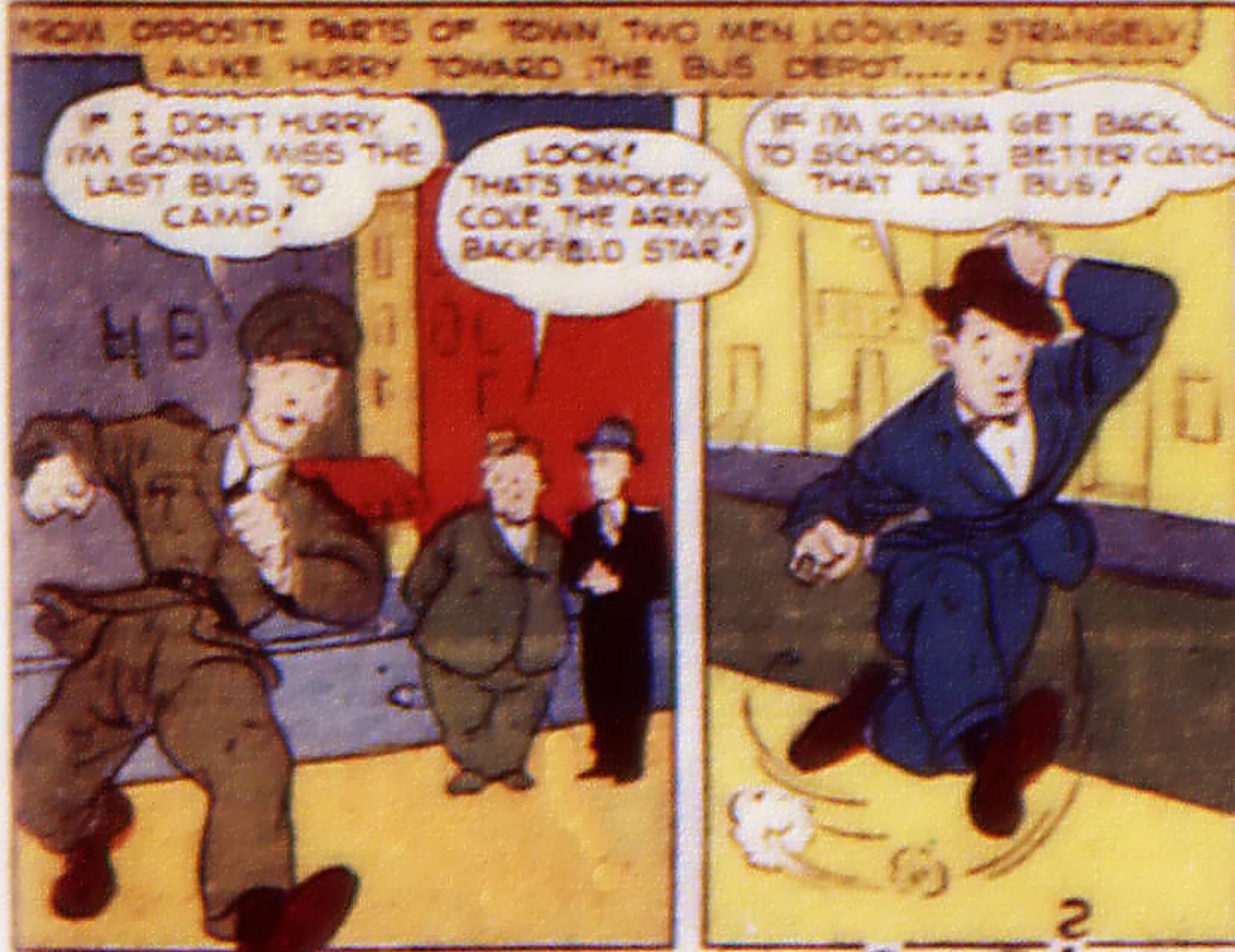
YEAH, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GET THE GUY IN A CAR... THEN WE DO THE REST. WITHOUT HIM HALE AINT GOT A CHANCE... NOT WITH 'SMOKEY' COLE PLAYING FOR THE ARMY!

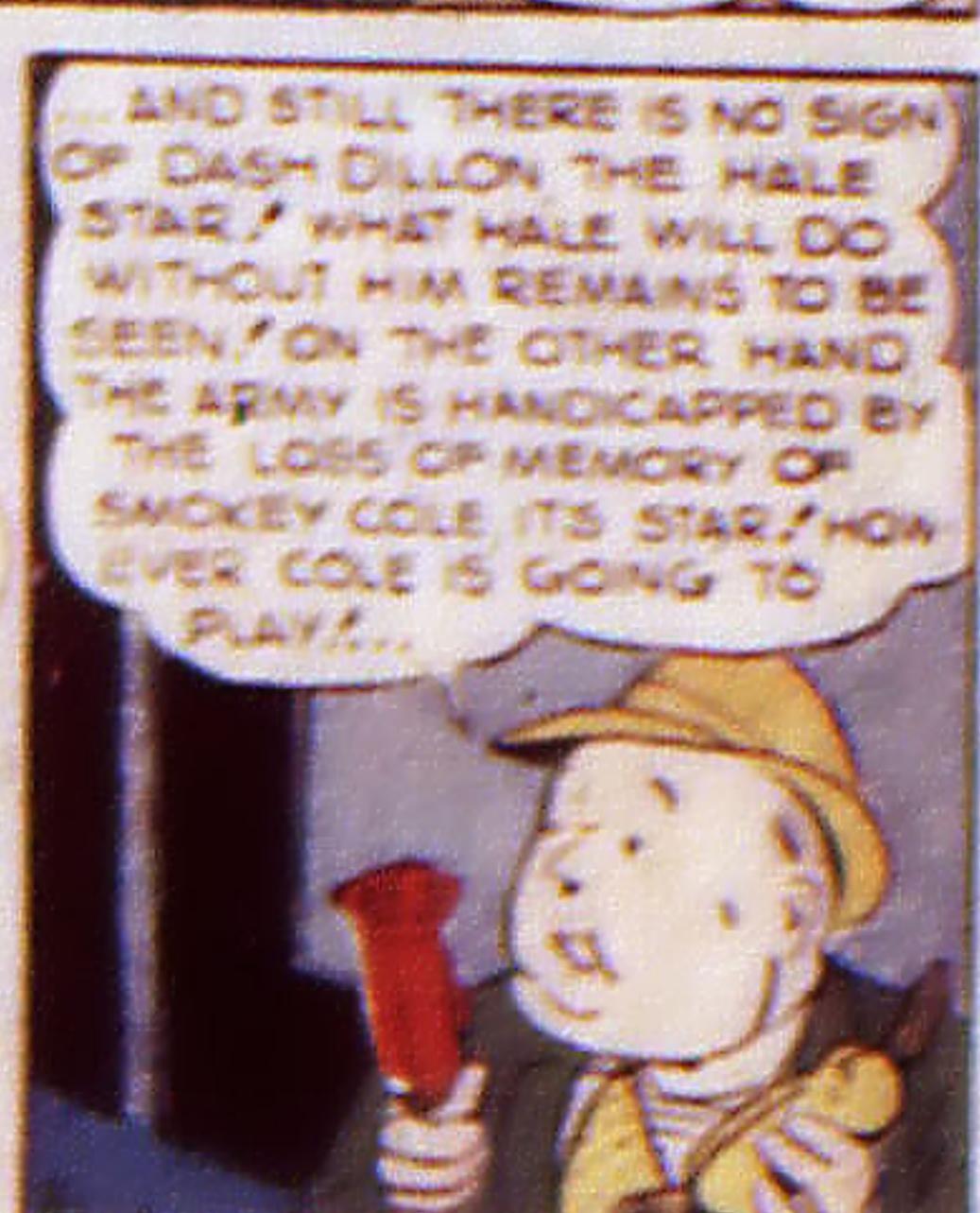
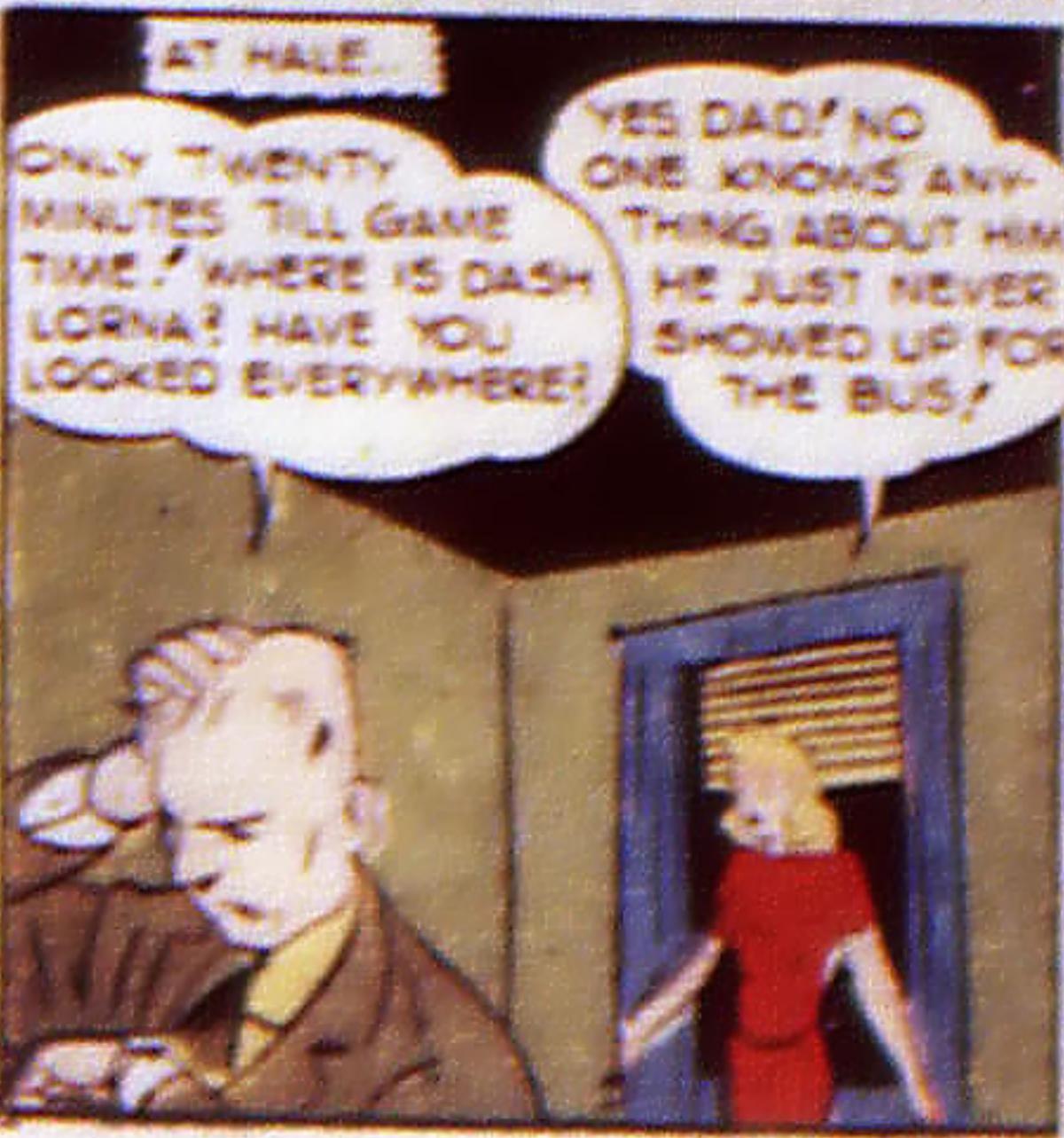
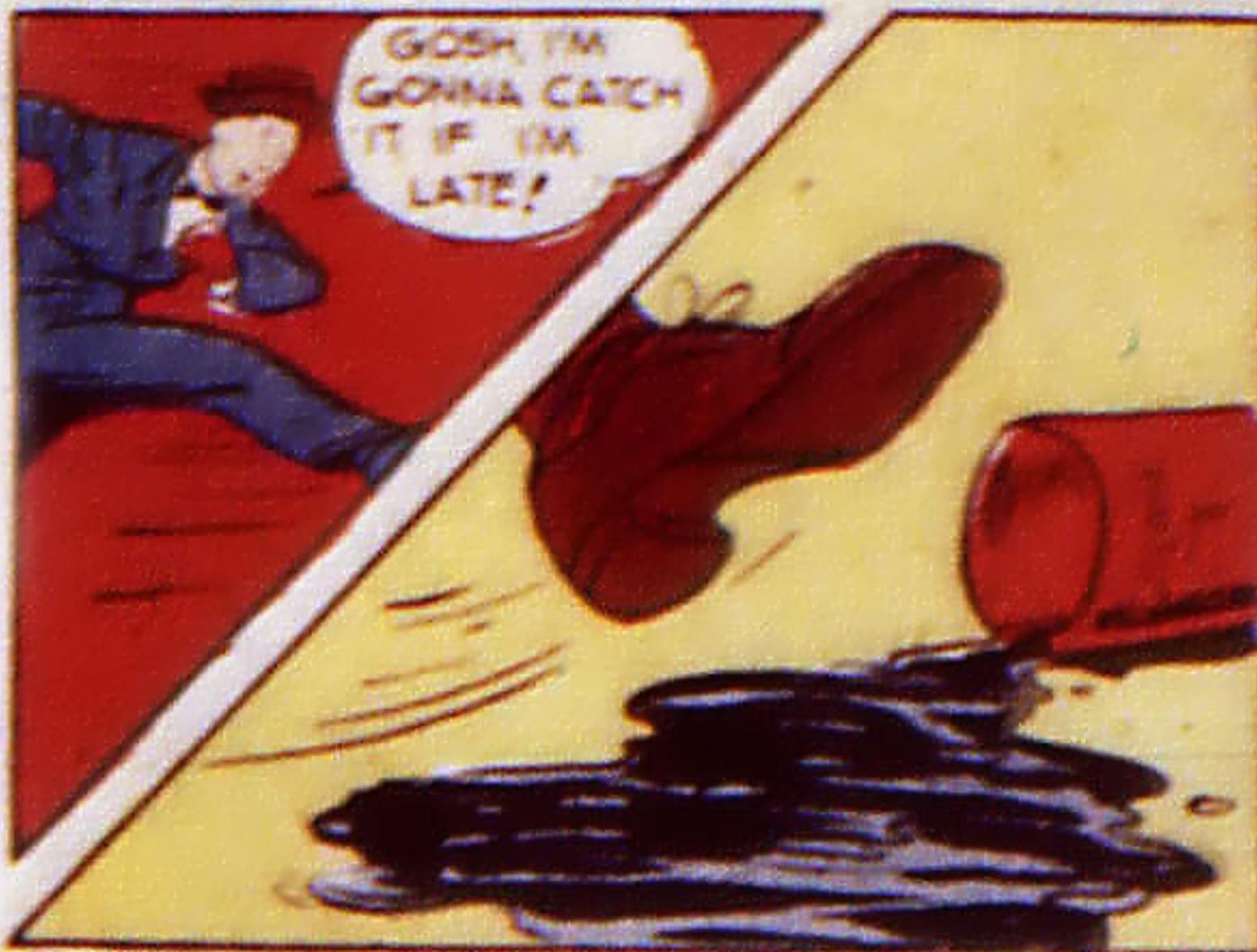
AT
HALE



OKAY BOYS JUST LEAVE IT TO LITTLE MAZIE!

SUMMER 1941... THE HALE FOOTBALL SQUAD GATHERED TOGETHER FOR SUMMER PRACTICE IS TO PLAY A PICKED SQUAD FROM THE NEARBY ARMY CAMP. TWO CITY GAMBLERS HAVE BET HEAVILY ON THE ARMY TEAM, AND ARE NOW TRYING TO BE SURE OF THEIR BETS....

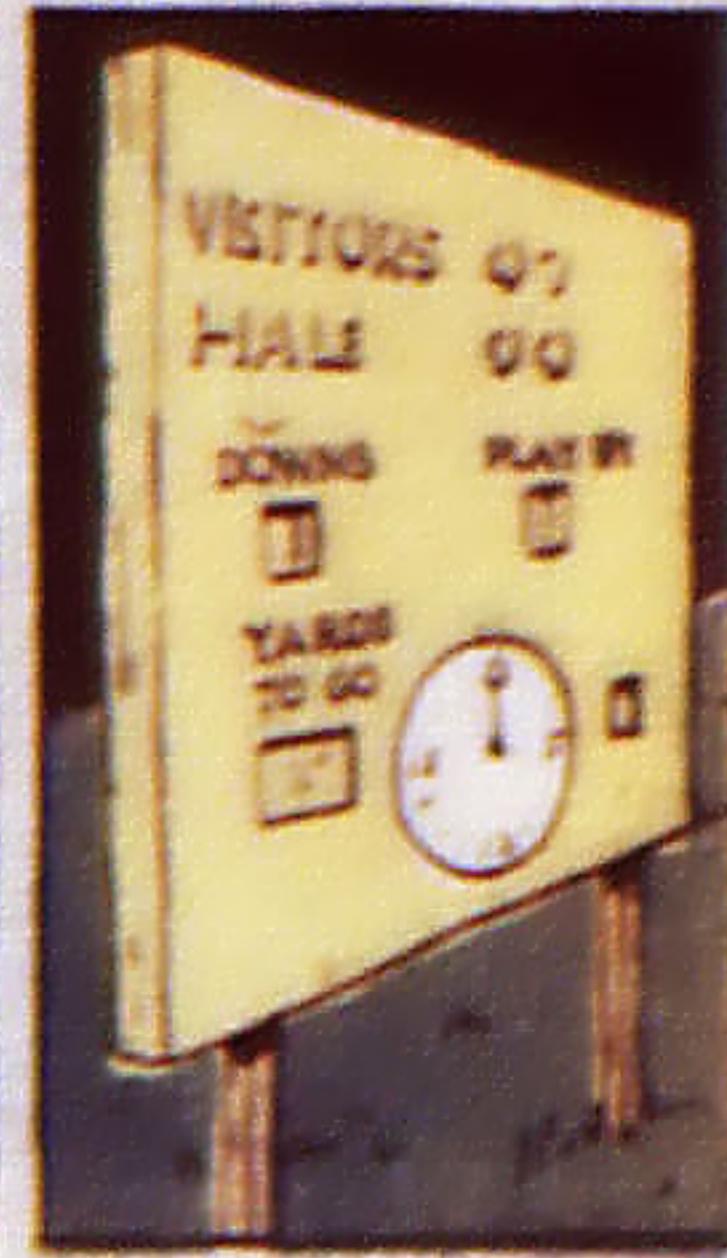
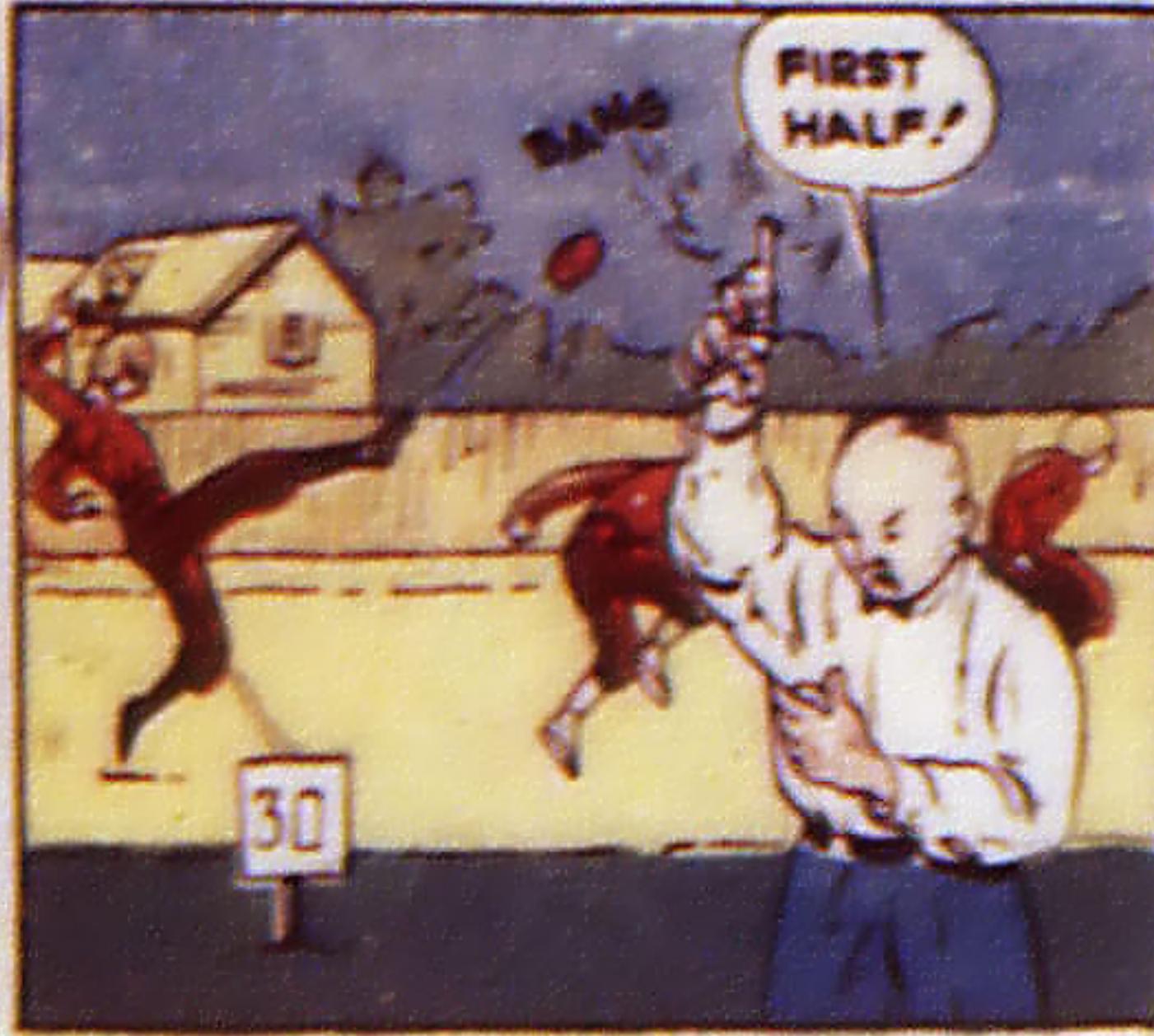




THE GAME STARTS...



A SIX YARD GAIN FOR SMOKEY COLE! HALE IS FEELING THE ABSENCE OF DASH DILLON VERY, VERY MUCH.. THERE HE GOES.. SMOKEY COLE AGAIN.. AND HE'S OVER FOR A TOUCHDOWN!



NOW LOOK JUST FORGET ALL ABOUT DASH DILLON! DON'T EVEN THINK OF HIM! JUST GET IN NEXT HALF AND LET GO!



FIVE MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY AND THE SCORE IS STILL SEVEN TO NOTHING IN FAVOR OF THE ARMY BOYS.. THERE GOES A PASS.. WILSON OF HALE HAS CAUGHT IT, AND HE'S OFF FOR...



A TOUCHDOWN! BUT WAIT.. SMOKEY COLE WAS HURT ON THAT PLAY! THE SCORE IS NOW SEVEN TO SIX IN FAVOR OF THE VISITORS!



WHAT YA TRYING TO DO? COLE'S PLAYIN' NOW! THINK WE'RE NUTS!



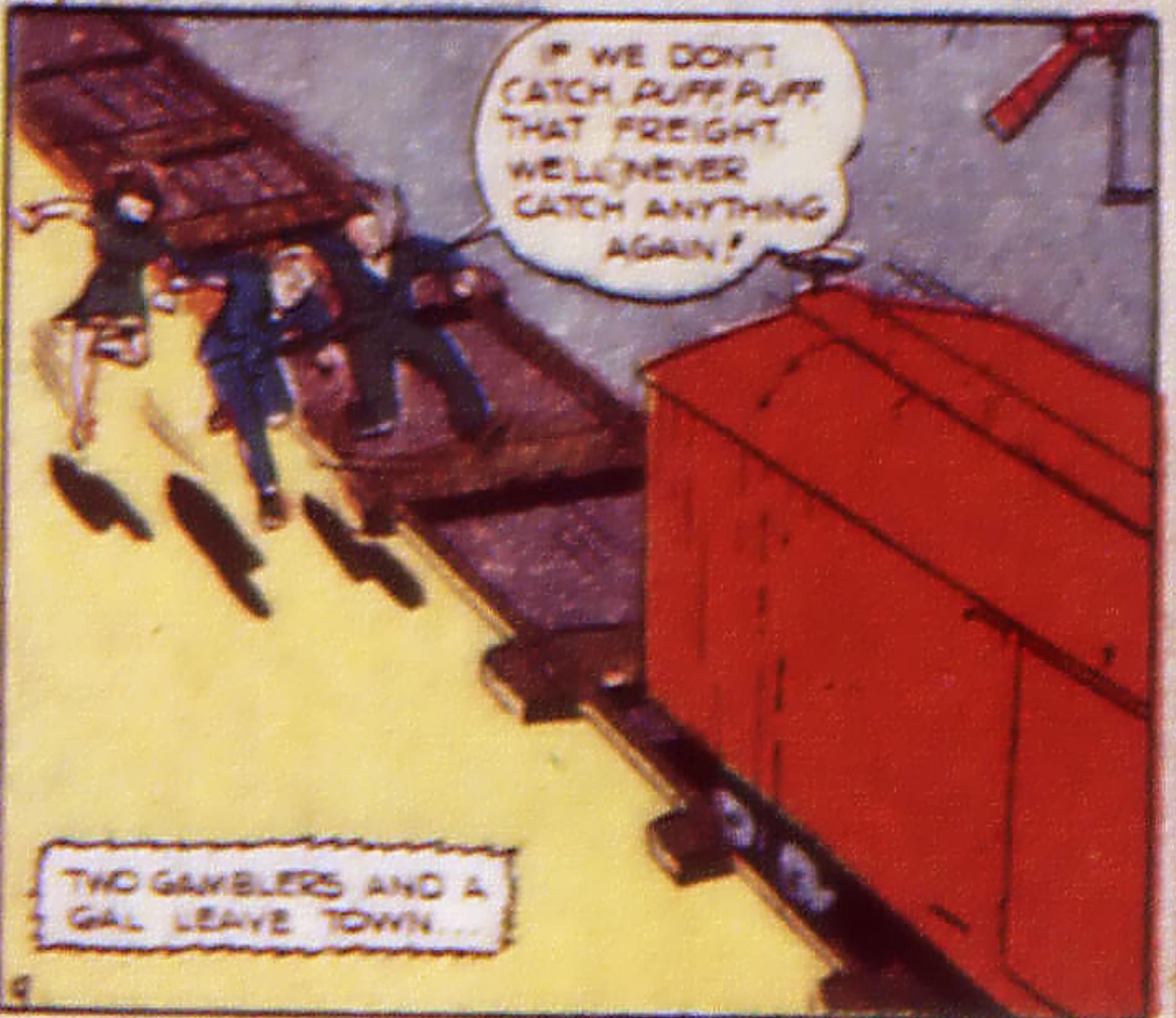
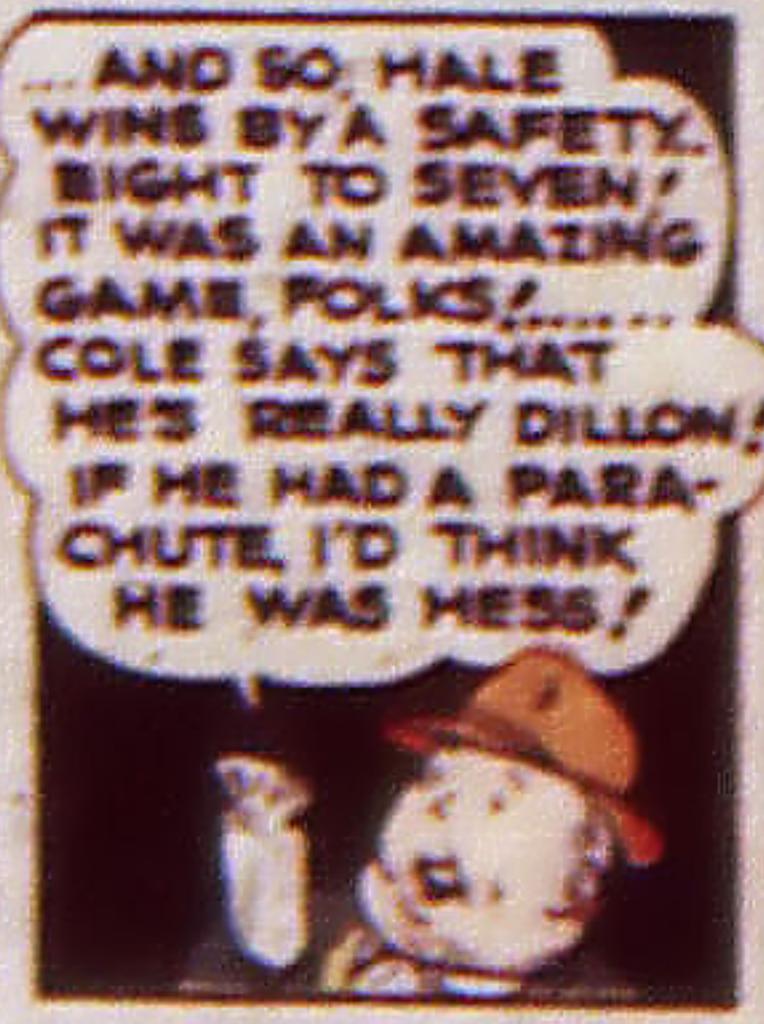
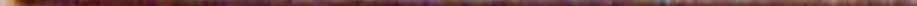
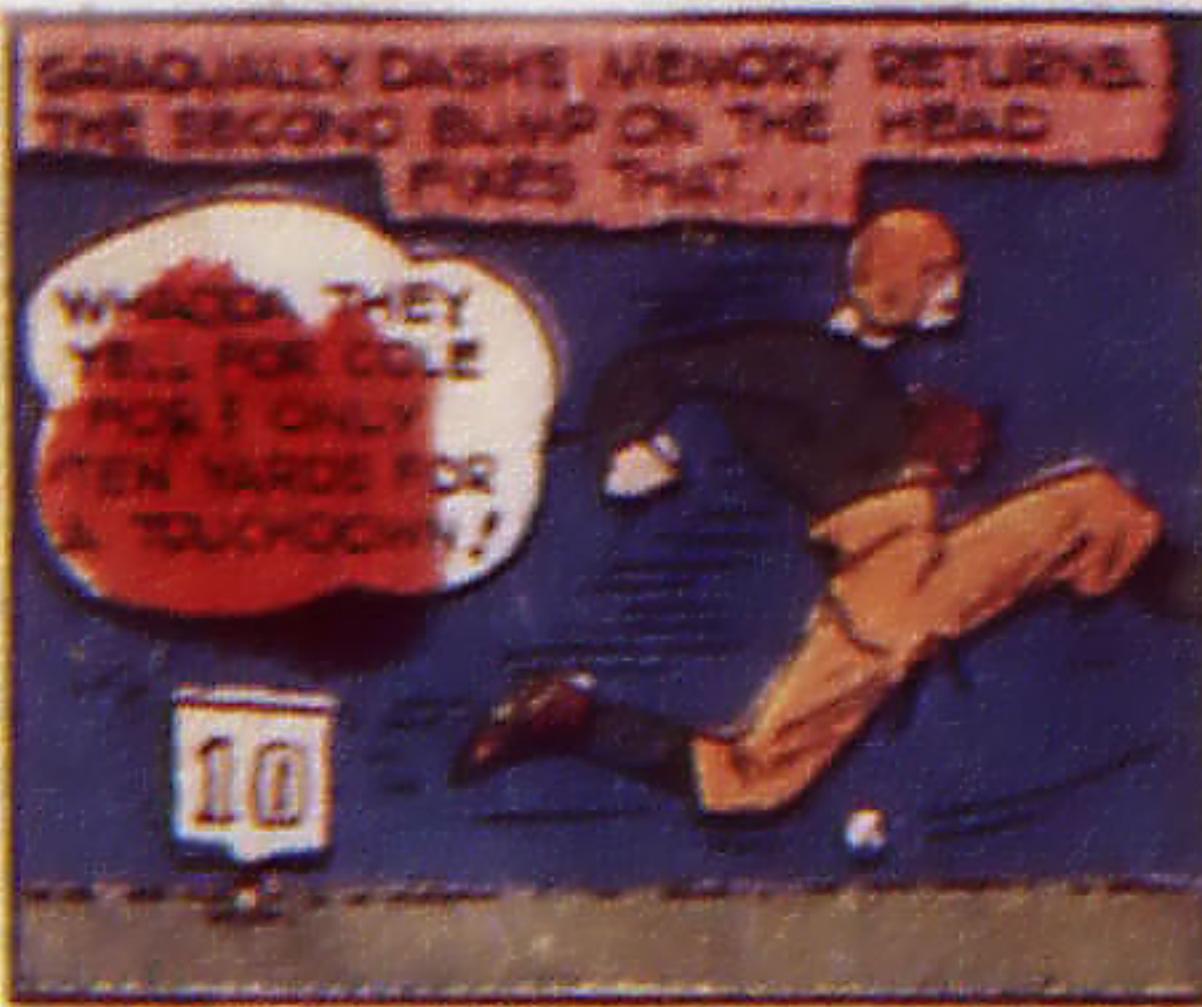
COLE FAILED TO CONVERT SO IT'S STILL SEVEN TO SIX AND TWO MINUTES TO PLAY! COLE HAS RECOVERED NOW BUT LOOKS A LITTLE WOODY!

OKAY JUST WAIT AND SEE!

CAN YOU KEEP ON PLAYING SMOKEY? FEEL ALL RIGHT?



LOOK SMOKEY'S LOOSE AGAIN! ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN! YEAH.. SMOKEY!



HURRY!

SILVER STREAK COMICS



ALL THESE
LEADING
FEATURES

1. SILVER STREAK
2. DAREDEVIL
3. CAPTAIN BATTLE
4. THUN-DOR
5. PRESTO MARTIN
6. CLOUD CURTIS
7. DICKIE DEAN
8. PIRATE PRINCE
AND OTHERS

EXCITEMENT
PATRIOTISM
ADVENTURE
SUSPENSE
MYSTERY
DARING
THRILLS

BE SURE TO GET SILVER STREAK
TODAY! DAREDEVIL
ALSO APPEARS IN
SILVER STREAK
COMICS

GET IT ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

NOTHING
LIKE IT
EVER!



SWEEPING
THE
COUNTRY!

IT'S TERRIFIC!